

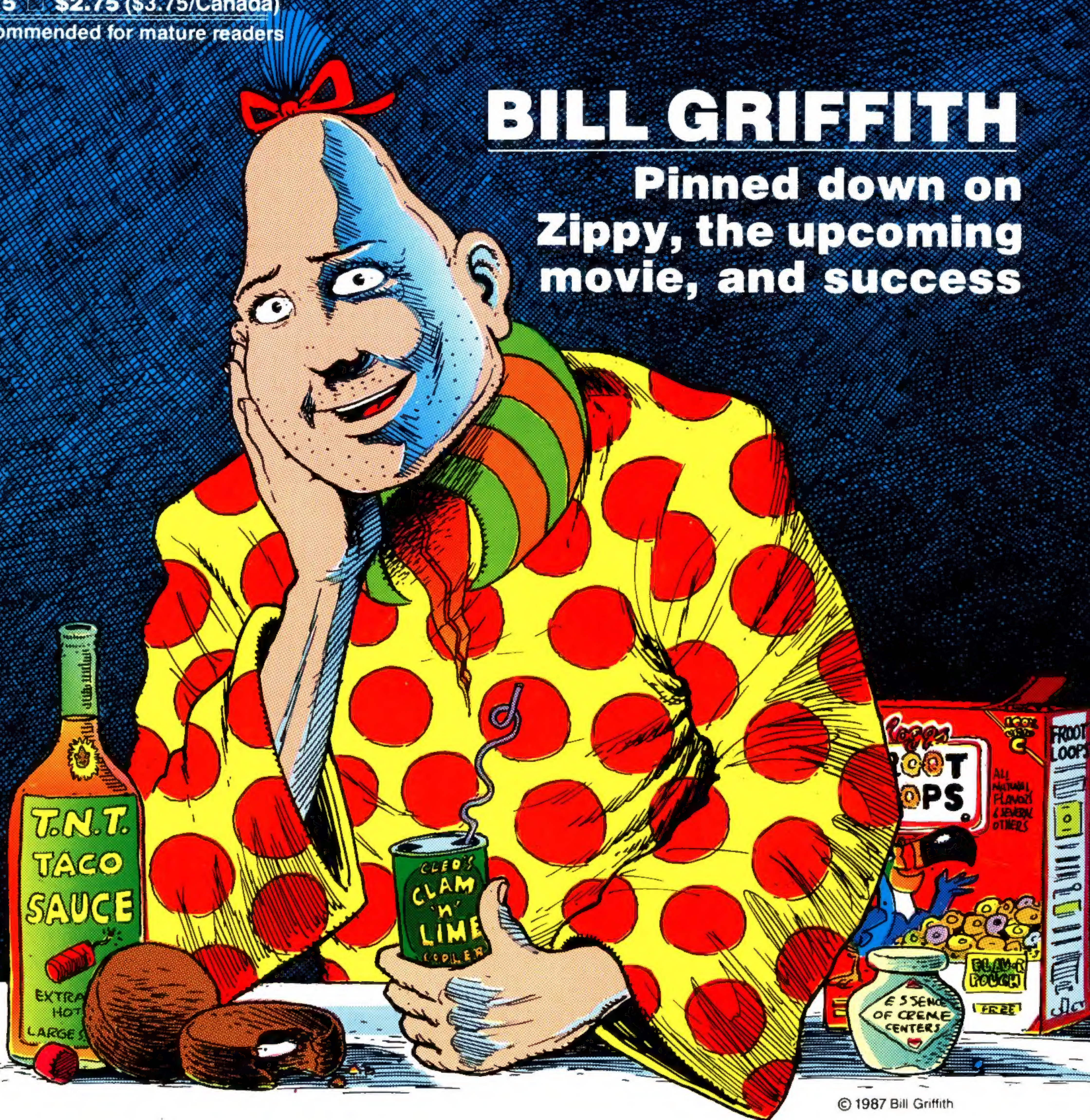
HONK!

- CAROL LAY
- J.R. WILLIAMS
- PHIL ELLIOTT
- EDDIE CAMPBELL
- DAVID MILLER
- LLOYD DANGLE
- GOTLIB
- JIM SIERGEY
- and MUCH MORE!

No. 5 □ \$2.75 (\$3.75/Canada)
Recommended for mature readers

BILL GRIFFITH

**Pinned down on
Zippy, the upcoming
movie, and success**



COMICS

MARSHAL McLUHAN

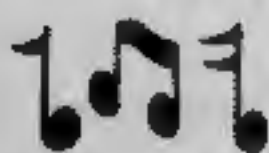
Jim Siergey and Tom Roberts

2

THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD FOR STILL LIFE

Carol Lay

3



David Miller

7

THE BAD BOYS

J.R. Williams

10

NUNS

John Callahan

12

A MAN OF PEACE

William Clark

16

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE

Phil Elliott and Eddie Campbell

17

URINE OF THE DAMNED

Lloyd Dangle

22

POSSIBLY MY WORST 'LIVING SITUATION'

Lloyd Dangle

23

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS

Gotlib

36

THE MAMMY

Phil Elliott and Eddie Campbell

38

THE BUNNY AND THE DINOSAUR

Gary Fields

48

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FEATURES

MEMO FROM ME

Your editor

1

BILL GRIFFITH

The creator of Zippy discusses his struggle to get where he is today, by Joe Sacco

24

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READERS:

HONK! HAS BITTEN THE DUST! LONG LIVE CENTRIFUGAL BUMBLE-PUPPY, FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS' NEW, IMPROVED HUMOR ANTHOLOGY, AVAILABLE IN JUNE. WATCH FOR IT!

(**HONK!** SUBSCRIBERS, YOU HAVEN'T BEEN FORGOTTEN! YOUR SUB WILL CARRY OVER INTO *CENTRIFUGAL BUMBLE-PUPPY*.)



© Bill Griffith

© 1987 Bill Griffith

MEMO FROM ME . . .

One day we woke up and we all hated the name *Honk!*

"What sort of a name is that for a *humor* magazine?" we asked each other. "It's not a magazine about mucus, is it?"

So we gave Meeting. There were plenty of charts and donuts at Meeting, and lots of talk about pass-along readership, point of purchase, focus groups, direct mail—things that, you know, a naive, exploitable consumer like

yourself knows very little about.

"All right," I said, bringing down the gavel squarely on my thumb, "anyone have any ideas about a new name for . . . er . . . you know?"

Stan raised his hand. "The chair recognizes Stan," I said, and I did, too, even though he was cleverly disguised as Zoroaster, the 6th century B. C. Persian prophet.

"How about if we call it *The National Lampoon*," he offered.

We frowned. "What?" someone said.

"Whoops," said someone else, spilling coffee.

"Well, there'll be an explanatory subtitle," Stan pointed out with executive conviction. "Something like: Not To Be Confused with *National Lampoon*."

"Out the window, Stan," I said.

"B-but . . . it's 30 floors!"

"Out the window, Stan."

Stan was a good man. A good, company man. I didn't have to tell him a third time.

"Anyone else have any ideas?" I asked.

"How about," Gerry volunteered between giggles, "how about *A Very Funny Humor Publication That Is Going To Make You Fall On The Floor And Start Laughing*?"

"That's certainly descriptive," I chuckled, pointing to the window. "Anyone else?"

The room echoed with silence for several minutes. You could have heard a pin, etc., etc. Then:

"How about *Centrifugal Bumble-Puppy*?" someone said.

"What?" I exclaimed, rising to my feet.

"Who spoke?"

"I did," that same someone said, stepping forward. It was Aldous Huxley, English novelist and critic, grandson of the great evolutionist, Thomas Henry Huxley, whose other biographical information can be looked up at your local library.

"I-I," I-I s-stuttered. "I-I thought you were dead!"

"Of course I'm dead," he reassured me. "English novelists and critics don't just show up at high-powered board meetings 23 years after being deceased without being dead. In any case," he said, "would you all turn to page 35 of your copies of *Brave New World*, if you please?"

And so we did.

The Director and his students stood for a short time watching a game of Centrifugal Bumble-puppy, Huxley read. Twenty children were grouped in a circle round a chrome-steel tower. A ball thrown up so as to land on the platform at the top of the tower rolled down into the interior, fell on a rapidly revolving disk, was hurled through one or other of numerous apertures pierced in the cylindrical casing, and had to be caught.

'Strange,' mused the Director, as they turned away, 'strange to think that even in Our Ford's day most games were played without more apparatus than a ball or two and a few sticks and perhaps a bit of netting. Imagine the folly of allowing people to play elaborate games which do nothing whatever to increase consumption. It's madness.'

Huxley looked up from his book and smiled. Then he vanished.

I sat mesmerized for a few seconds, and then spoke: "The new name of the magazine will be *Centrifugal Bumble-Puppy*."

My vice presidents looked aghast. "Are you joking?" "Who can even pronounce *Send Her Feudal*?" "This is an adolescent market." "Readers aren't that sophisticated." "Cat lovers will hate it." "People like one-word titles for their humor publications—like *Mad* or *Crazy* or *Help*!" "It won't increase consumption." "It's madness." "It'll never fly."

And, like Stan and Gerry before them, neither could the rest of my vice presidents.

Meeting was adjourned. —Joe Sacco

Chapter Three

OUTSIDE, in the garden, it was playtime. Naked in the warm June sunshine, six or seven hundred little boys and girls were running with shrill yells over the lawns, or playing ball games, or squatting silently in twos and threes among the flowering shrubs. The roses were in bloom, two nightingales soliloquized in the boskage, a cuckoo was just going out of tune among the lime trees. The air was drowsy with the murmur of bees and helicopters.

The Director and his students stood for a short time watching a game of Centrifugal Bumble-puppy. Twenty children were grouped in a circle round a chrome-steel tower. A ball thrown up so as to land on the platform at the top of the tower rolled down into the interior, fell on a rapidly revolving disk, was hurled through one or other of the numerous apertures pierced in the cylindrical casing, and had to be caught.

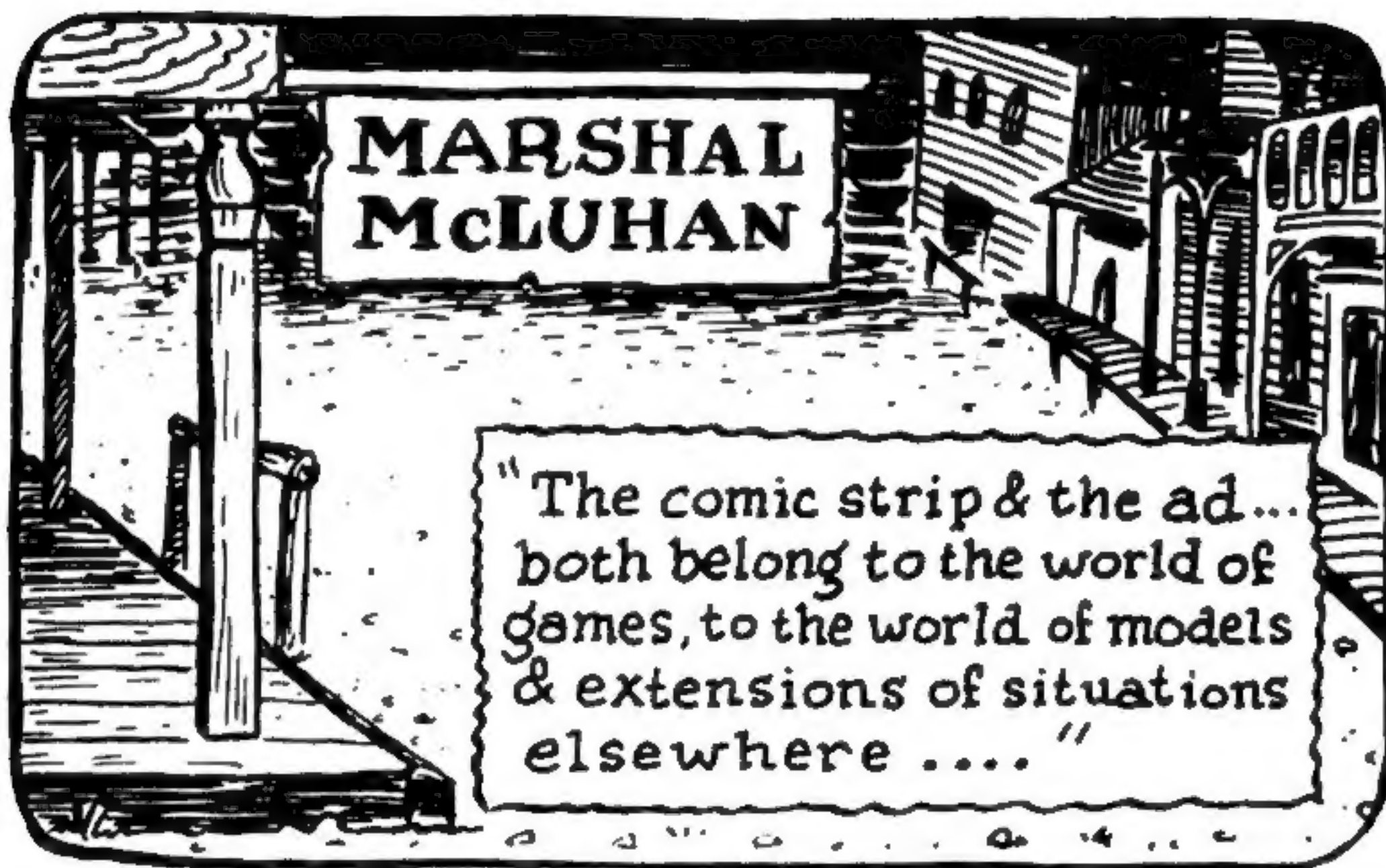
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'That's a charming little group,' he said, pointing.

In a little grassy bay between tall clumps of Mediterranean heather, two children, a little boy of about seven and a little girl who might have been a year older, were playing, very gravely and with all the focused attention of scientists intent on a labour of discovery, a rudimentary sexual game.

'Charming, charming!' the D.H.C. repeated sentimentally.

'Charming,' the boys politely agreed. But their smile was rather patronizing. They had put aside similar childish amusements too recently to be able to watch them now without a touch of contempt.



SCRIPT: TOM ROBERTS
ART: JIM SIERGEY



"THE TELEGRAPH FREED THE MARGINAL PROVINCIAL PRESS FROM DEPENDENCE ON THE BIG METROPOLITAN PRESS. IN THE WHOLE FIELD OF THE ELECTRIC REVOLUTION, THIS PATTERN OF DE-CENTRALIZATION APPEARS IN MULTIPLE GUISES"



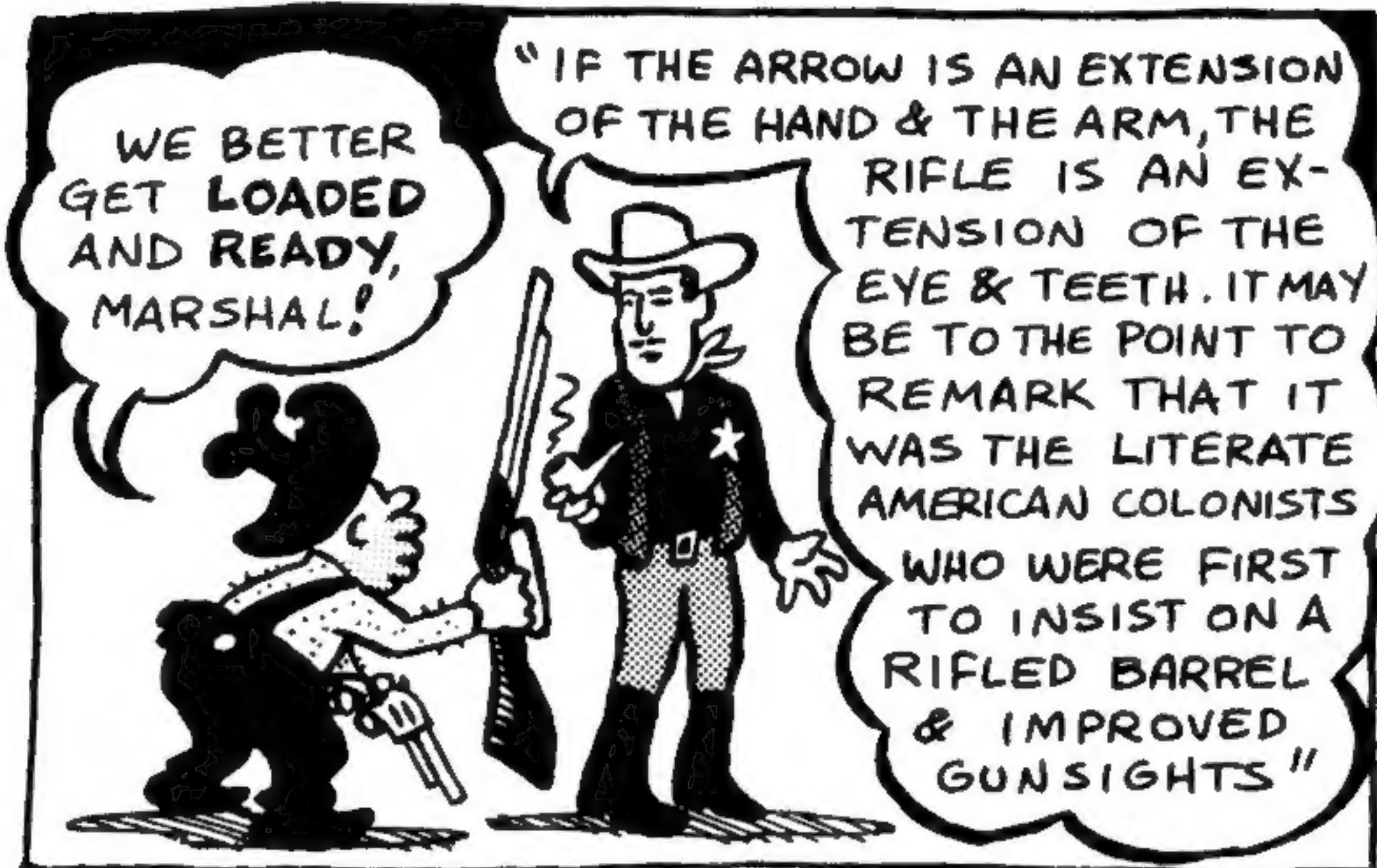
"THE STEAM RAILROAD AS AN ACCELERATOR PROVED TO BE ONE OF THE MOST REVOLUTIONARY OF ALL EXTENSIONS OF OUR PHYSICAL BODIES, CREATING A NEW POLITICAL CENTRALISM AND A NEW KIND OF URBAN SHAPE AND SIZE"



DIDN'T YA HEAR ME, MARSHAL? I SED HE'S ACOMIN' IN ON TH' NOON TRAIN, GUNNIN' FER YA! Y'GOT ONLY 45 MINUTES!



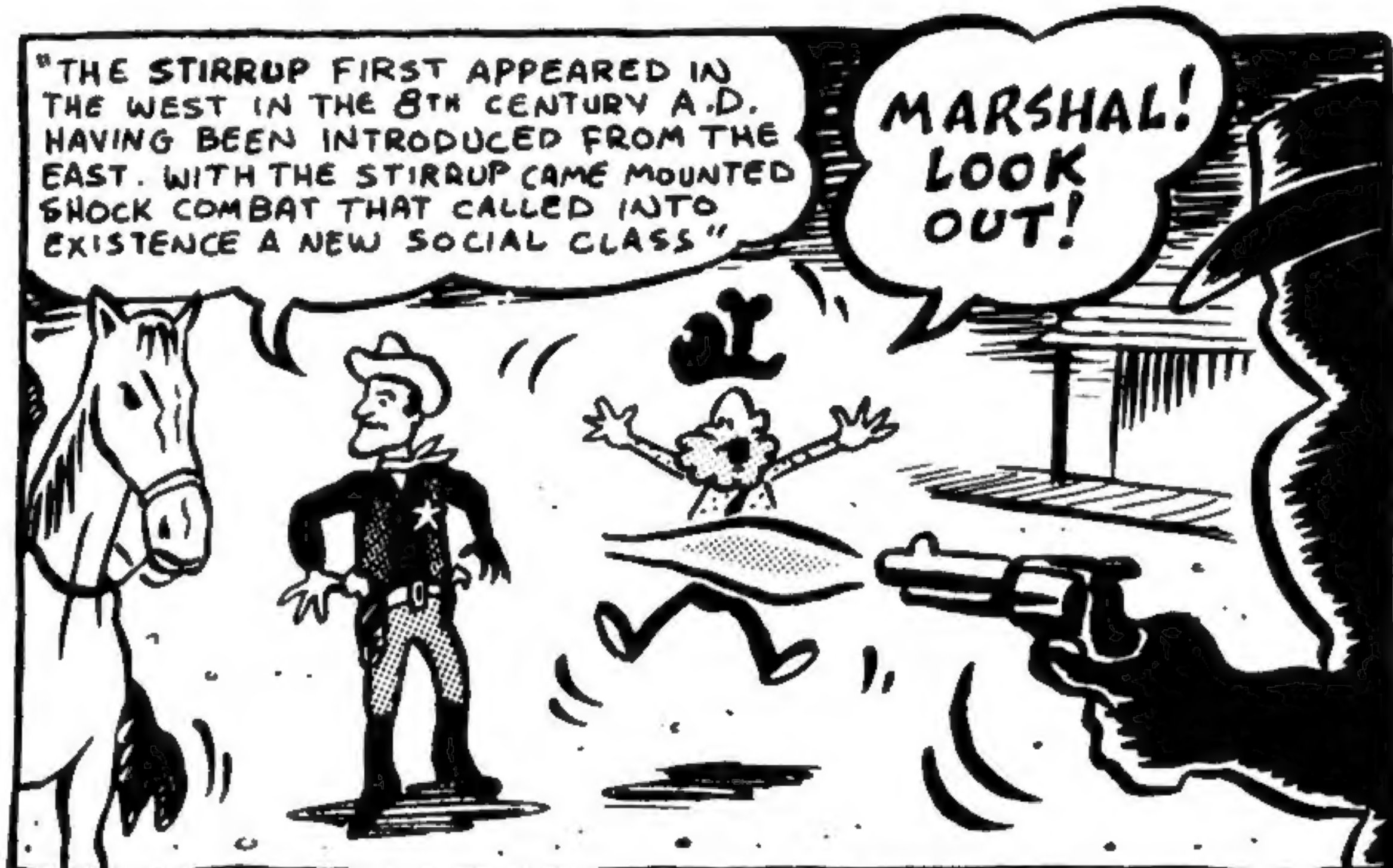
WE BETTER GET LOADED AND READY, MARSHAL!



WILL YOU QUIT TALKIN' CRAZY, MARSHAL? WE ONLY GOT A FEW MINUTES! CONSARNIT!



"THE STIRRUP FIRST APPEARED IN THE WEST IN THE 8TH CENTURY A.D. HAVING BEEN INTRODUCED FROM THE EAST. WITH THE STIRRUP CAME MOUNTED SHOCK COMBAT THAT CALLED INTO EXISTENCE A NEW SOCIAL CLASS"



"ALL DISCOVERIES IN ART AND SCIENCE RESULT FROM AN ACCUMULATION OF ERRORS"



SUGGESTED READING: "UNDERSTANDING MEDIA: THE EXTENSIONS OF MAN" AND "CULTURE IS OUR BUSINESS" BOTH BY MARSHALL McLUHAN

AMEN

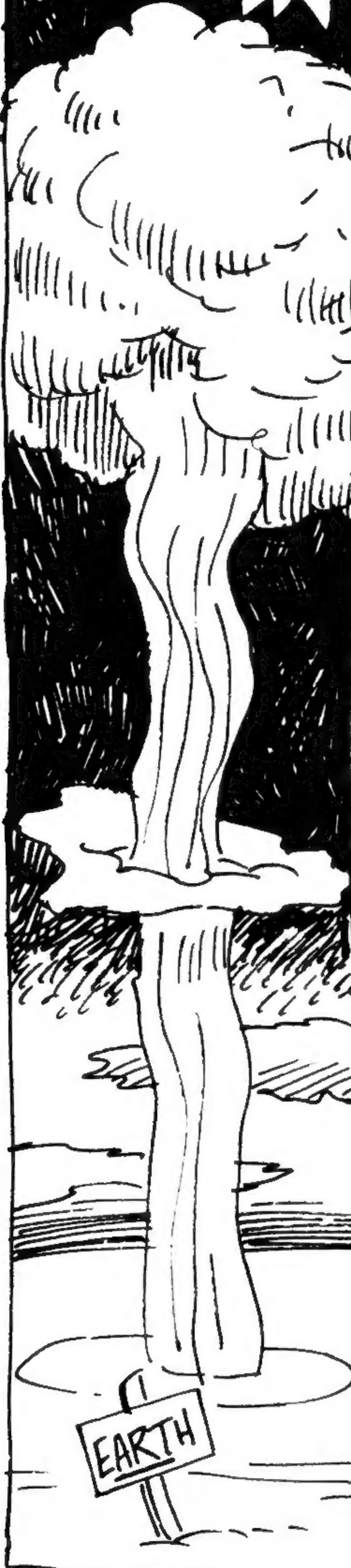
THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD FOR STILL LIFE



EXPLOITATION
& PHILOSOPHY
THE WAY YOU LIKE IT!

LAYI

THERE CAME A DAY
WHEN THE ALIENS
LOOKED AROUND
AND DIDN'T LIKE
WHAT THEY SAW...



SO, FROM THE SKY, IN THE MAIL, AND UP THRU THEIR
TOILETS APPEARED A PLAIN BLACK BERET FOR EVERYONE.



ONCE THE
CHAPEAU
TOUCHED
A PATE
THE WEARER
BECAME AN
INSTANT
ELITE ARTISTE...



NO ONE WAS LEFT OUT... ART FLOURISHED EVERYWHERE...



PAINTING, SCULPTURE, PERFORMANCE ART -- ALL INES-
CAPABLE. CREATIVITY WAS ON THE LOOSE!



GOVERNMENTS TOPPLED AND BUSINESS DISINTEGRATED BECAUSE EVERY SOUL ON EARTH WAS BUSY PRODUCING OR DISCUSSING ART.

IT WAS ALRIGHT FOR A WHILE... THE ARTISTES WORKED, ATE, AND HAD OCCASSIONAL SEX BETWEEN DREAMS...



FOOD, THOUGH, BECAME INCREASINGLY HARD TO FIND. BEER, TOP RAMEN, AND PEANUTS SUSTAINED MANY, BUT EVEN THESE STAPLES EVENTUALLY DISAPPEARED FROM THE UNMANNED SUPERMARKETS...



THEN ART SUPPLIES BECAME SCARCE, FINALLY, FROM THE MASS OF INDIVIDUALS, DOUBLING THE ANXIETY LEVELS OF THE DRIVEN, STARVING ARTISTES...

A COUPLE OF TRUE VISIONARIES AROSE TO INSTITUTE A NEW, PRACTICAL ART FORM, NEO MEATY EXPRESSIONISM!

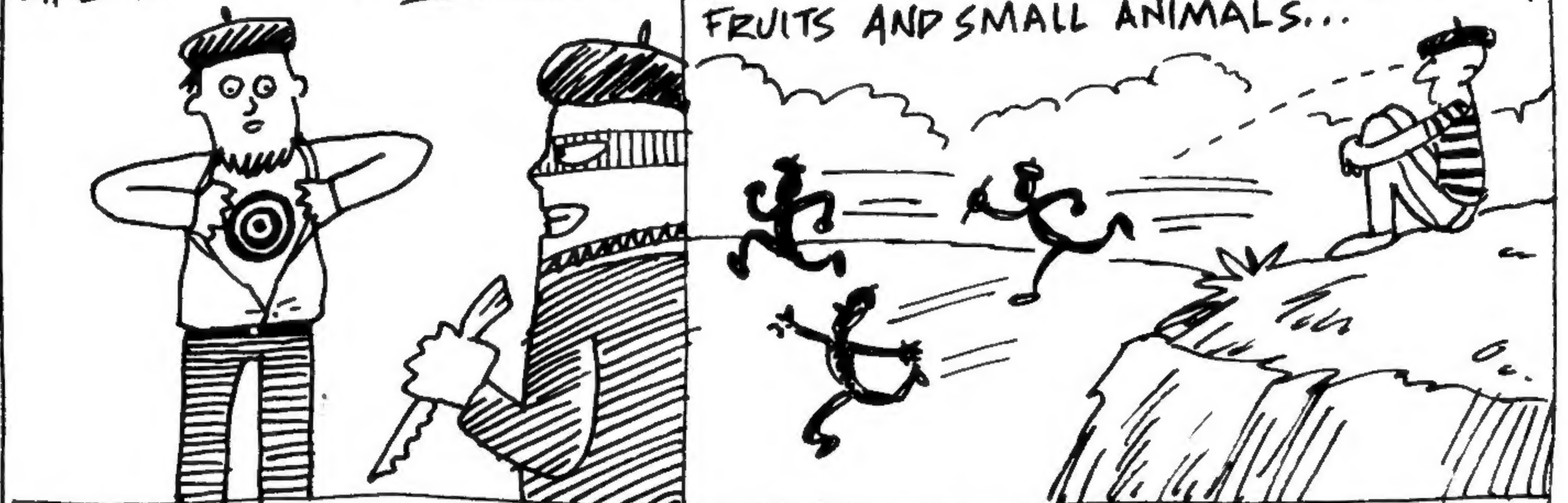


THEY KILLED AND ATE THEIR LESS AGGRESSIVE COLLEAGUES (IN AN ART-
ISTIC FASHION, OF COURSE), THEREBY SUSTAINING THEIR BELLIES AS WELL
AS THEIR ARTISTIC INTEGRITY...



THE TREND SPREAD QUICKLY.
PASSIVE ART WIMPS CAME TO
LIKE THE IDEA OF BECOMING ART.

OTHERS, LESS AGGRESSIVE BUT NOT SO
STUPID, FLED TO THE HILLS TO WATCH THE
BLOODY ORGY WHILE MUNCHING ON ROOTS,
FRUITS AND SMALL ANIMALS...

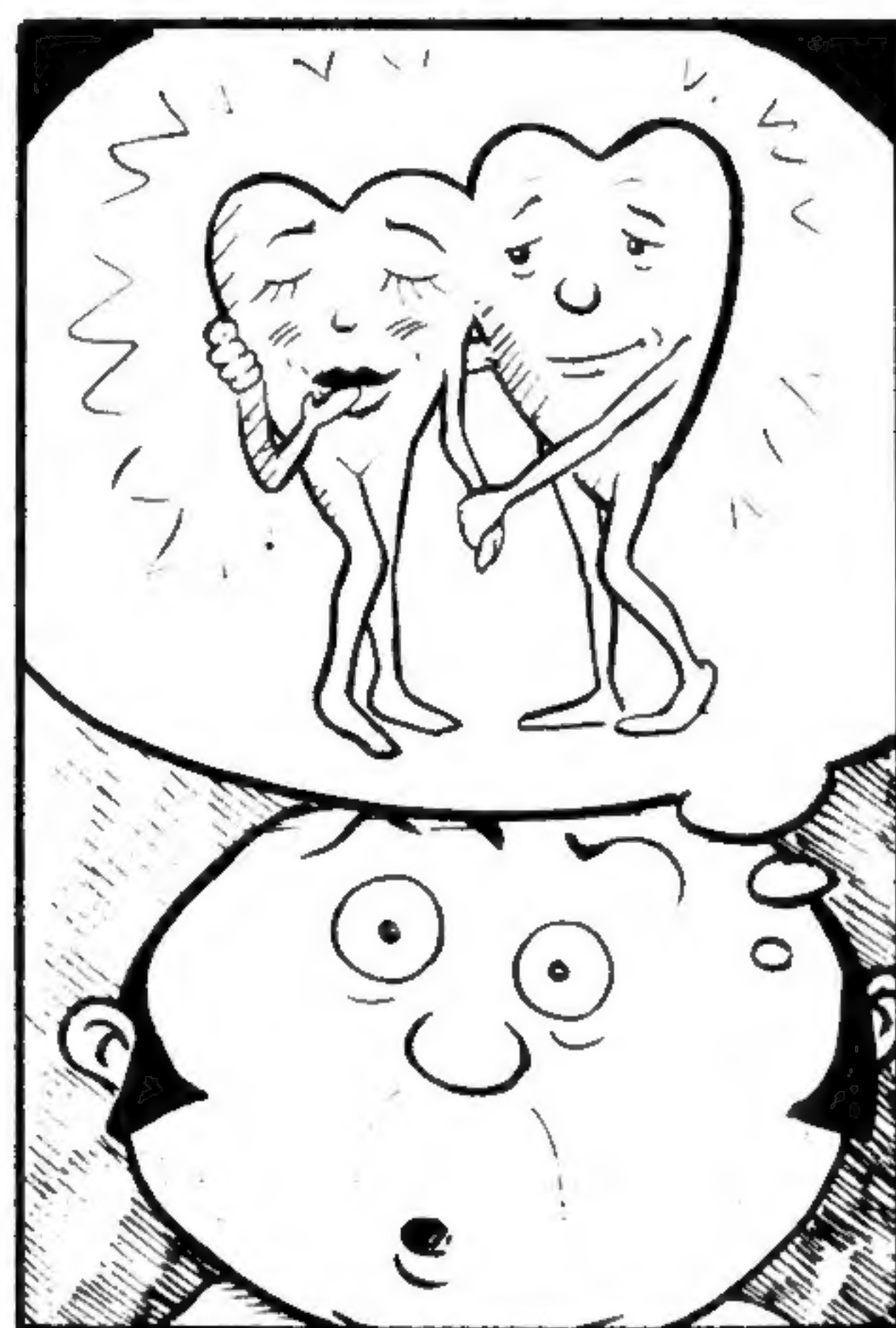
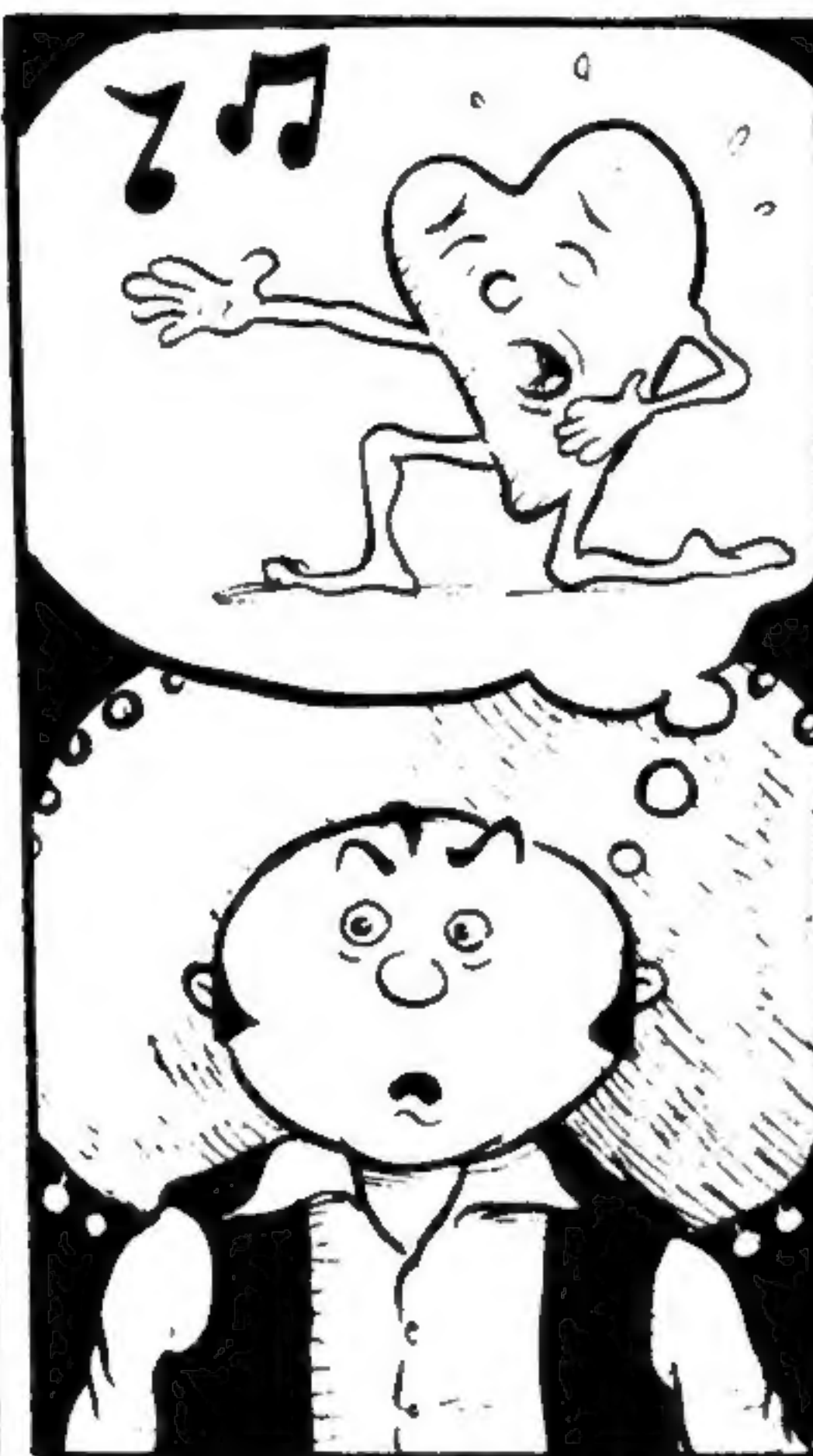


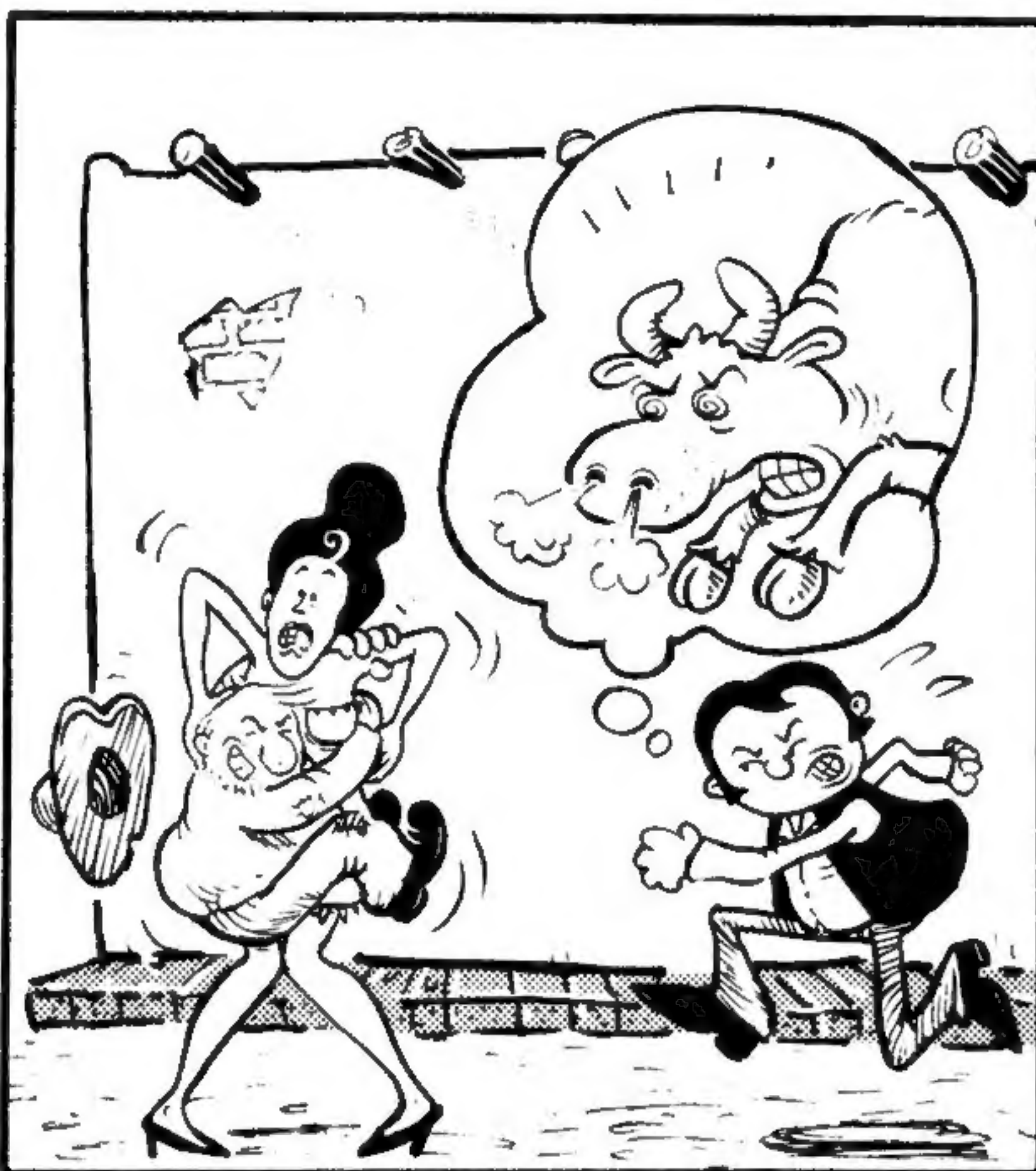
IN THE EVENING, WORKING BY CANDLELIGHT
AND USING MATERIALS EXTRACTED FROM THEIR
ENVIRONS, THE HILL ARTISTS RECORDED THE
HAPPENINGS ON THE WALLS OF THEIR CAVES.

THE ALIENS CAME BACK,
REALIZED THEIR MISTAKE, AND
CHANGED EVERYBODY INTO
POETS...

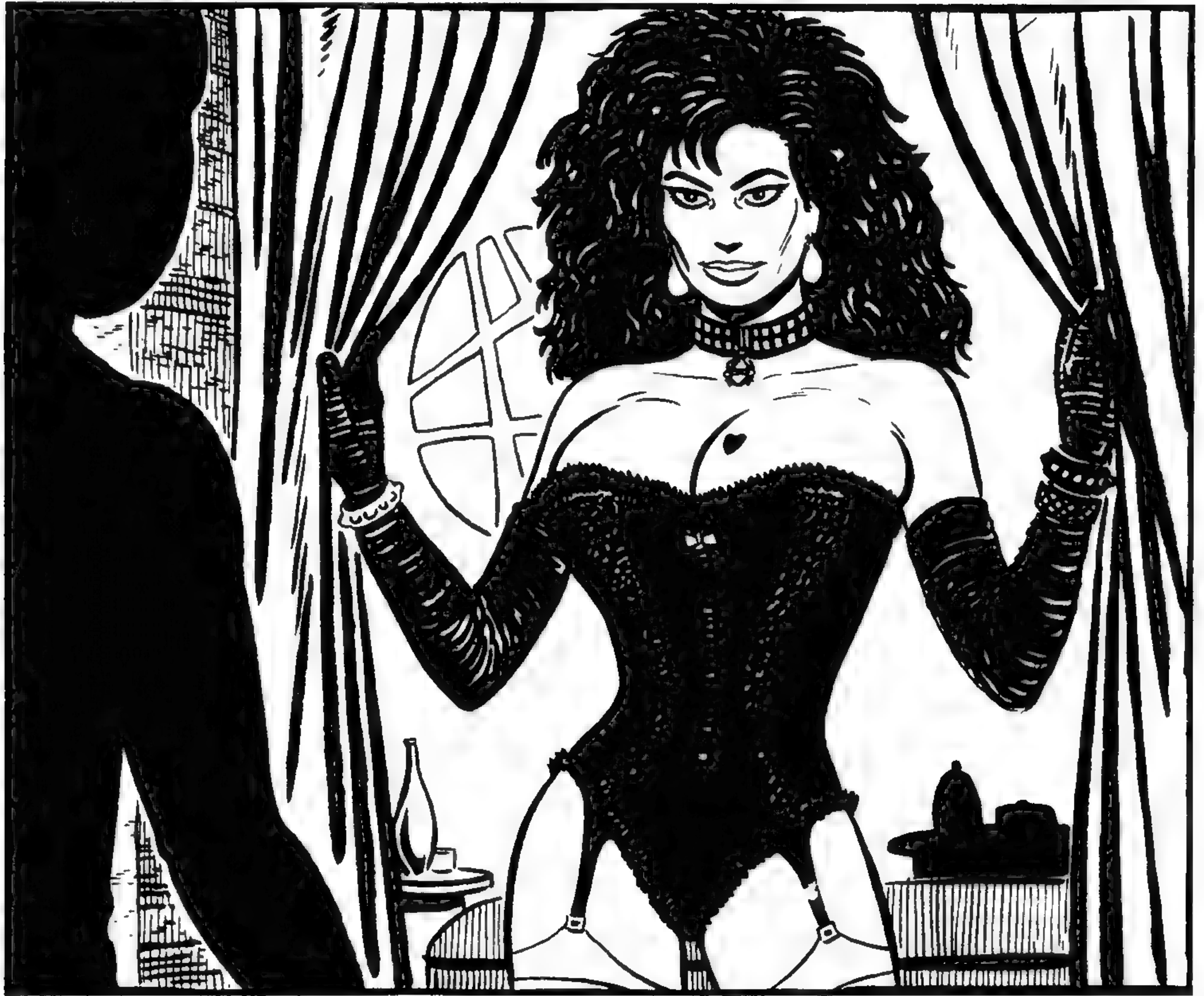


This story originally appeared as a ZOMOID ILLUSTRORIES comic (Ray Zone Production).





REALITY. FANTASY.



and everything inbetween.

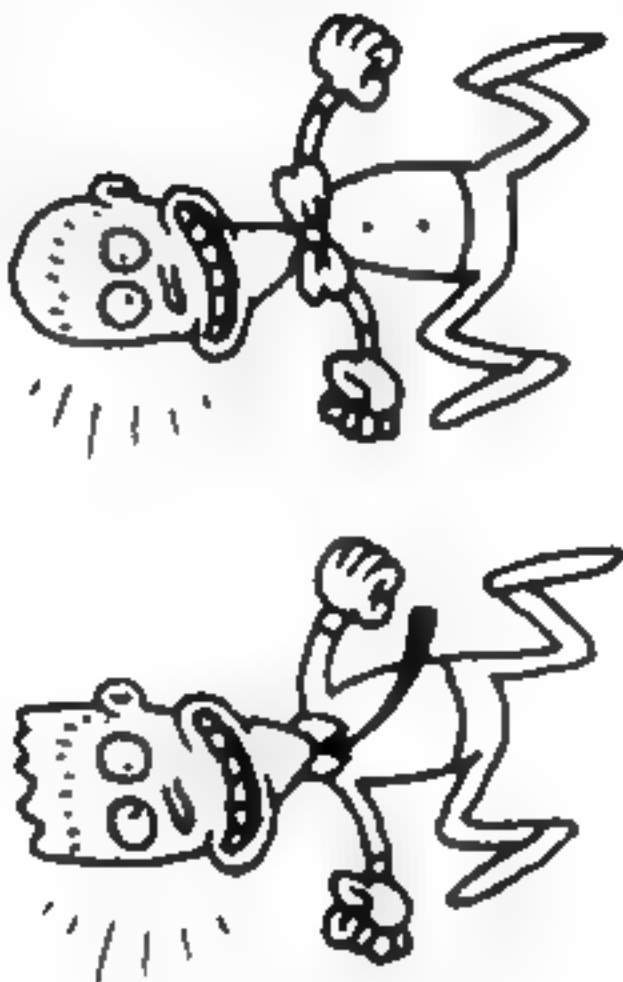
LOVE & ROCKETS

IT'S ALL THEY SAY IT IS.

1986 Gilbert Hernandez

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

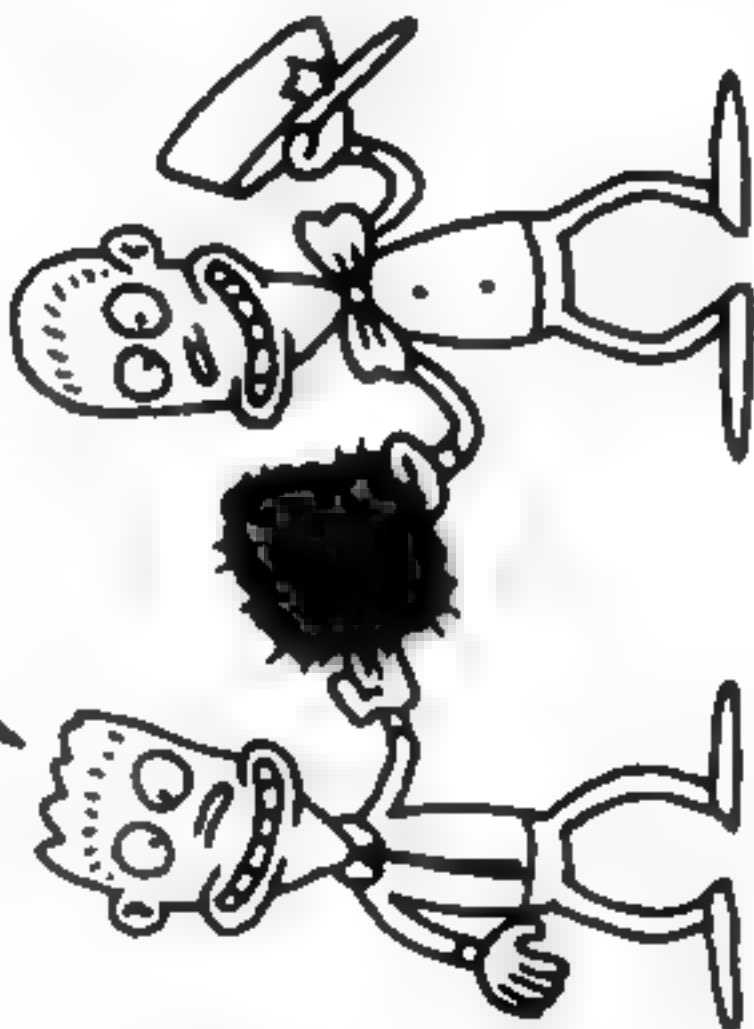
The BAD BOYS



©1986 by WILLIAMS

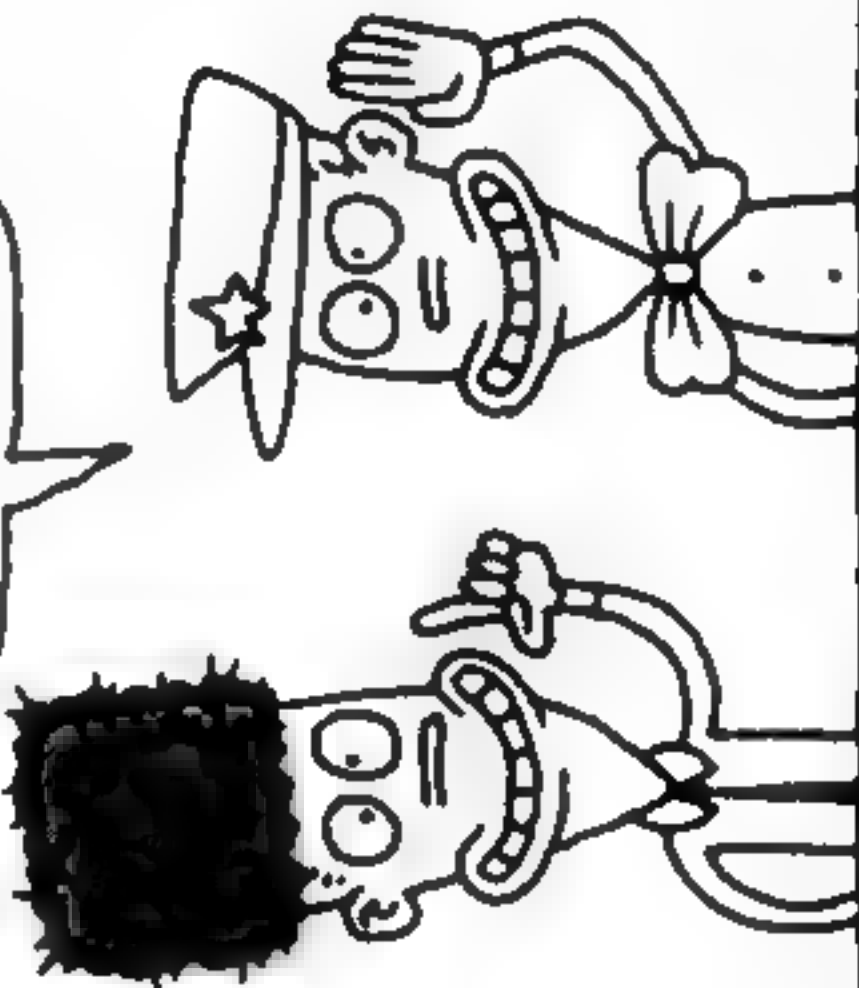
I GOT THESE RUSSIAN
HATS AT A GARAGE
SALE!

COOL!



HA! HA! I LIKE THIS
HAIRY HAT!

"DA, COMRADE"! HA!
HA! HA! HA!



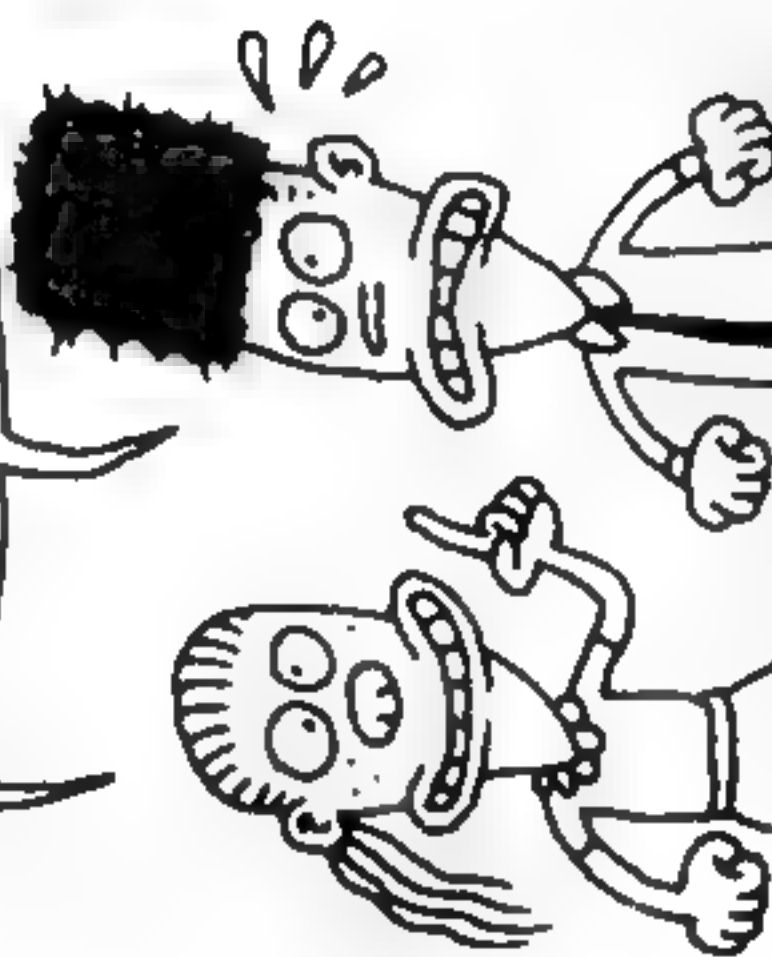
HEY! WHAT IS IT THAT YOU BOYS ARE
PLAYING?

WE ARE PRETENDING TO BE
RUSSIANS!



CAN I PLAY? I
COULD BE THE
"TZARINA"!!

--"TZARINA"?
WHAT'S THAT?



WELL--IT'S KIND OF LIKE
A "QUEEN"! OF COURSE,
SOMEONE MUST PRETEND
TO BE THE "TZAR"...

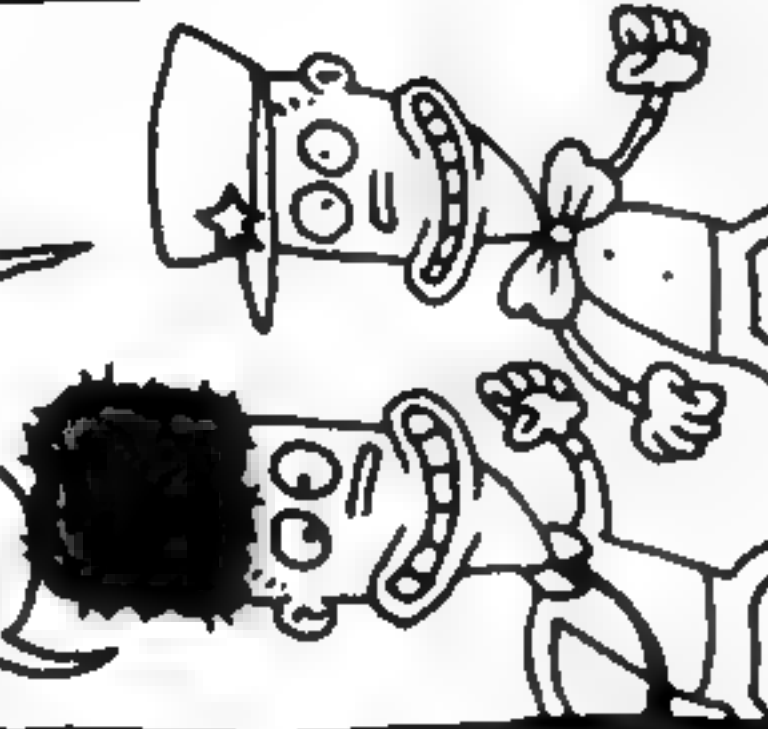


WE WILL GET SOMEONE TO
BE THE "TZAR," PEGGY!!
THEN WE CAN ALL PLAY!

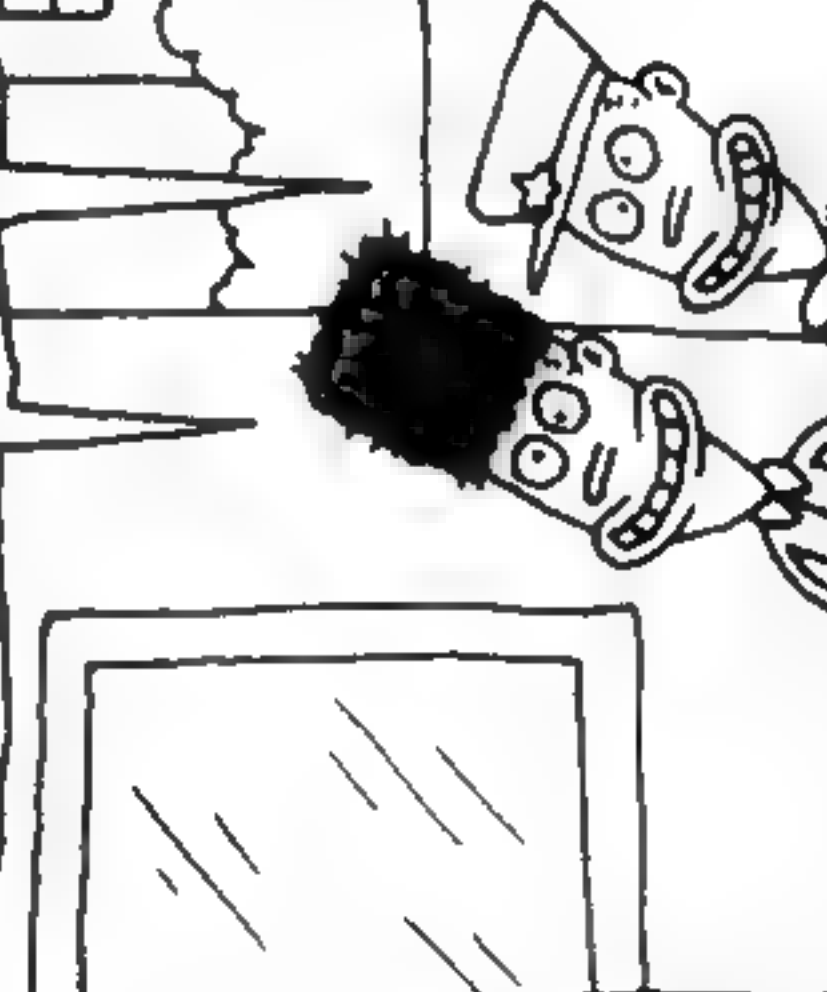


--LET'S GO
SEE IF
"FATTY"
IS AT HOME!

HA!
HA!



WE-WANT-FA-DEE!
COME-OUT-FA-DEE!!
WE-WANT-FA-DEE!
COME-OUT-FA-DEE!!



STOP YELLING!! WHAT
DO YOU WANT?!

WE WOULD LIKE YOU
TO COME OUT AND PLAY
WITH US, "FATTY"!!



OKAY, I WILL COME OUT--
BUT MY NAME IS NOT
"FATTY," IT IS SCOTT!
I WISH YOU WOULD NOT
CALL ME "FATTY"!!

HA! HA!
HA! HA!



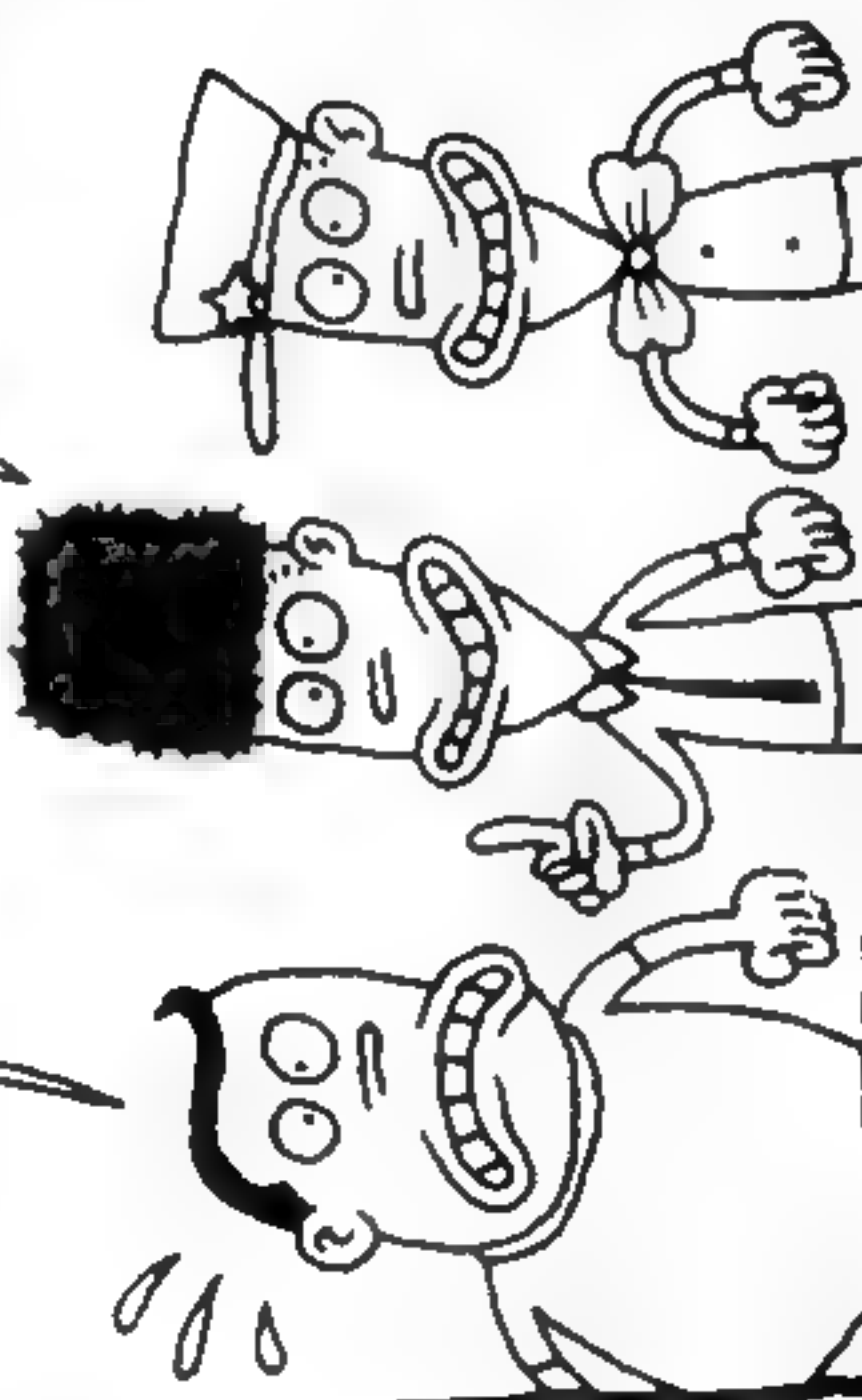
HUFF! PUFF! WHAT ARE
WE GOING TO PLAY?
PUFF! HUFF!

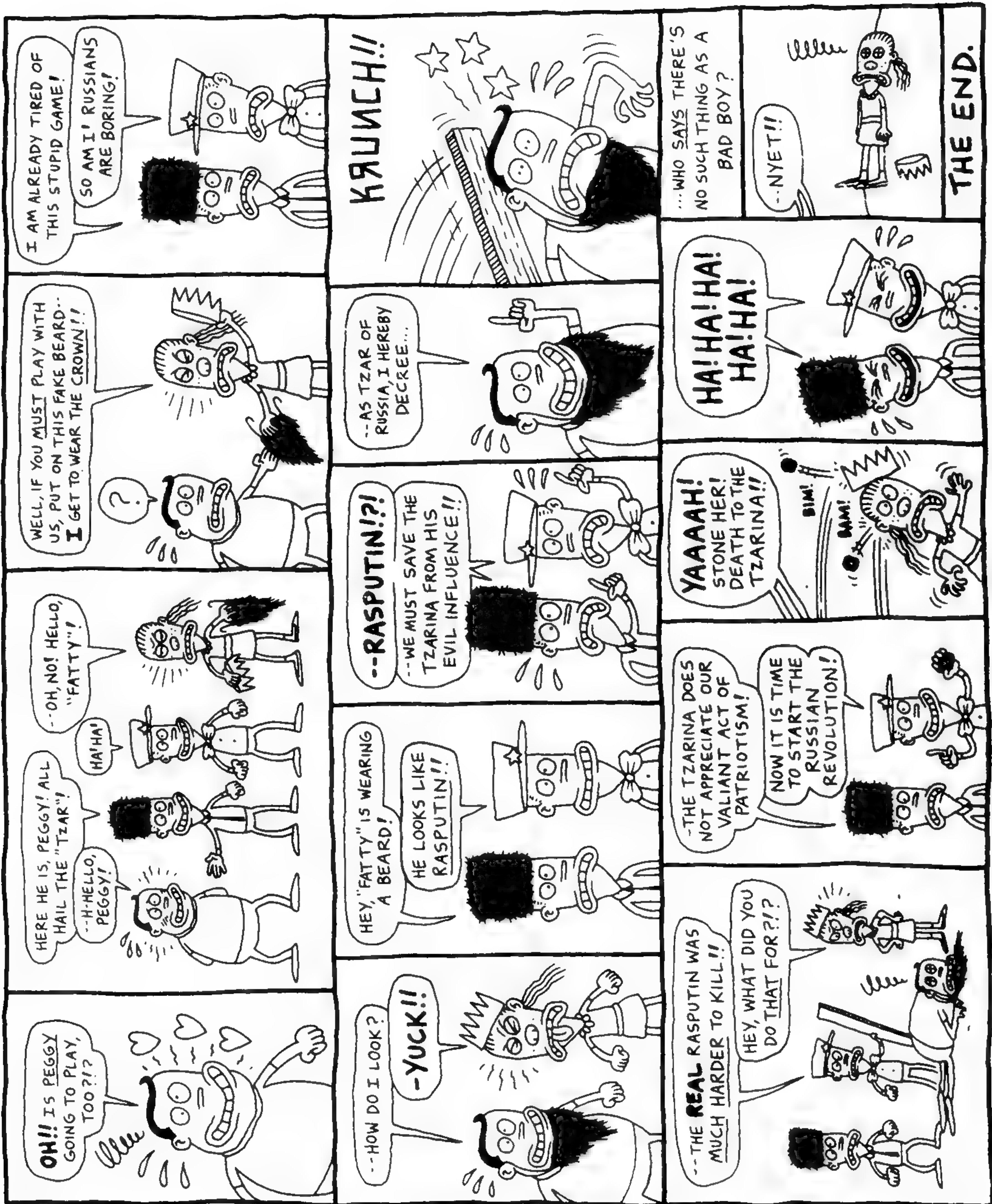
WE WILL PLAY
"RUSSIANS"! YOU
CAN BE THE "TZAR"!!



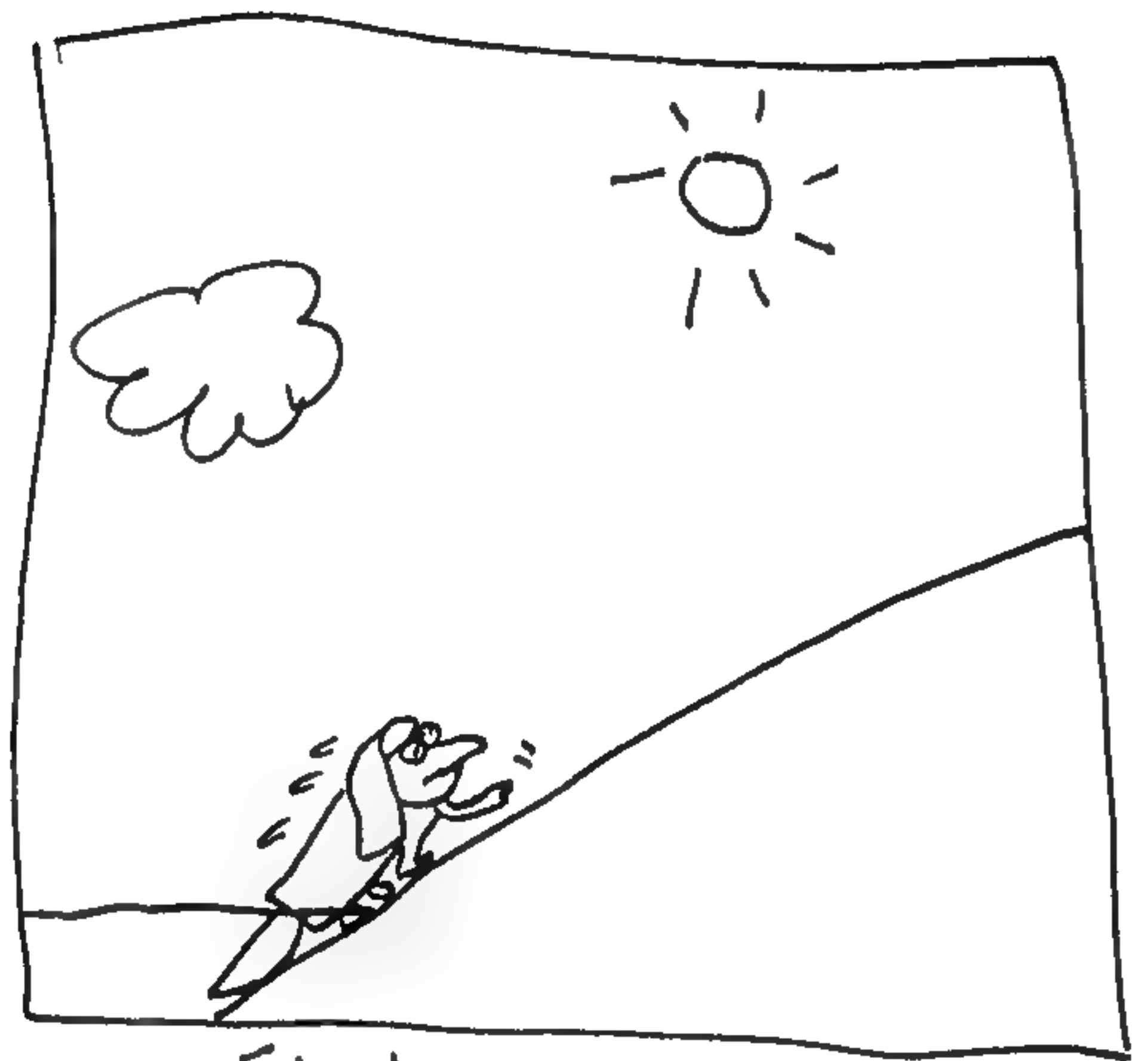
--WHAT'S A
"TZAR"?

IT'S LIKE A "KING"! AND
PEGGY WILL BE
THE "TZARINA"!!





John Callahan's
NUNS



First nun

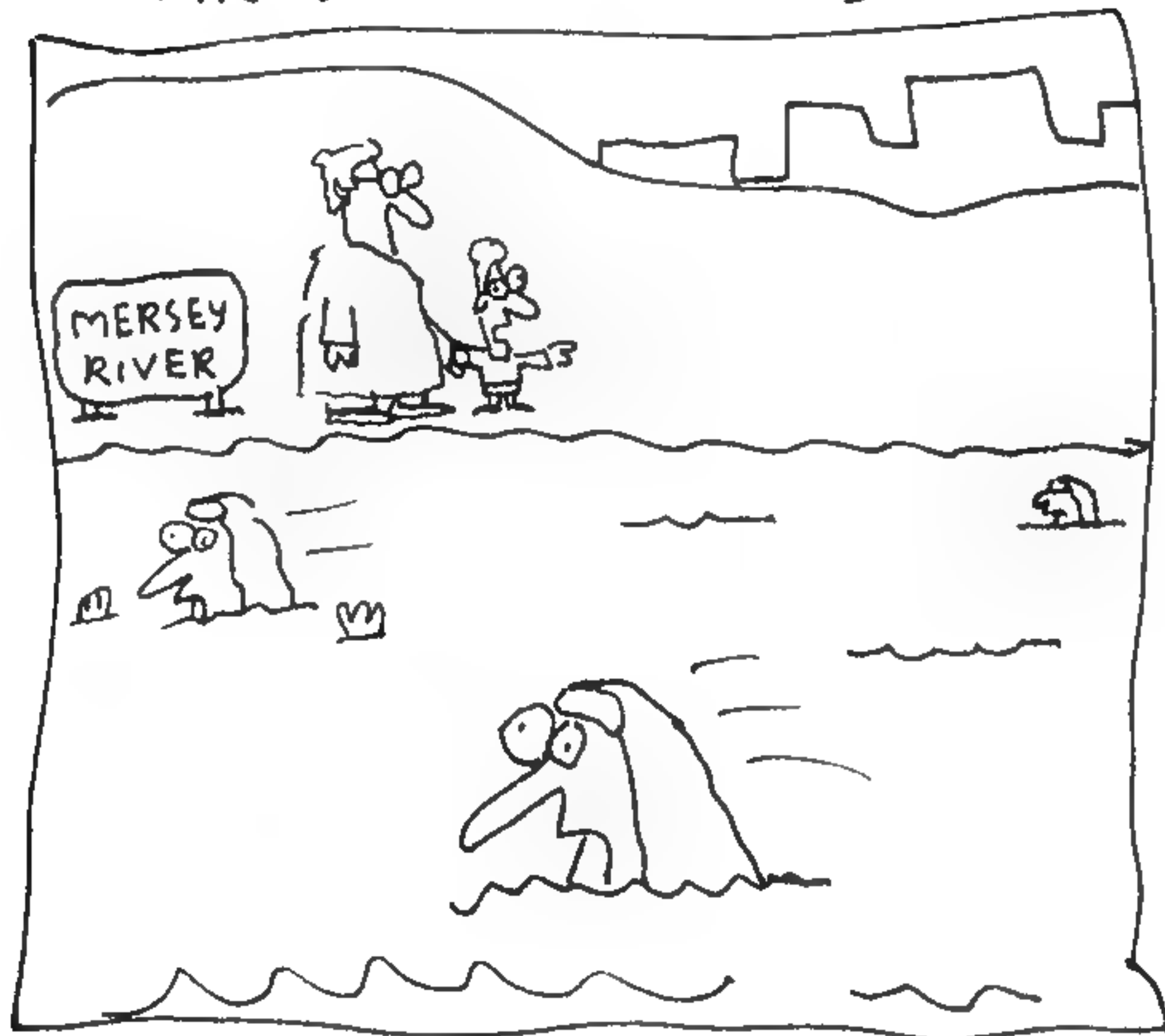


NUN KICKING HABIT

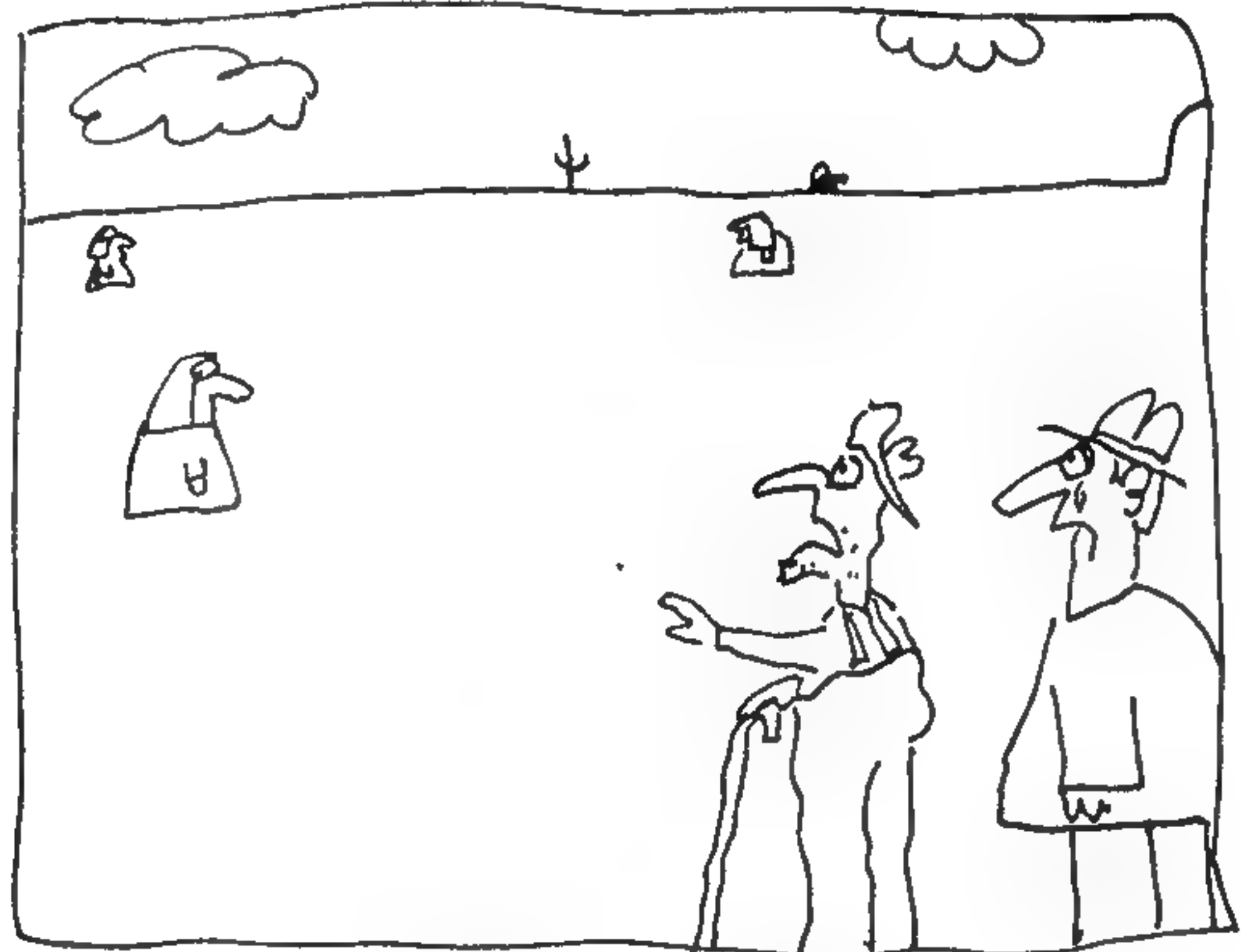


MALE NUNS

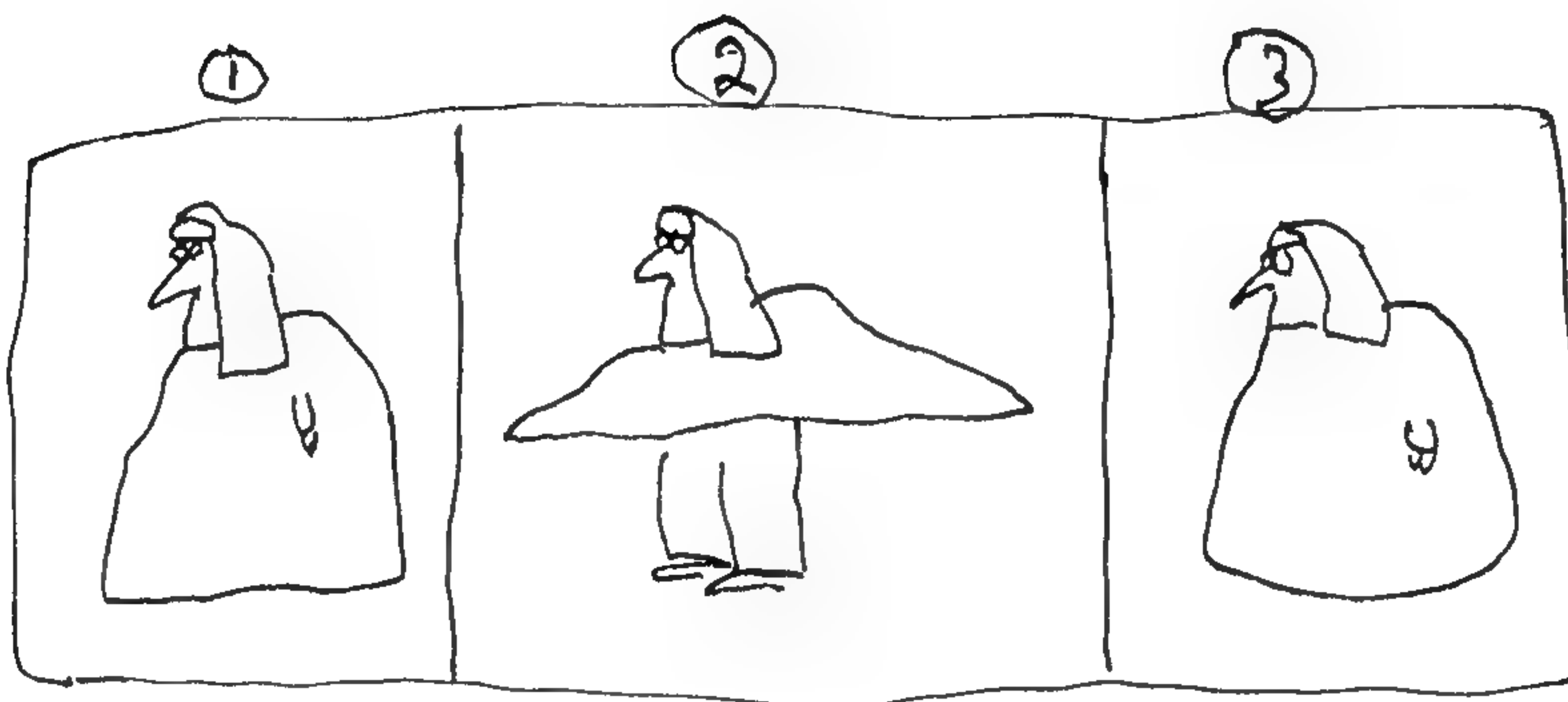
The sisters of mersey



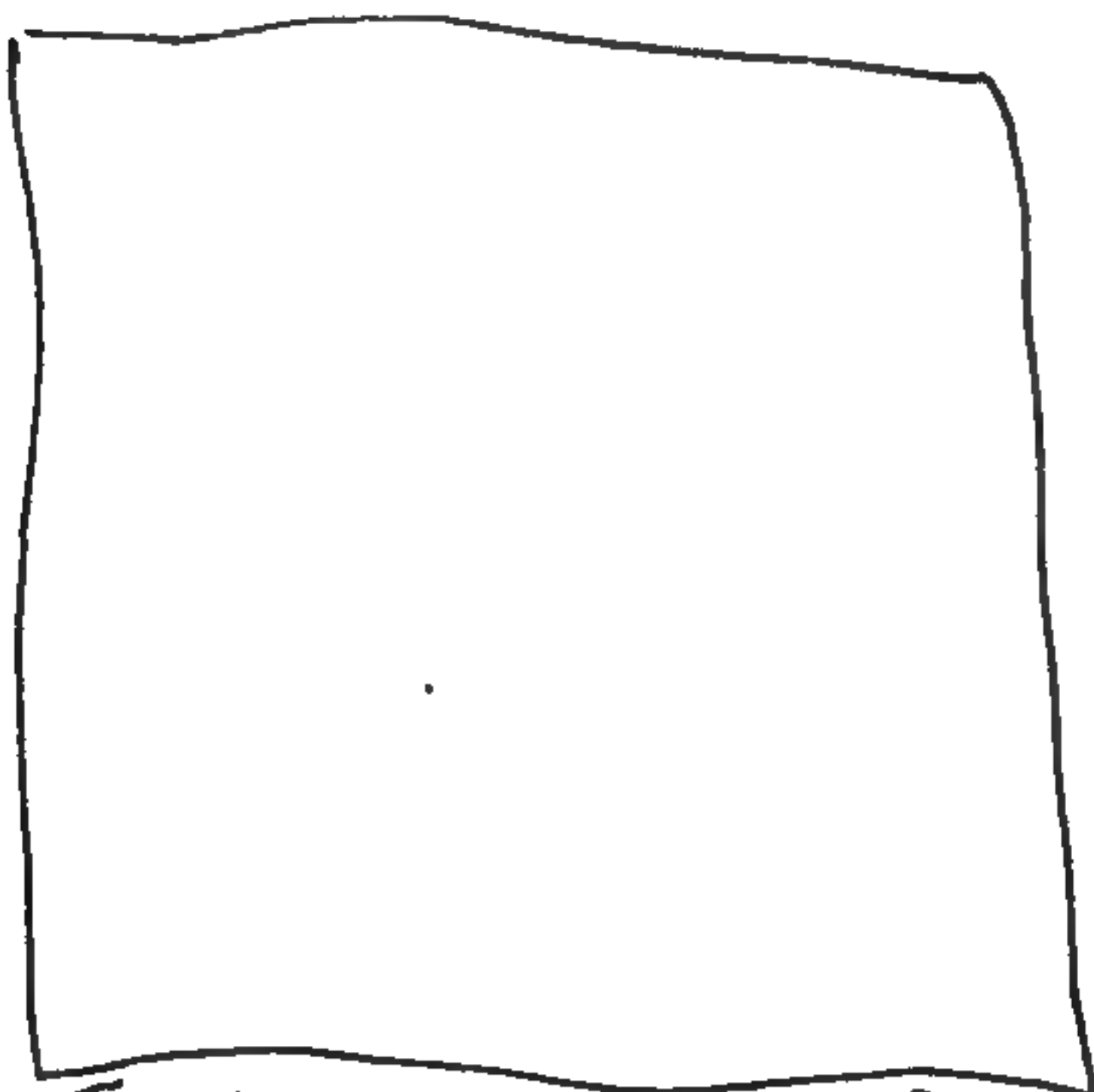
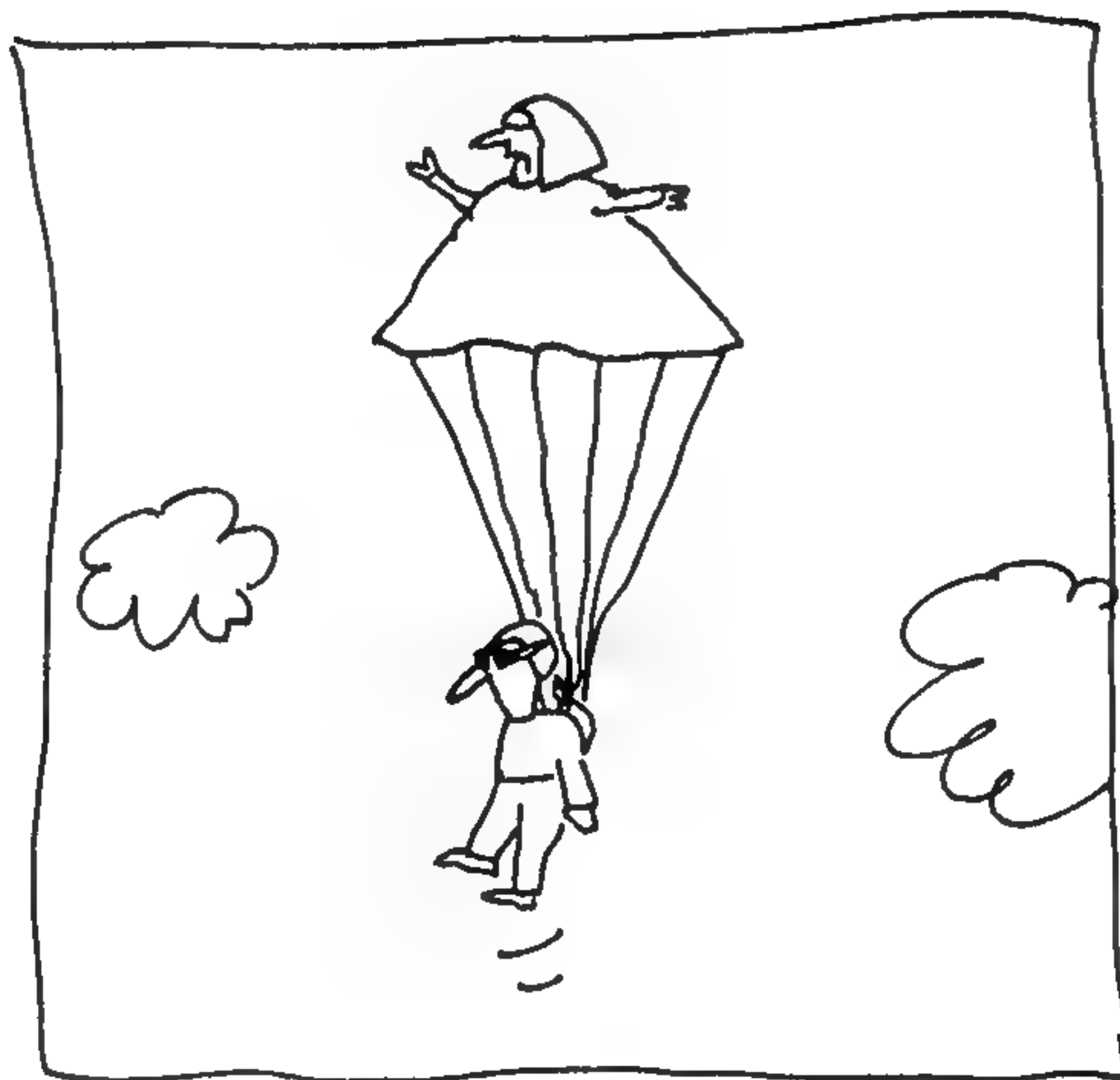
The extinction of the nun



"used to take 3 days for a large order of Benedictines to pass by this point; now there's only these stragglers!"



FLATULENT NUN



(mating habits of nuns)



.... and now, amazingly,
I will drink this entire glass
of water while little sister Claudia
maintains a vow of silence.



VENTRILOQUIST NUN



Street nuns




Hawaiian nun



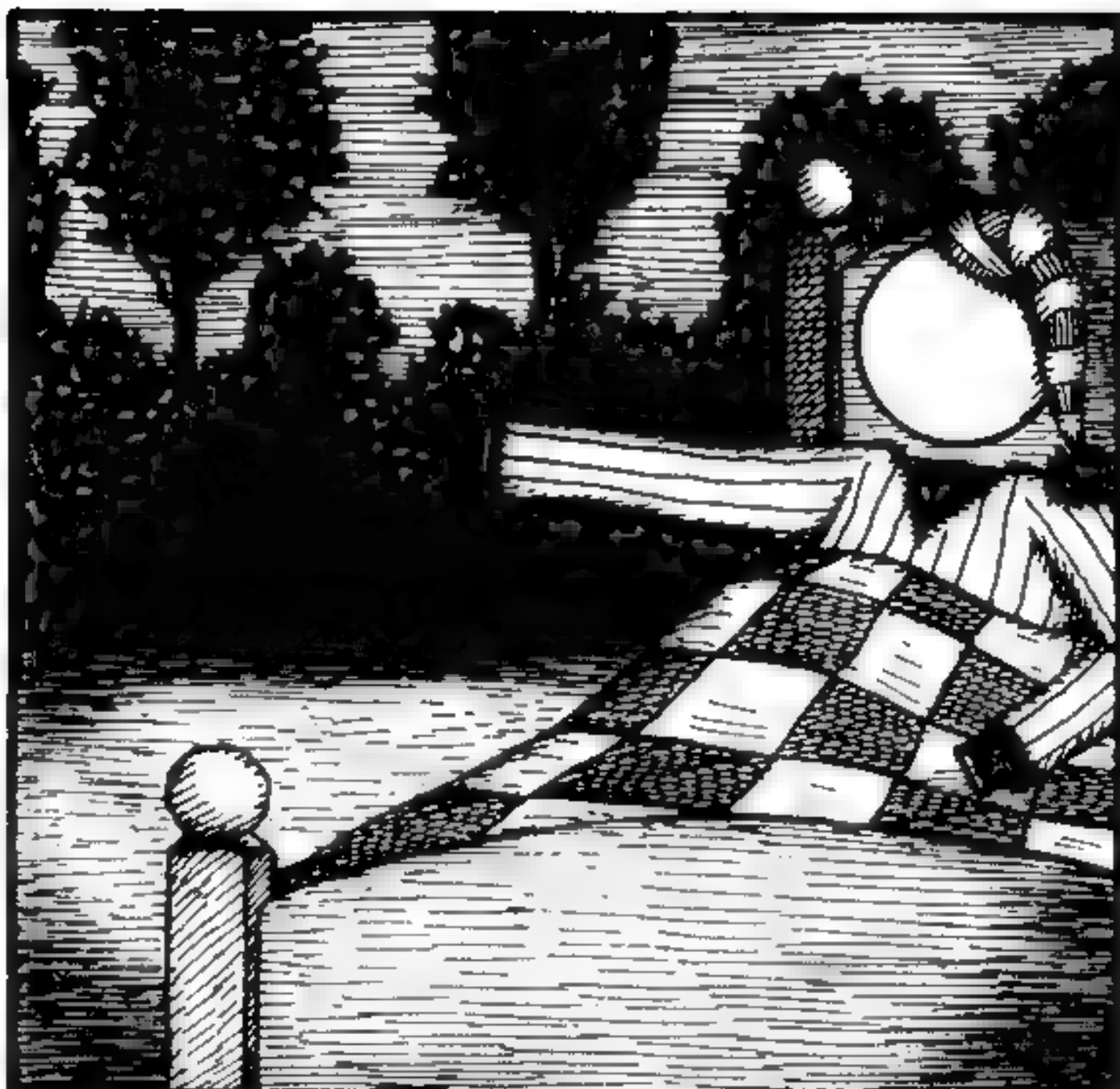
Coming to T.V. this Fall:
'The burrowing nun'

ISOTYPE HARRY JONES

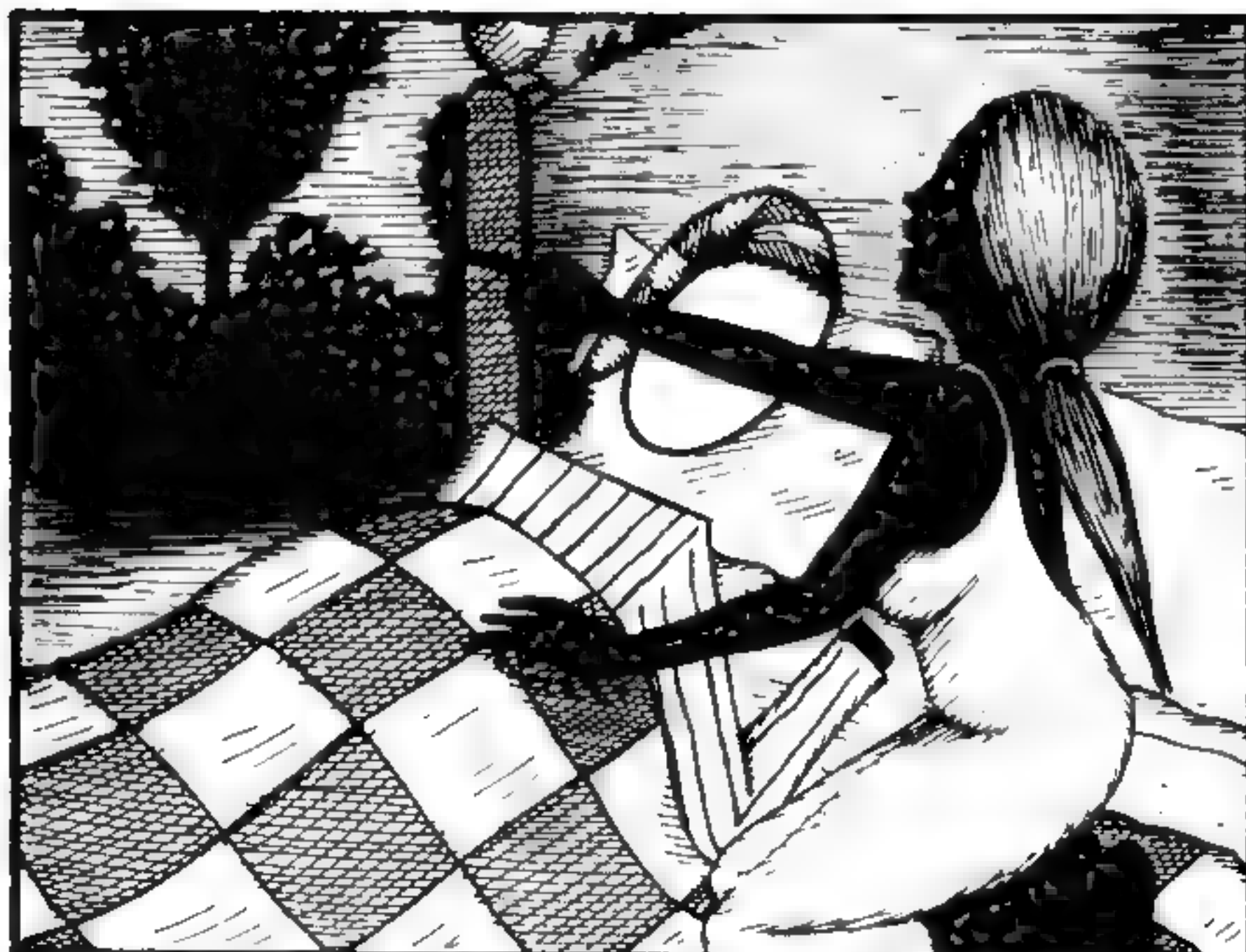
as
Plume
IN

"A MAN of
PEACE" 
by Henri Michaux

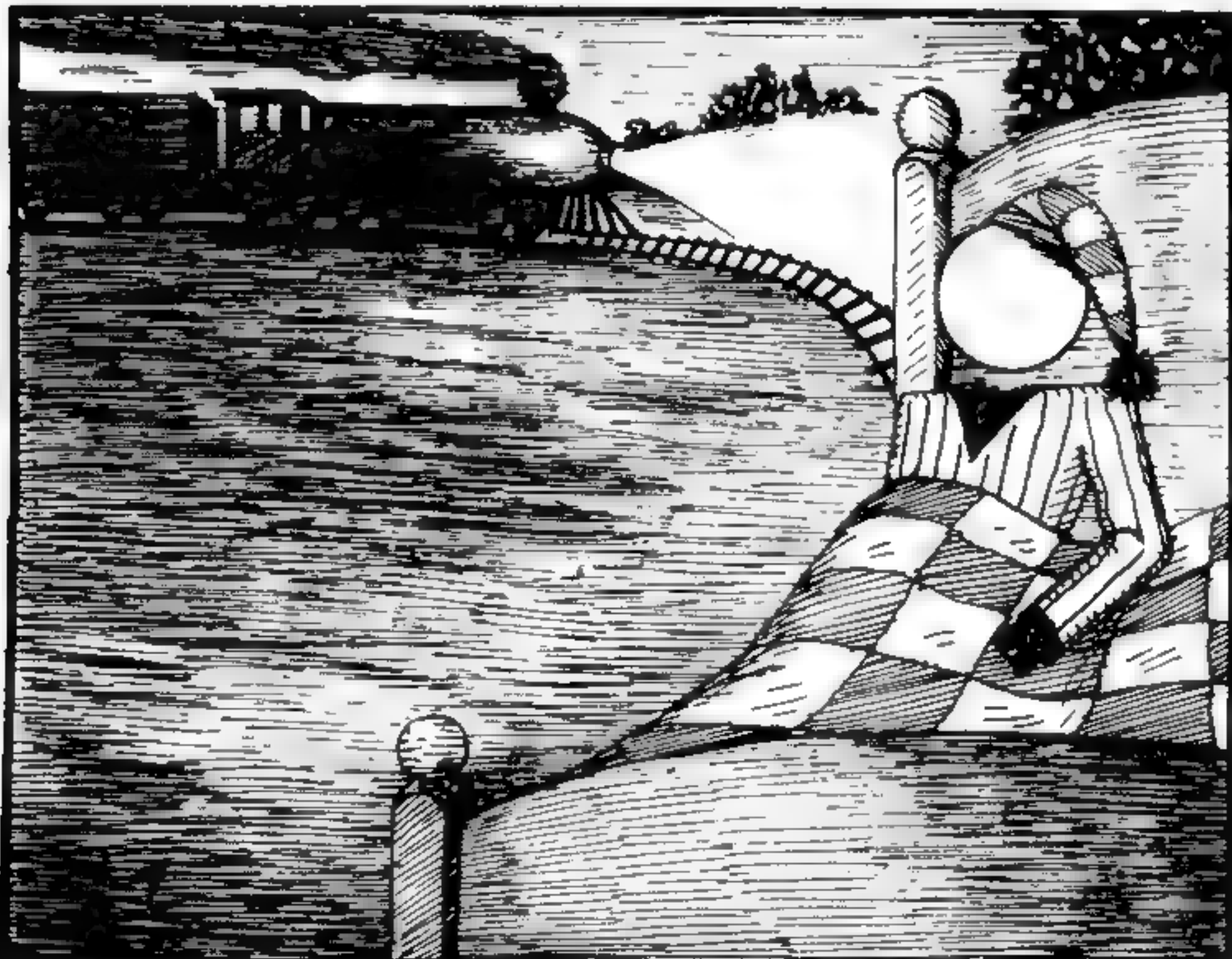
TRANS/ILLUSTRATED
BY WILLIAM CLARK



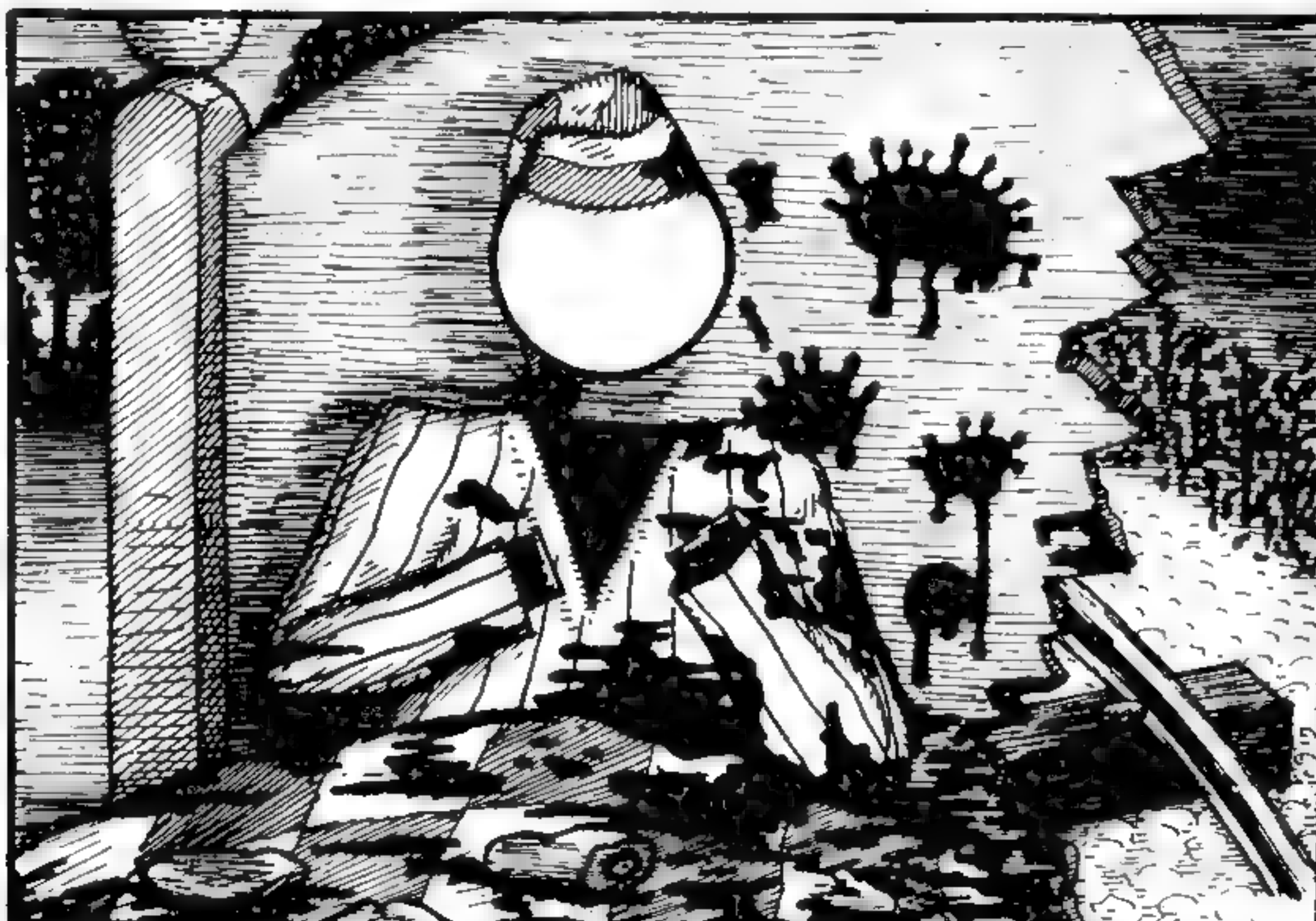
STRETCHING HIS HANDS OUT BEYOND THE BED, PLUME WAS ASTONISHED AT NOT MEETING THE WALL. "WELL," HE THOUGHT, "THE ANTS MUST HAVE EATEN IT..." AND HE WENT BACK TO SLEEP.



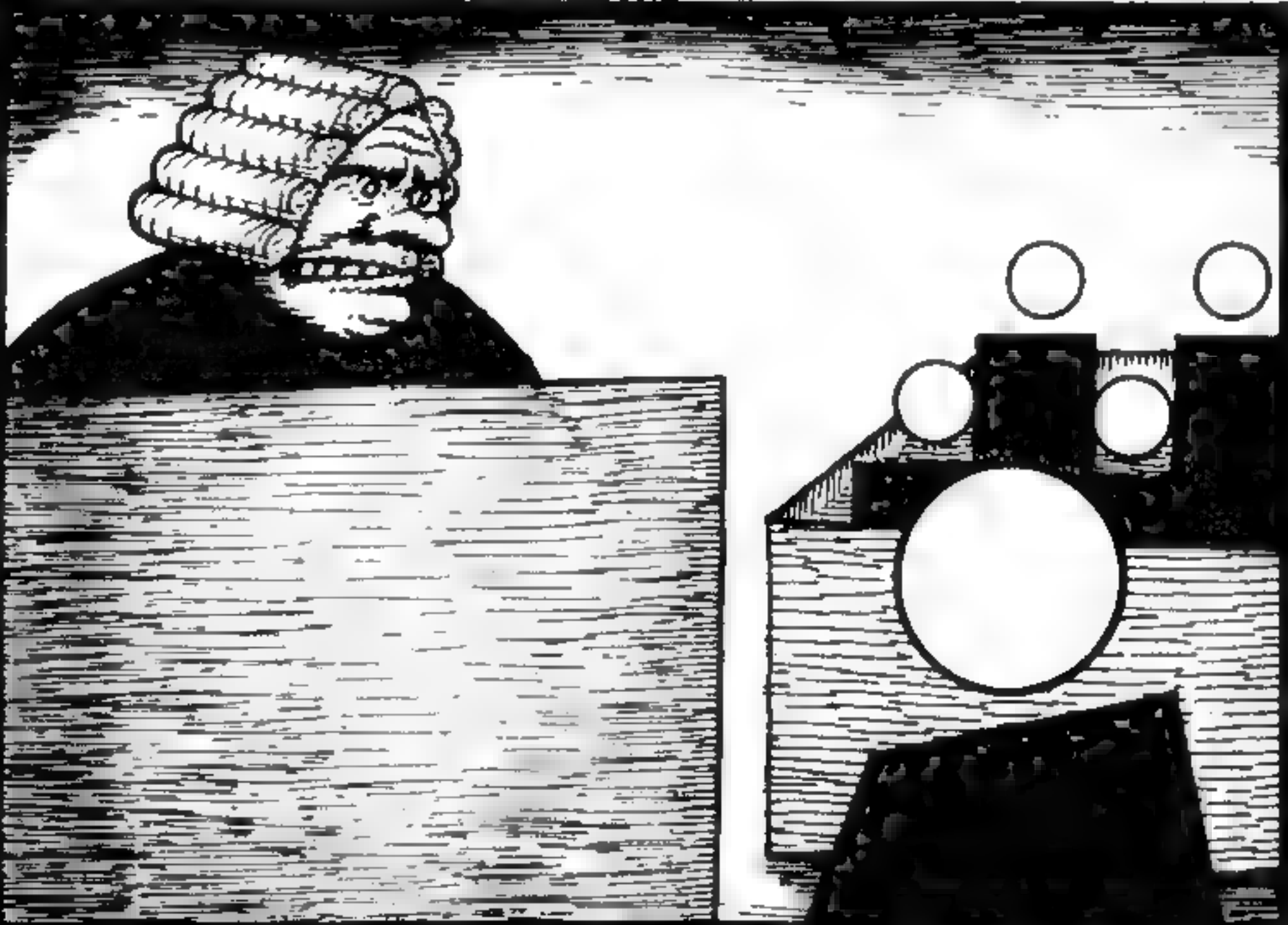
A LITTLE LATER HIS WIFE GRABBED HOLD OF HIM AND SHOOK HIM. "LOOK," SHE SAID, "YOU LAZY SLOTH!" WHILE YOU WERE SO BUSY SLEEPING, THEY'VE MADE OFF WITH OUR HOUSE. IT WAS TRUE, AN UNBROKEN SKY STRETCHED ON ALL SIDES ABOVE THEM. "OH WELL," HE THOUGHT, "WHAT'S DONE IS DONE."



A LITTLE LATER HE HEARD A NOISE. IT WAS A TRAIN SPEEDING TOWARD THEM. "MAKING HASTE LIKE THAT," HE THOUGHT, "IT WILL SURELY GET THERE BEFORE WE DO," AND HE WENT BACK TO SLEEP.

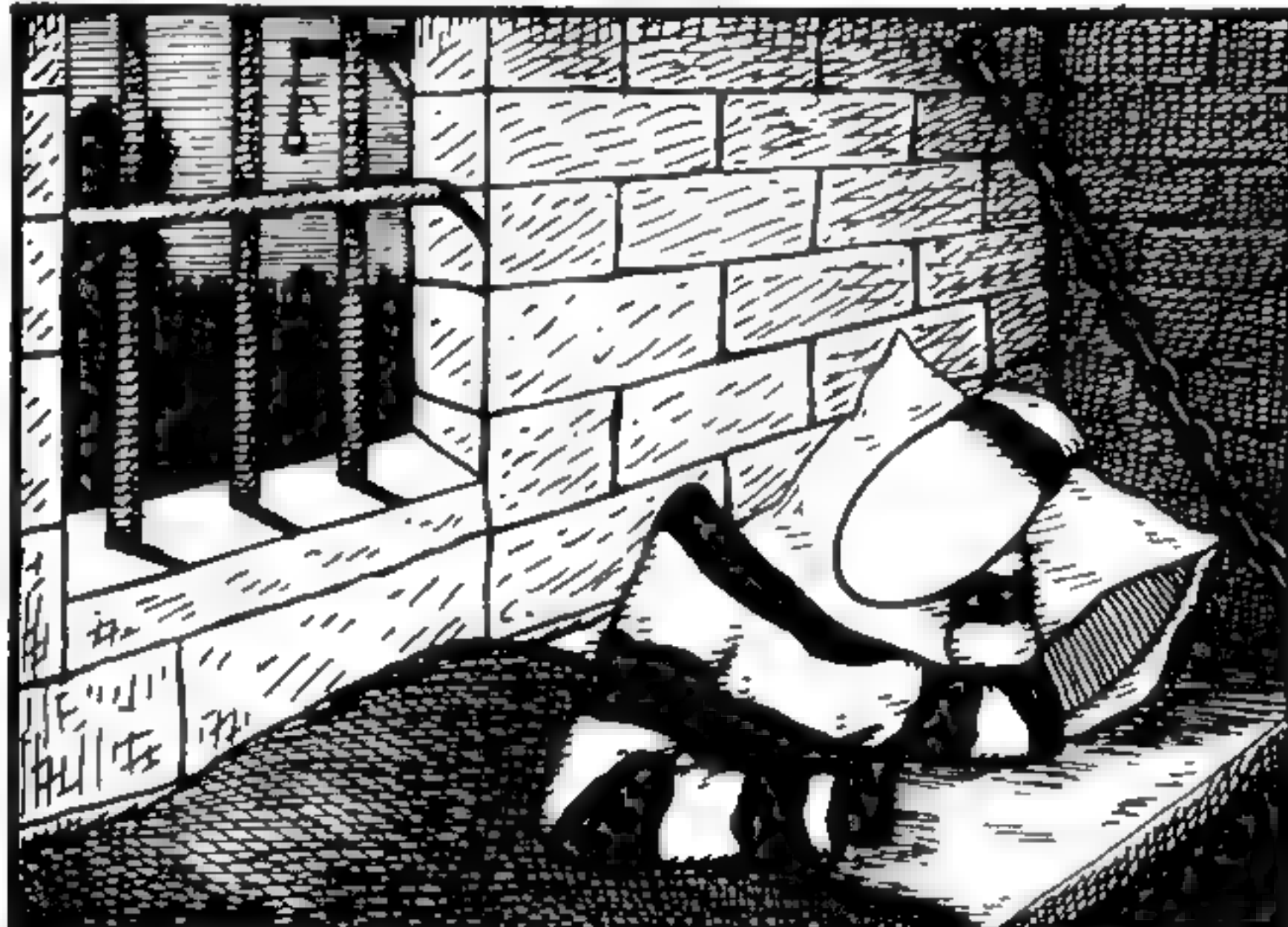


NEXT, THE COLD WOKE HIM. HE WAS DRENCHED IN BLOOD. A FEW PIECES OF HIS WIFE WERE LYING BESIDE HIM. "WHERE THERE'S BLOOD," HE THOUGHT, "UNPLEASANTRIES OFTEN CROP UP. I'D BE VERY HAPPY IF THIS TRAIN HAD NOT GONE BY. BUT SINCE IT'S ALREADY GONE..." AND HE WENT BACK TO SLEEP.



MYSTERY. THE CRUX OF THE CASE IS RIGHT THERE." "IF THATS THE WAY HE WANTS TO GO," THOUGHT PLUME, "I CAN'T HELP HIM." AND HE WENT BACK TO SLEEP.

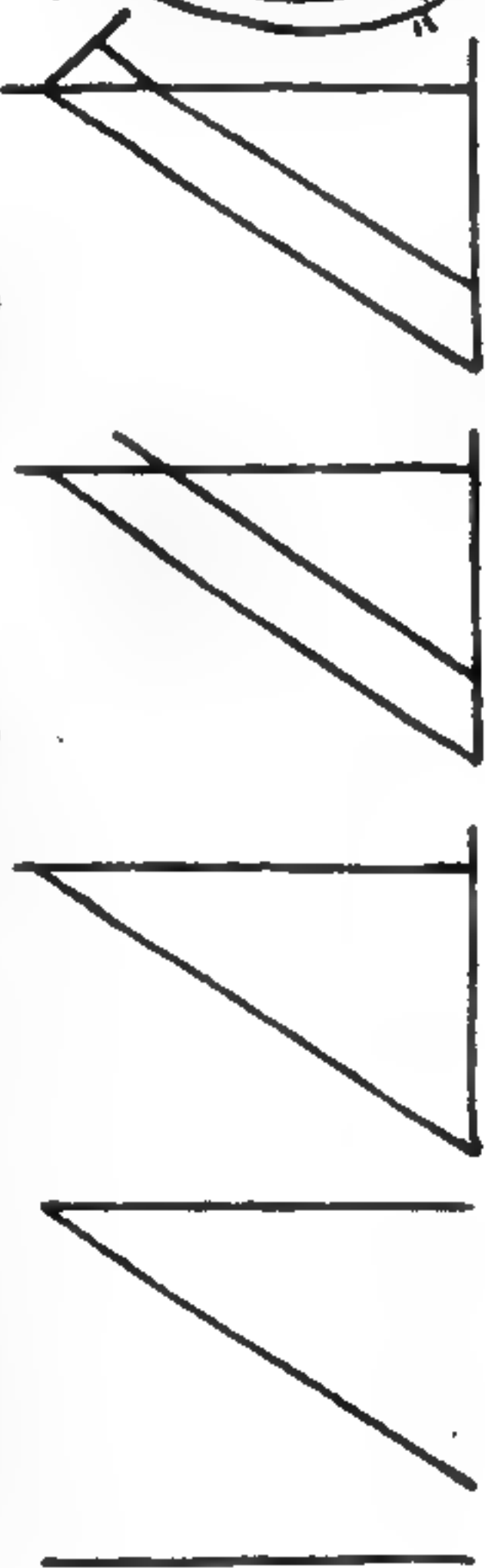
"LOOK," SAID THE JUDGE. "HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THAT YOUR WIFE WAS WOUNDED TO THE POINT OF BEING FOUND CUT UP INTO EIGHT PIECES, WHILE YOU, RIGHT BESIDE HER, MADE NO EFFORT AT ALL TO PREVENT IT, AND DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE IT. THATS THE



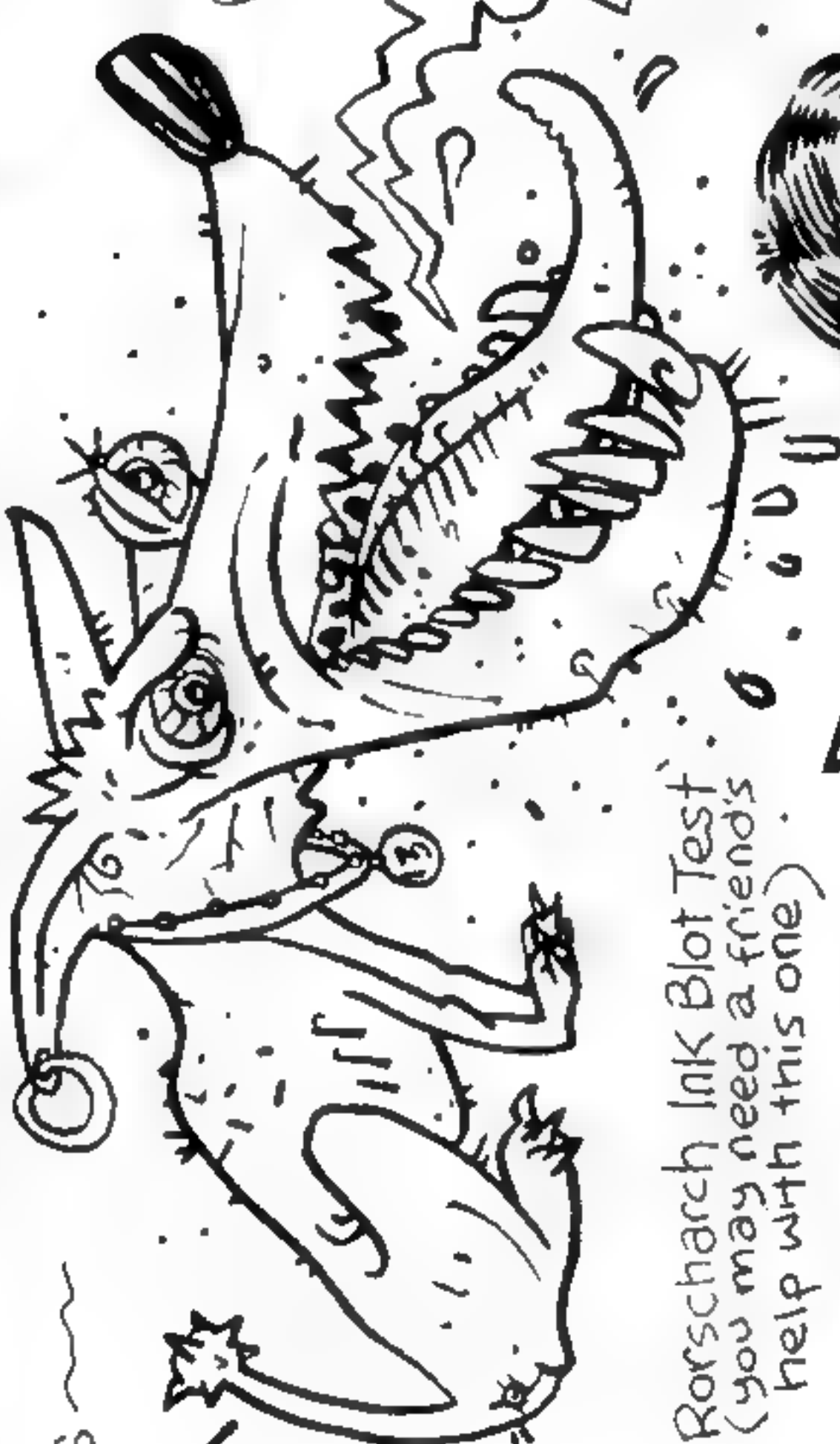
"THE EXECUTION WILL TAKE PLACE TOMORROW. PRISONER, HAVE YOU ANYTHING MORE TO SAY?" "EXCUSE ME," HE SAID, "I HAVEN'T FOLLOWED THIS CASE." AND HE WENT BACK TO SLEEP.

THE WONNERS OF SCIENCE things to Make and do

A simple way to draw a dog with just four straight lines



Divide this shape into 34 Right-Angled Triangles



Shadow Pictures:
All you need is a strong light
for hours of fun !!



'The Embarrassed Preacher'

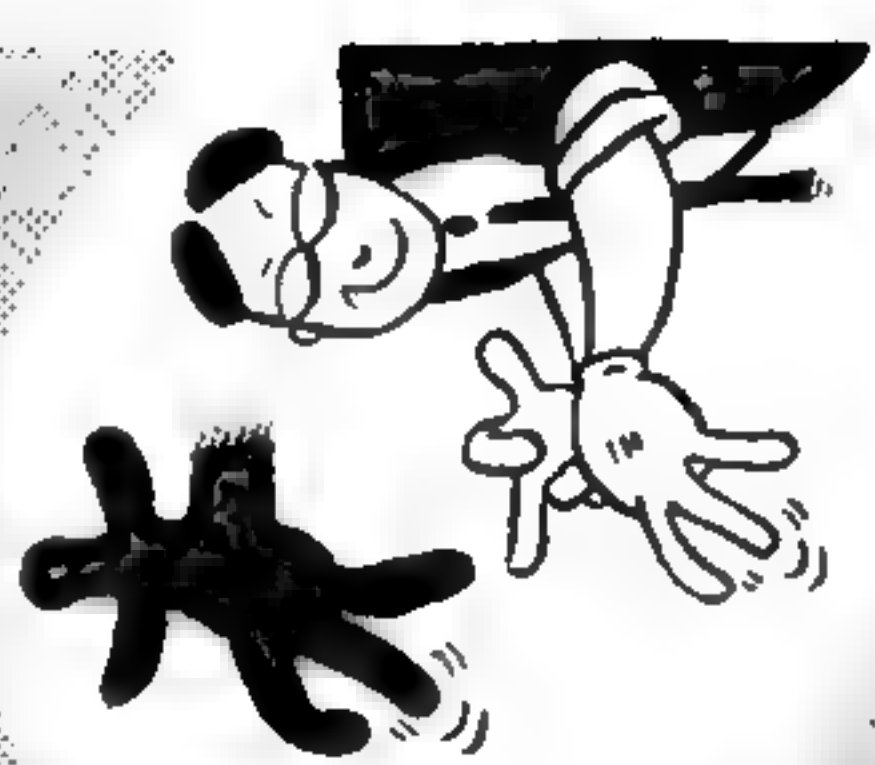
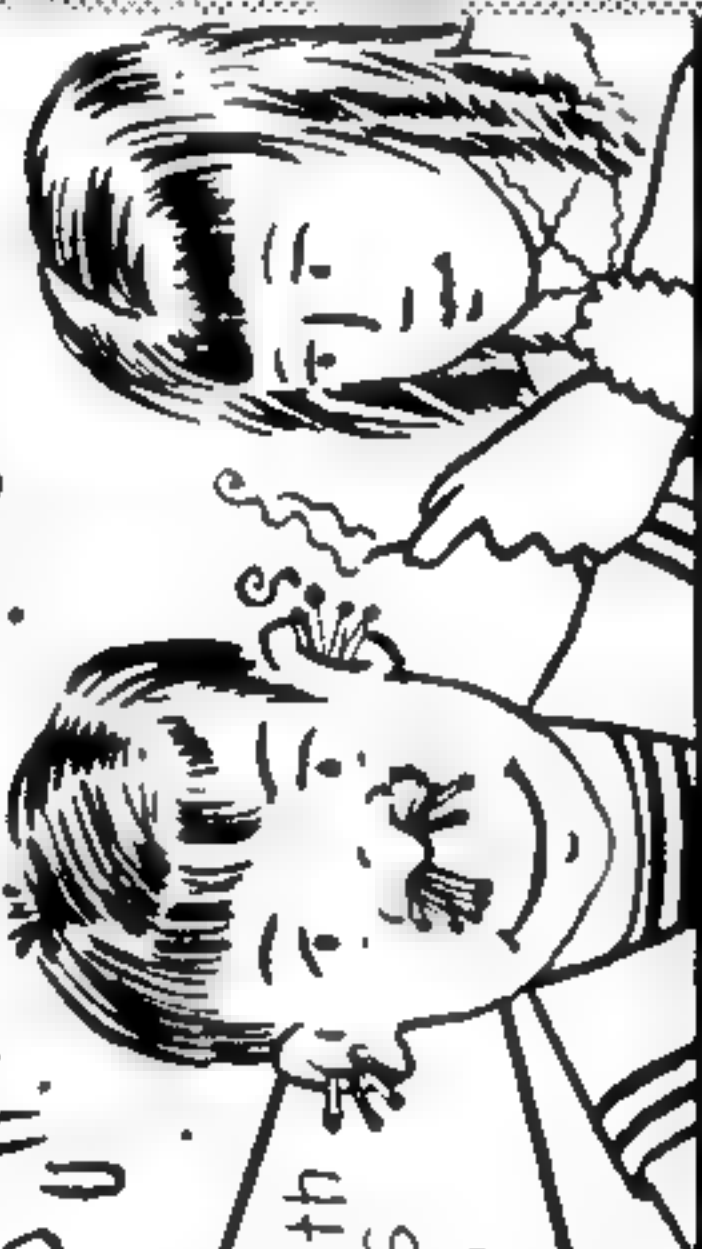
'The Headless
spectre'



'Rorschach Ink Blot Test'
(you may need a friend's
help with this one)



Tricks with
matches



Charlie
Trumper 84

THE WONNERS OF SCIENCE

CONCERN ABOUT the aftermath of a Nuclear war
rages on ~HOWEVER, some of the lesser known
side-effects of radiation poisoning have
been ignored by all sides

DAY 1
A dingle-dangle in
the ears and spots
before

DAY 2
Growing Pains

DAY 3
Speech becomes impaired
Wee sleekit
cowrin', tim'rous
beastie

DAY 4
A bloated feeling as things
begin getting strange ~

DAY 6
You feel better
Hm -
I feel a
lot better



Charlie
Trumper 84

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE

Charisma = HOW TO FAKE IT

Be bad-mannered. only unrelentingly nice people are totally insufferable

Charisma in abundance

balls to that

No Charisma

Charisma's for schmucks GET POWER!

If you're male it helps if you're hung like a donkey

©'84 Charlie Trumpe

Charisma production by Charlotte Trumpeu

THE LATEST SOAP OPERA. YESTERDAY WE SAW how Charisma's beloved sister who was born mentally retarded is being cared for in an expensive bordello in Streattham ~ Charisma enjoyed the company of Darren, her half-brother until that day during a holiday in skegness when his cruel lust ran wild

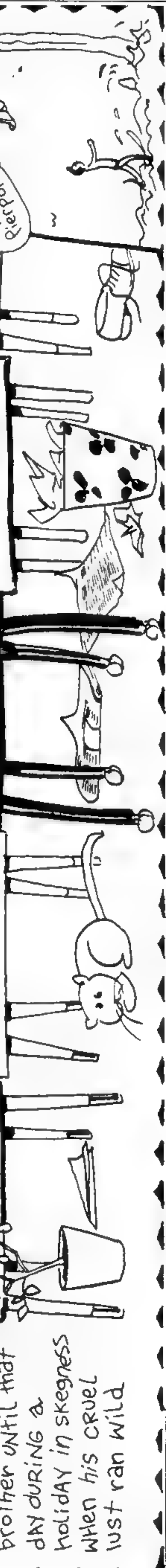
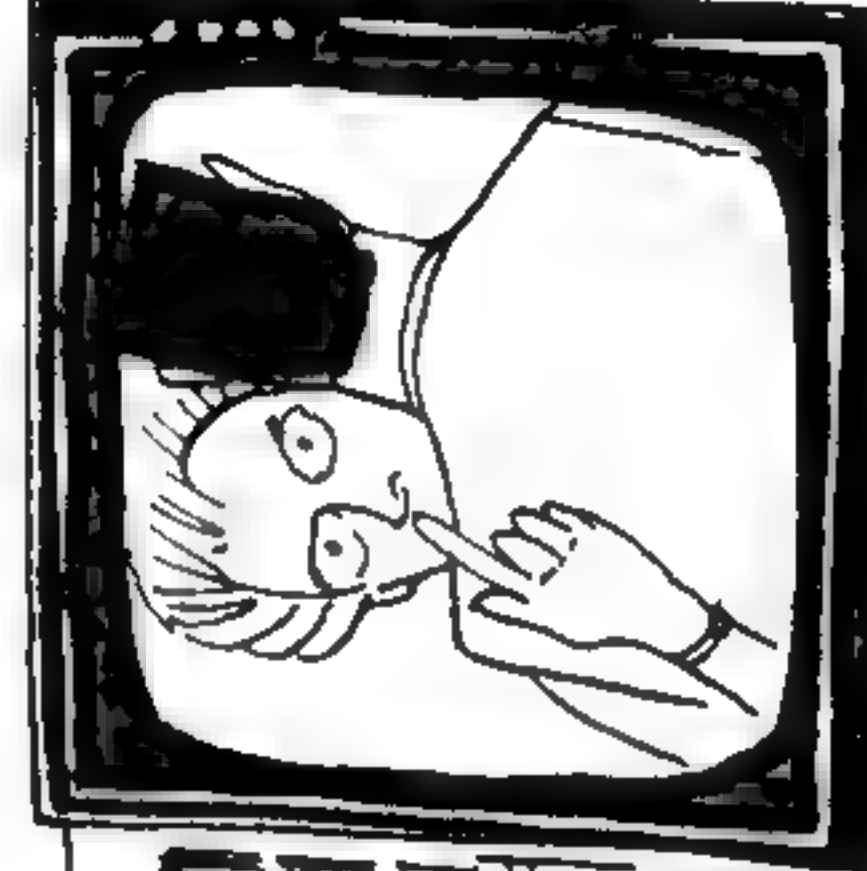
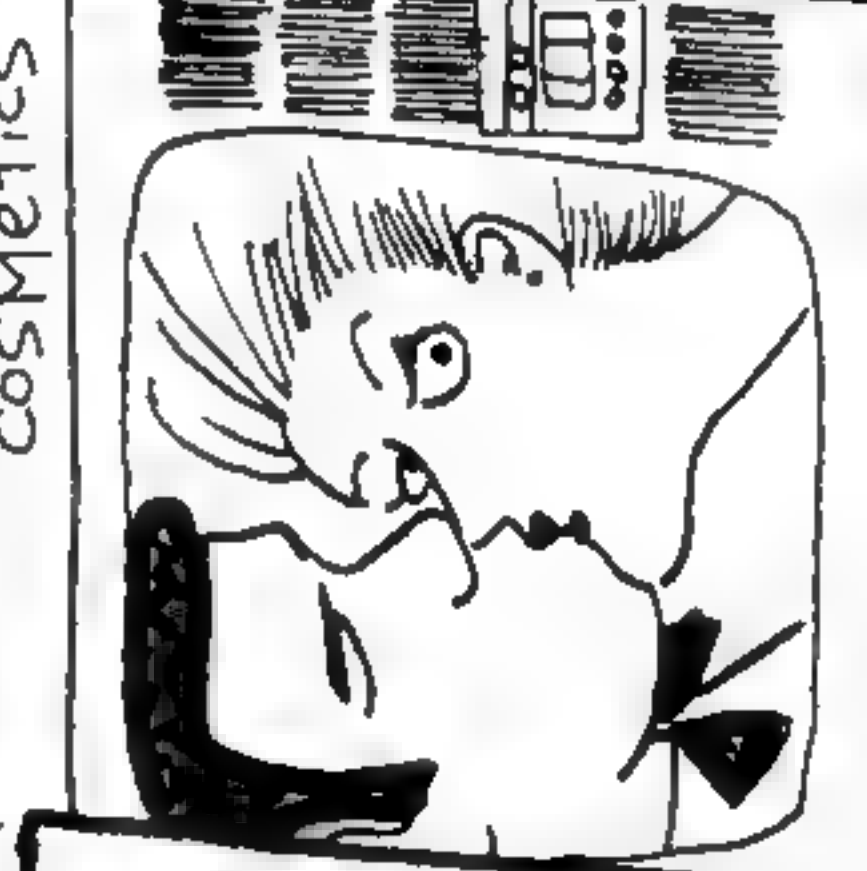
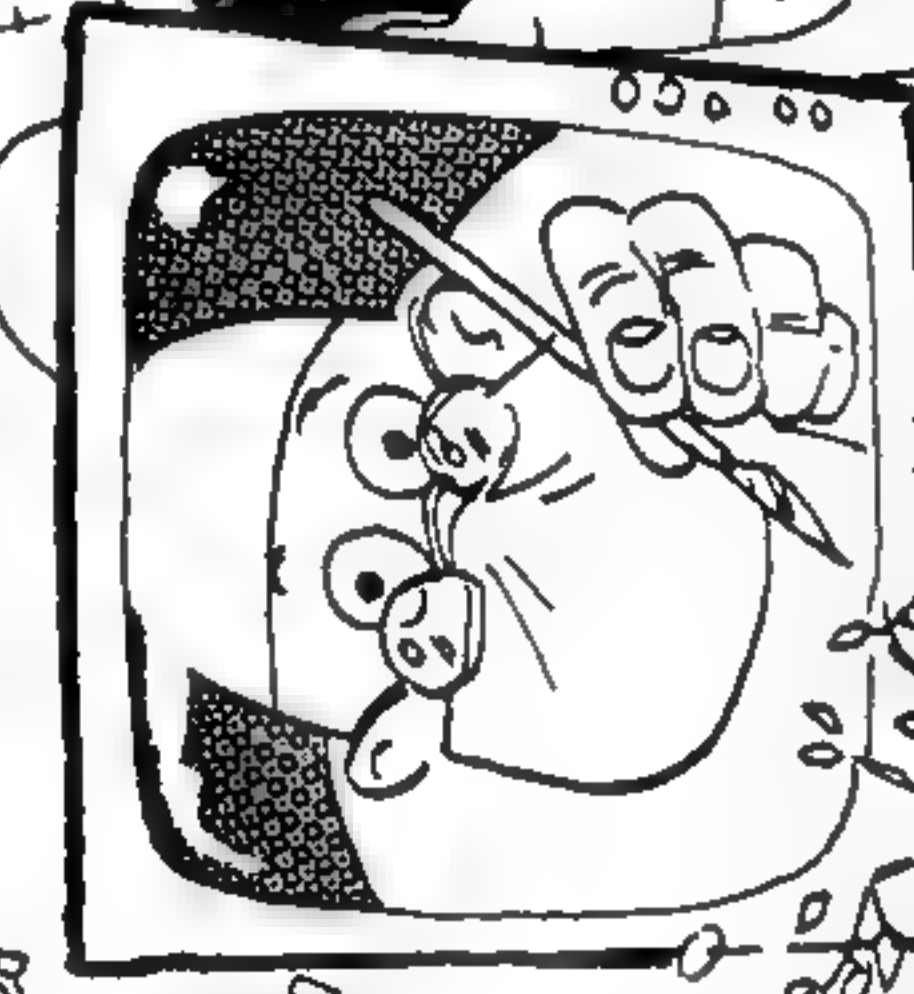
Prof. Bean performs plastic surgery on the heroine

Thus equipped she woos Pierpont Goodfenis, the heir to his ex-wife's fortune from Feature face cosmetics

Unbeknownst to him, Charisma is his ex-wife with a nose job

But it is not to be that simple - Pierpont dallies awhile on the balcony

While Charisma makes an excuse to leave



~ Charlie Trumper © 84 ~

NO. 1. THE EGG THEORY

The Evolution theory is basically the same as the egg-theory except that the Man, the TV set and the armchair all start off as fish ~~~~~



©84
Charlie
Trumper.

Shot across the stars to find himself aboard a bug-EYED SPACE-SHIP along with other artifacts from Planet Earth.



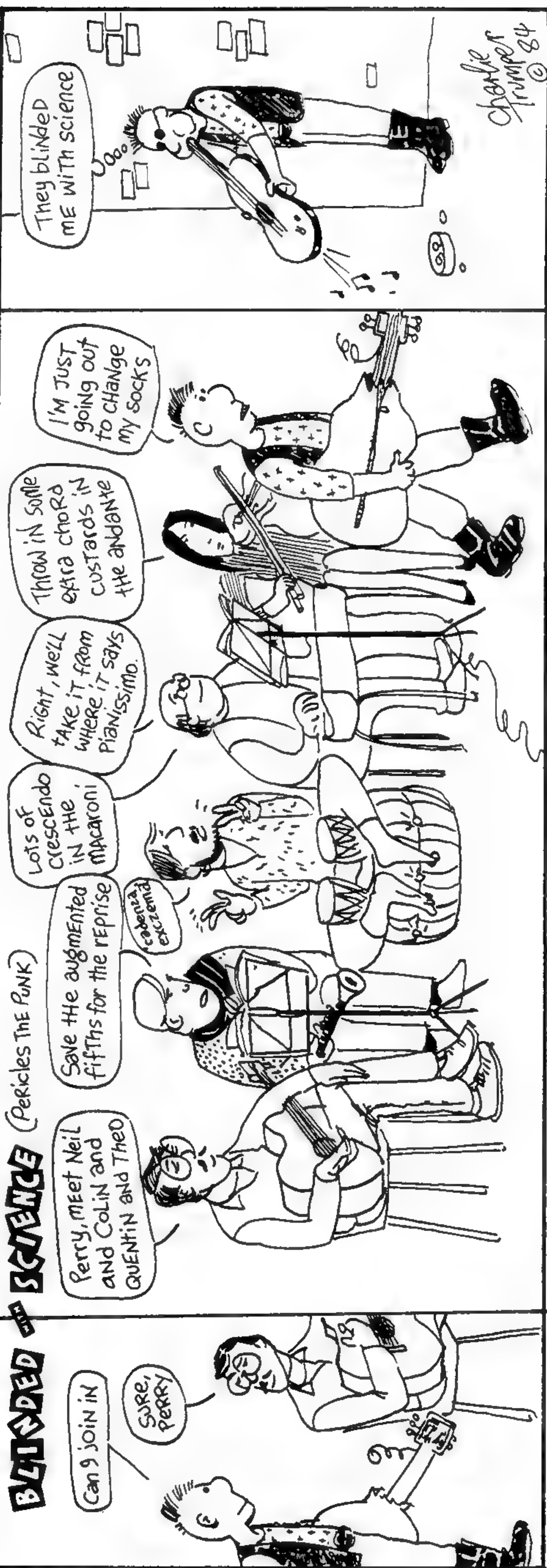
BUT HIS PATH WAS
diverted and he
landed in the
lavatory of the
U.S. space shuttle—

Ground Control,
WE HAVE AN
EXTRANEUS
OPTION OF
DIFFICULTIES
UP HERE -

BLIND

SCIENCE

(Pericles The Punk)



WONDERS OF SCIENCE

This year he uses computers to deal with the complex problems of delivering toys to every kid in the world—



Father Christmas has been using computers to help with minor administration problems at his base

URINE OF THE DAMNED

1986 BY LLOYD DANGLE

WHEN THE ATHLETES HAD PROBLEMS WE KNEW AS A SOCIETY WE HAD PROBLEMS.



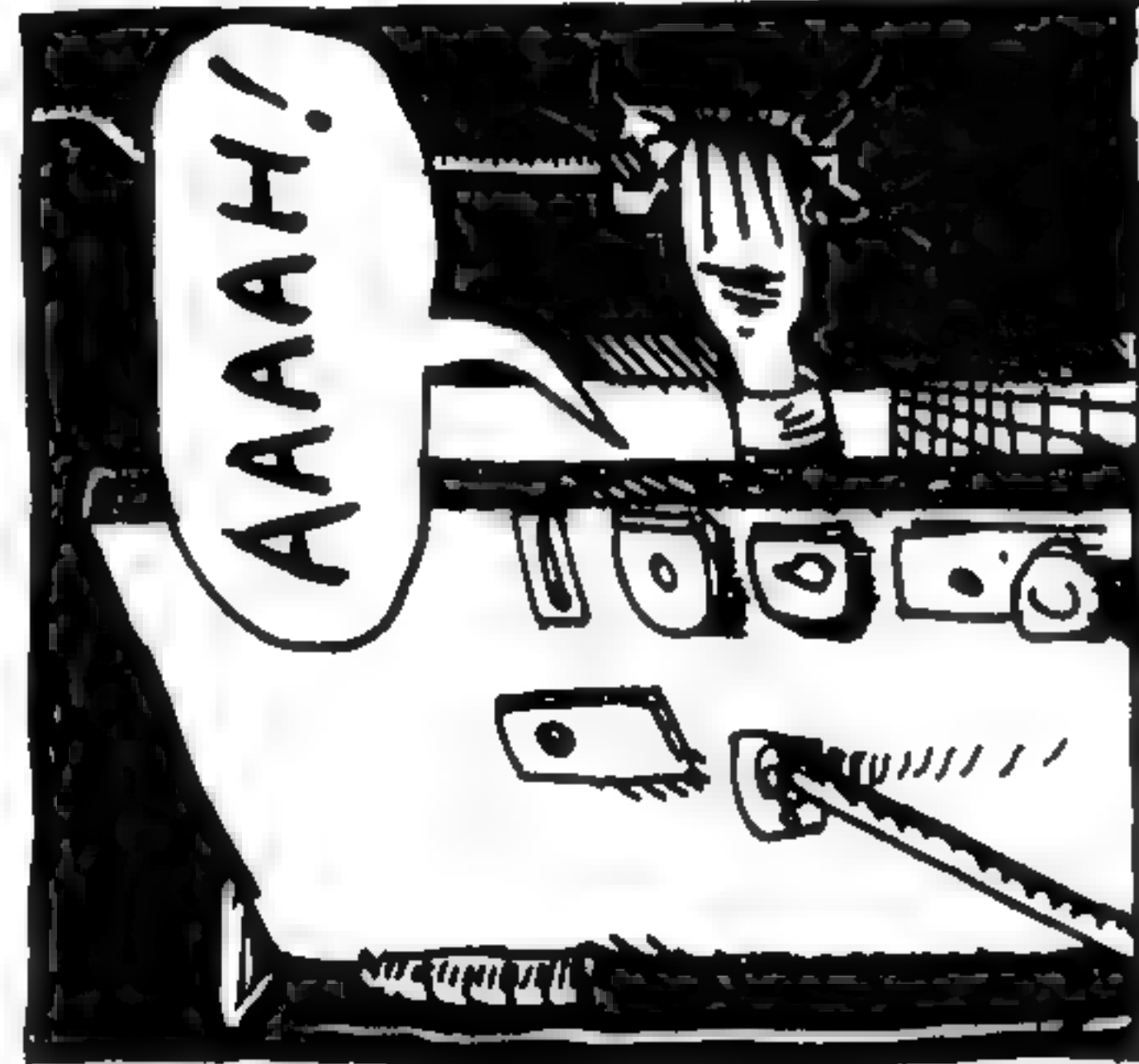
THEY CLEANED UP THEIR ACT.



SO, IN OUR SLUGGISH AND INFERIOR WAY, WE WERE ENCOURAGED TO CLEAN UP OURS.



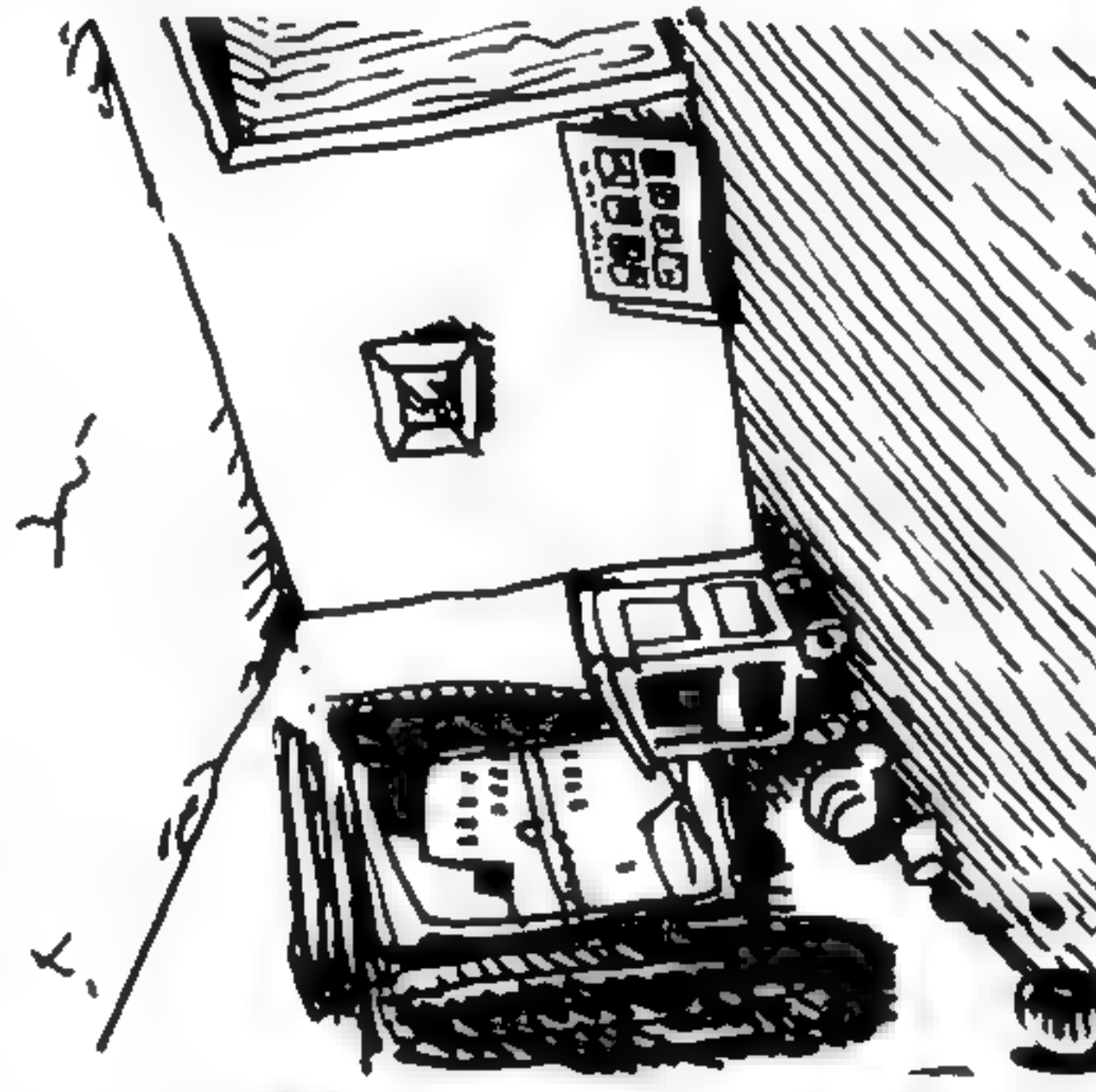
POSSIBLY MY WORST LIVING SITUATION?



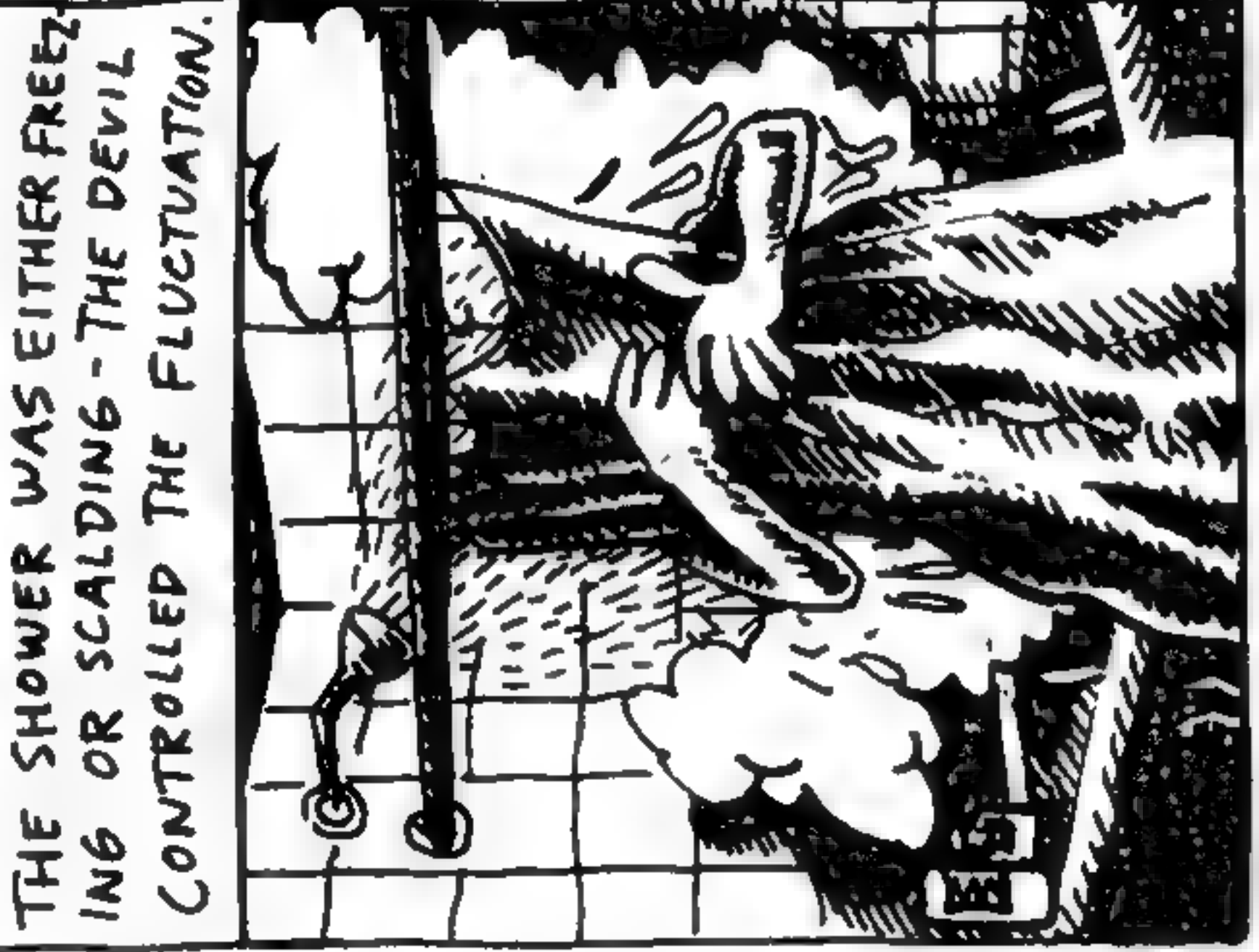
THE COCKROACHES WERE WELL-ORGANIZED AND WOULD WAIT EN MASSE ON THE LIGHT SWITCH.



THERE WERE NIGHTLY, VIOLENT QUARRELS NEXT DOOR, AND IT WAS TOO SCARY TO SAY ANYTHING.



ANYTHING ROUND OR ON WHEELS ROLLED TO ONE CORNER.



THE SHOWER WAS EITHER FREEZING OR SCALDING - THE DEVIL CONTROLLED THE FLUCTUATION.



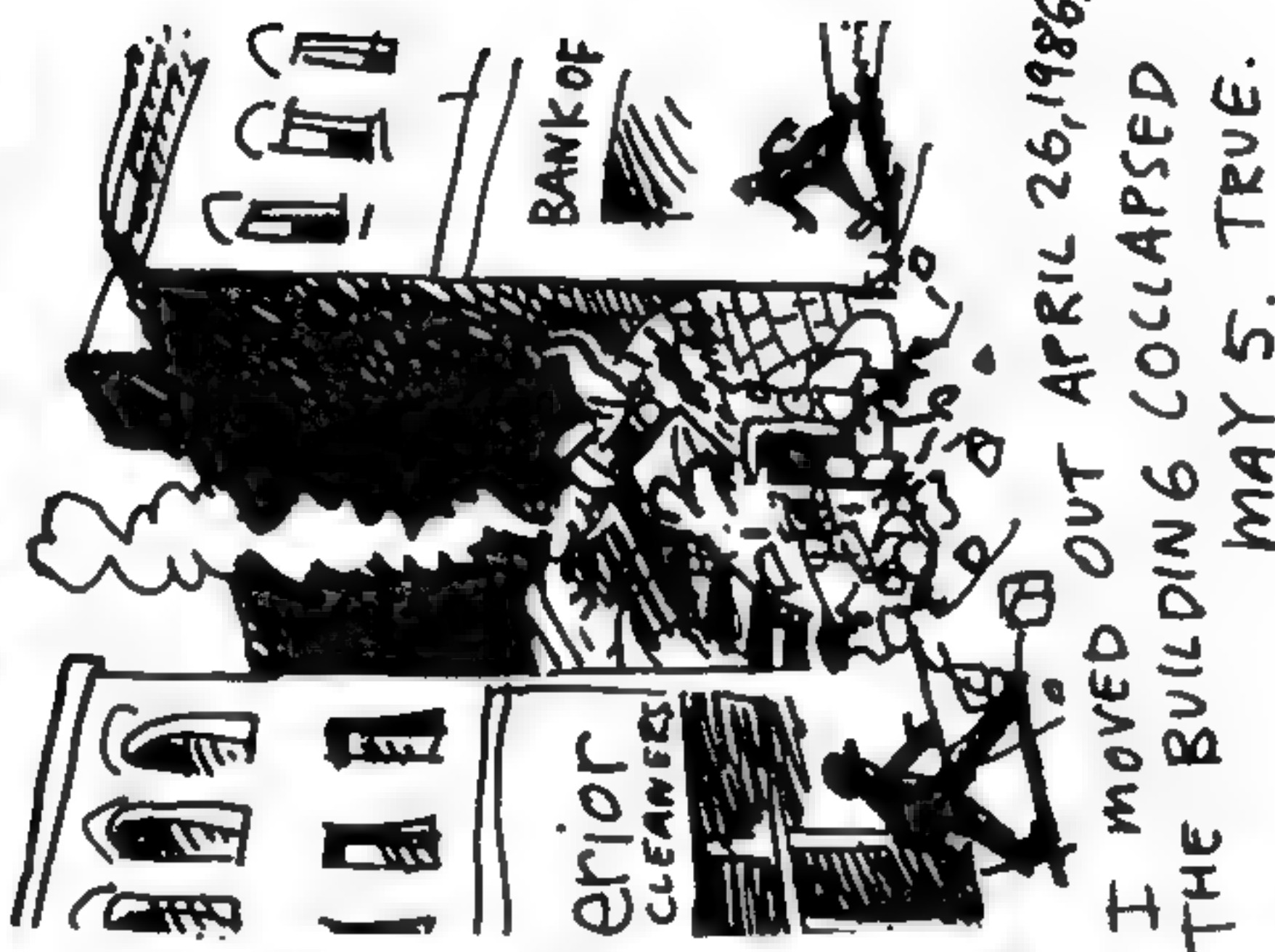
WHEN YOU ORDERED "REGULAR" COFFEE ACROSS THE STREET, YOU GOT TWO JOINTS IN A CUP FOR FIVE BUCKS.



ANYWHERE ELSE, WHEN YOU FALL VICTIM TO A CRIME, THE POLICE COME AND FILL OUT A REPORT.



BUT HERE, THE POLICE MAILED OUT THE BLANK FORMS.



I MOVED OUT APRIL 26, 1986. THE BUILDING COLLAPSED MAY 5. TRUE.

Bill Griffith



His angel's on a pinhead

by J. Sacco

Bill Griffith's long and winding road to success—King Features syndication of daily Zippy the Pinhead strips and a live-action Zippy movie in the making—has taken him through the heady days of the underground comix movement and beyond its ultimate collapse. Griffith, whose *Tales of Toad*, *Young Lust*, and *Griffith Observatory* are considered seminal works by underground aficionados, views the recent mainstream interest in Zippy—his most consistently perplexing and endearing character—without retroactive insecurities about artistic compromise. And any analysis of Zippy's 16-year history confirms that perhaps mainstream audiences have developed a taste for Zippy, because Griffith has certainly not watered down Zippy's flavor on their account.

A native of New York state, Griffith moved to San Francisco in 1970 to be in on the burgeoning underground comix scene. He is now in his early 40s and married to Diane Noomin, a cartoonist herself, who co-wrote the Zippy movie screenplay with her husband.

JOE SACCO: I'd like to know how you view the momentum you and Zippy have gathered in the last year or so with the mainstream syndication and the upcoming movie project. Are you surprised at all?

BILL GRIFFITH: Yeah. But by my own perceptions, I haven't changed what I do. So the explanation can only be that the outside world—to whatever degree it has—is seeking out what I do. That surprises me a great deal, because I don't see what I do as being mainstream. Frankly, I don't think it will ever get as mainstream as something like *The Far Side* or *Bloom County*, even though they're both strange in their own, mainstream way. I don't think I'll ever achieve that kind of acceptance, but it is amazing to me that something as bizarre as Zippy can be surfacing in daily newspapers in Omaha and places like that. Of course, it remains to be seen whether Zippy will confuse readers to such a degree that it's just going to be a brief flirtation. But the movie—that makes more sense to me. That's not very surprising to me because Zippy has always been a living, breathing character to me. And it makes complete sense to me that he should be

translated into film. It's been something I've wanted to have happen for about eight years.

SACCO: To what do you attribute your success? Has something paved your way? Why are people coming around now?

GRIFFITH: I think most of the reasons are media-connected. Maybe Americans are catching up with Zippy's disconnected qualities, his fractured attention-span, and his seemingly unrelated sentence structures. These things are hitting some kind of nerve in people, perhaps because of the incessant bombardment of information we're all subjected to every day. Zippy has a kind of healthy way of dealing with it that maybe people respond to. I don't know if they're responding consciously or whether it's an unconscious release mechanism that they get from reading Zippy. Perhaps that's combined with the acceptance of so-called absurdist humor that I deal in (which I don't think is absurd, but a lot of people say that). That acceptance was boosted by the post-hippie humor of the original *Saturday Night Live* show. Let's face it, people who wrote for *Saturday Night Live* wouldn't have been as zany had they not smoked marijuana for five years. So if you want to go back to what paved the way—things like that released people from linear thinking. Enough people, I hope, now accept humor that doesn't have a traditional structure. And that helps Zippy get more acceptance.

SACCO: Now that Zippy is appearing in mainstream daily newspapers, what sort of response have you been getting? Is a new audience appreciating Zippy?

GRIFFITH: Yeah. I get a lot of appreciative fan mail from people who just can't believe that Zippy is appearing in their daily paper.

SACCO: Are these old fans?

GRIFFITH: They don't always say. I would say a lot of them are new just because they seem kind of giddy about Zippy. It's obvious they're reading him for the first time. Other people are saying, "I've read it for years in undergrounds. It was always hard to find. Now it's in my daily paper, and that's great." On the other hand, a lot of people are writing to the papers that they're outraged. It's not pleasant to be told you're the scum of the earth by a trailer-park resident in Memphis, Tennessee,



Bill Griffith (on the right) relaxing at home. "Who's the guy in the 'clown suit'?"

ZIPPY

ZIPPY & MARGARET KEANE
(MASTER OF THE BIG-EYED
MOPPET SCHOOL OF PAINTING)
TAKE A LEISURELY STROLL.

MARGARET, IT MUST
FEEL GOOD TO KNOW
YOU BROUGHT THIS IN-
TO TH' WORLD SOMETHING
SO ROUND... & SO-
WET...

YES, MY
WORK IS
FINALLY
APPRECI-
ATED.



"EYE, EYE, YI, YI..."

I THINK IT'S THE
EYES. THEY SEEM
TO BE SAYING SOME-
THING SOMETHING AL-
MOST UNPRINTABLE.

A YEARNING
BEYOND
WORDS...

EVER SINCE
"DONDI" WAS CAN-
CELED, I'VE FELT
AN ACHING NEED
INSIDE. I THINK IT'S
SOMEWHERE BEHIND
MY LEFT KNEE...

YES,
ZIPPY,
THERE IS
A VOID
BEHIND
ALL OF OUR
LEFT
KNEES...

A VOID THAT
CANNOT BE
FILLED BY
AEROBICS
OR NUTRA-
SWEET... OR
IMPORTED
AUTOMOBILES.

A VOID SO
WET, SO ROUND,
SO ACHING.
IT MAKES ME WANT
TO ASK FOR
DOUBLE CHEESE...



ZIPPY

SALE DOWN AT
TH' HARDWARE
STORE ON THOSE
33 GALLON HEFTY
BAGS...

THE NEIGHBOR'S
BOY'LL BE GOIN'
INTO 7TH GRADE
THIS WEEK.

RMMM!
RMMM!!



"FAMILY HOUR"

I WAS JUST
THINKING A LITTLE
RAIN WOULD BE
NICE - YES - A
LITTLE RAIN..

SURE WOULD
LIKE TO SEE
THAT PORCH
DOOR FIXED

POP?



DID WE PAY
TH' NEWSBOY?

NOT 'TIL THURSDAY,
MON'. IT'S ALWAYS
THURSDAY

YES, JUNIOR,
WHAT IS IT?

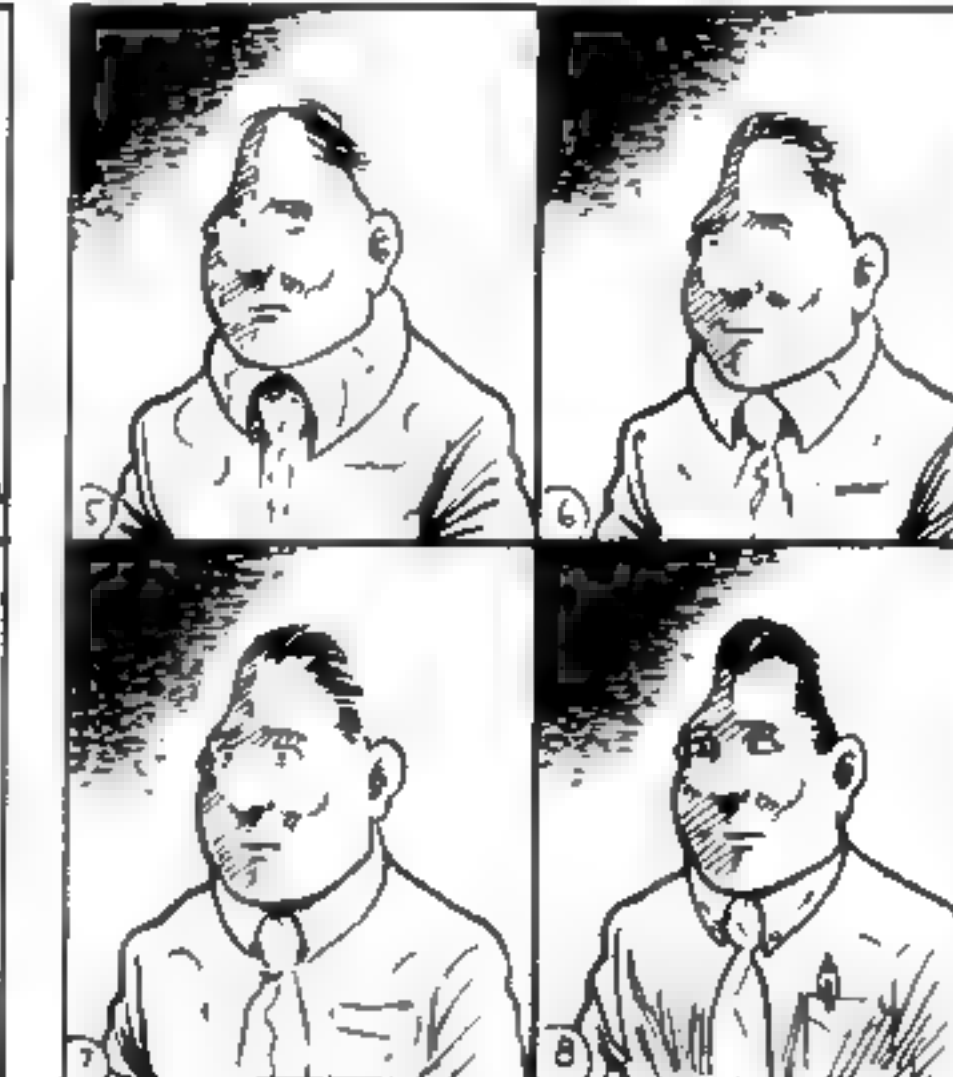
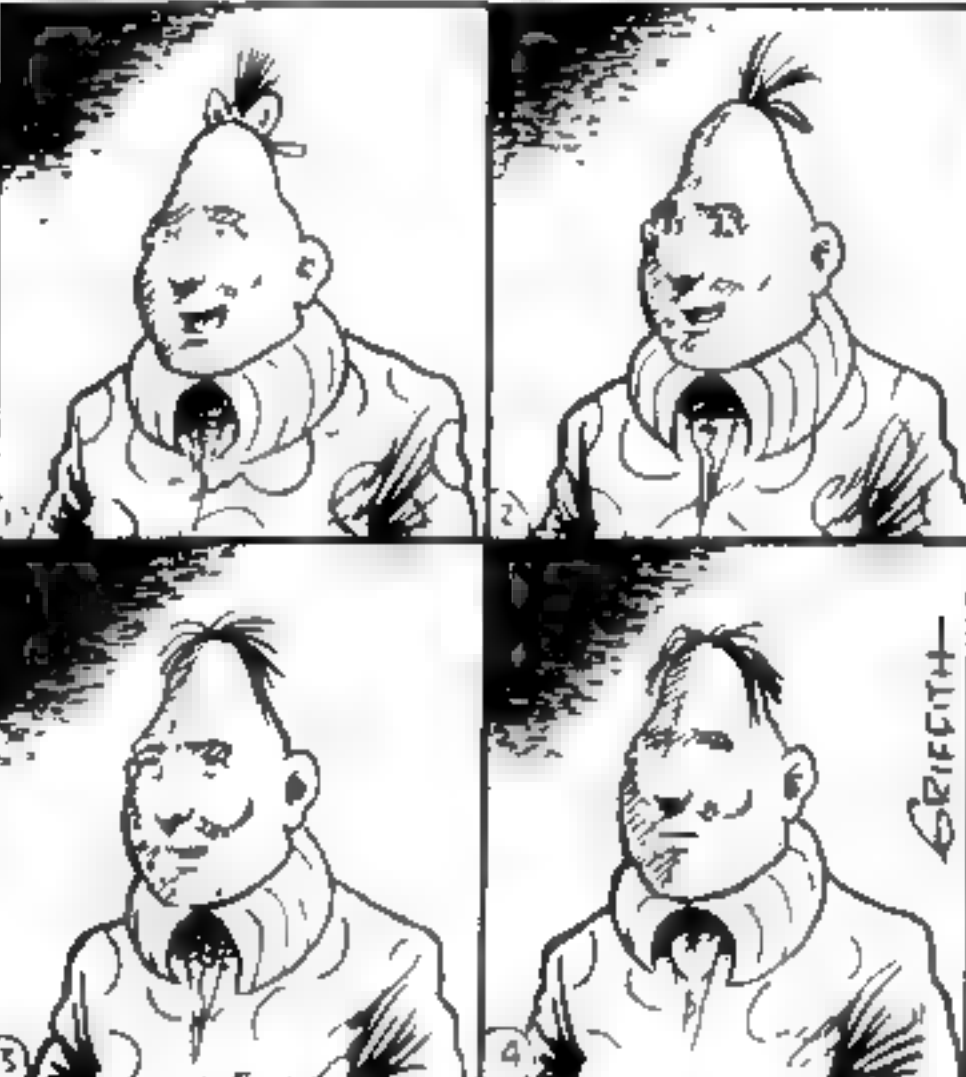
POP, IS IT MY
TURN TO FILL TH'
BASEMENT WITH
GREY POUPON
& MUSTARD??



ZIPPY

"THE NEW ZIPPY"

BILL GRIFFITH



Some recent examples of Griffith's syndicate Zippy strip, which is appearing in papers around the nation.

but I feel that shows I must be doing something right. After 15 years of doing Zippy for an audience that was ready to accept him, I'm doing Zippy for an audience that is sometimes completely confused and then hates Zippy. They don't get it. That's kind of nice in a way. It sort of justifies—I wonder sometimes if I'm changing, if I'm getting less and less individualistic. And then I get these letters and they make me feel better, even though I put my chin out there and it gets bopped. But I get enough positive feedback to keep me going.

SACCO: Do you get tired of explaining Zippy, especially now that there's been a lot of media attention?

GRIFFITH: I was for a while, but then, like with any questions you get asked often enough, you begin to have an answer you know people will like (laughter). You have little catch phrases. I get tired of it, but not to the point of not answering, because people have

the right to ask such questions, especially if they've just been exposed to Zippy. I feel a paper in Shreveport, Louisiana, has every right to ask me who Zippy is. But the only way to understand Zippy is to read the strip for a period of months.

SACCO: I agree. I think it's a cumulative effect.

GRIFFITH: It's like brain damage. If you read enough, it will seep into your brain cells and make its changes without your being aware. All of a sudden you'll get up one morning and understand Zippy before you even read it.

SACCO: What makes Zippy relevant today?

GRIFFITH: It has a lot to do with these remote control devices for TVs. I think they have made a major impact on our society that's yet to be studied. We have the ability to sit in front of our information device, our stimulation device, and be able—not only able, but have this uncontrollable urge—to change the information we're receiving every five or ten

seconds. Eight-five percent of the country has these things now. I think the way Zippy's mind works is very similar to the way a remote control device works on TV. It makes its own logic. Whether you're consciously aware of it or not, people in our society are rearranging reality in a non-linear, bizarro-world way, like a reversal image of what's really out there. I think it's possible that people will surpass even Zippy's non-sequitur personality pretty soon and find Zippy rather tame.

SACCO: How do you think this will manifest itself? In someone's personality?

GRIFFITH: Well, the attention span is the first to go, and that's been going on for years. However, I think there's a possible beneficial result of it all. Life and reality—to bring in two huge subjects—are not linear. They don't have logic. We force logic on them by believing in appointments and goals and that events have reasons for happening that ought to be traced back very specifically. When you believe all that, you're kidding yourself to a large degree, although you have to subscribe to some amount of it in order to survive in this culture. But Zippy breaks that up and shows you that the logic is a construction. That's the basis of Zippy's humor. I think the more that people are made aware of that, the healthier, ultimately, they'll be, although they'll go through a kind of shock process before they get that point. As heavy as I'm sounding, I'm really talking about humor, because humor is a release of anxiety or tension that's been built up either inside you before the joke got to you or built up by the joke and then released by the joke.

SACCO: Are you saying that in some ways Zippy is saner than the world around him?

GRIFFITH: I don't necessarily like to use the word sane, because that implies that insane is not preferable. Zippy isn't sane. He's nuts, but to be nuts is not necessarily an inappropriate response to the world. Of course, I'm being somewhat facetious, because I don't think people should go about their lives not accepting all the reality around us—because they would starve to death rather quickly. But a healthy awareness that what's around you is a construction is good. It lets you take things a little less seriously. I wish I could believe it as much myself as I tell other people to sometimes.

SACCO: You haven't reached that ideal yourself?

GRIFFITH: Not 24 hours a day. When I do, I'll probably retire and go live on a mountain somewhere.

SACCO: You work really hard, don't you? You're putting out a daily strip.

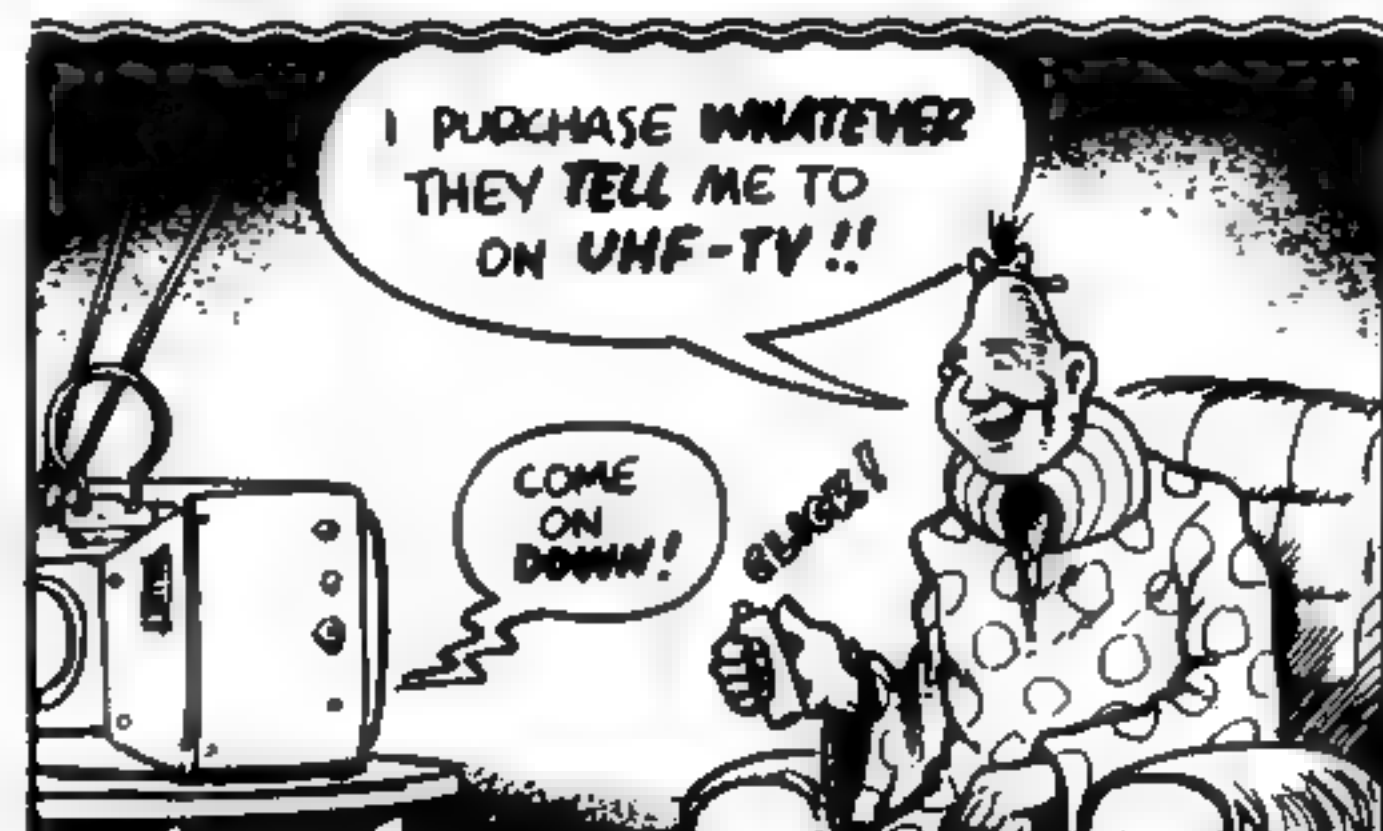
GRIFFITH: I work harder now than I ever have, even though I have always worked hard. It's the first time in my so-called career I feel like I have an actual job. The way the daily strip happened, I was contacted by the *San Francisco Examiner* and asked if I wanted to do a strip. They never said the word daily, so I thought they wanted my weekly strip. They said, "No, no, no! We're talking about a daily strip here." At first it was very hard because, like any cartoonist, I have good days and bad days. I sit down to work some days and I don't feel funny. Before I had the luxury of saying, "I'm not going to work today." Now I can't do that. At first I had a freak-out period, and then an adjustment period. And now it's easier to do the strip than it used to be. Tons easier.

SACCO: Has the daily schedule made you

ZIPPY

THE PINHEAD

ZIPPY GOES SHOPPING FOR SUPPER AND RETURNS WITH 37 DEFECTIVE FLASH CUBES, A PLASTIC SAXOPHONE AND A SUBSCRIPTION TO "BOY'S LIFE".



ON LINE WAITING TO SEE "SUPERMAN II" A MEAN PERSON TELLS ZIPPY HE WILL EVENTUALLY GROW OLD AND DIE...



ZIPPY REMAINS ON ONE STREETCORNER FOR 3 DAYS WAITING FOR THE "PED CROSSING"...



ZIPPY BELIEVES HE IS PLAYING SCRABBLE WITH DORIS DAY AND WALTER CRONKITE. JUST THEN, FRANKIE AVALON ARRIVES & BURSTS INTO TEARS...



NEXT, ZIPPY OFFERS SAGE ADVICE TO THE DOORMAN OF A FANCY PARK AVENUE APARTMENT BUILDING...



FINALLY, ZIPPY REMEMBERS HE WAS ONCE A DRUGGIST IN KANSAS CITY IN 1952...



An unpublished Zippy piece, with Zippy displaying characteristic charm and "remote control device" way of dealing with information.

better creatively?

GRIFFITH: Definitely. Some people—I would put Robert Crumb in this category—have a clear channel from their conscious mind to the art that comes out. There's no blocking. And I've always—for years—had to dredge it out of myself. I had to become a cartoonist out of an act of will when I started. It wasn't like a natural thing for me.

SACCO: You actually started from a fine arts background?

GRIFFITH: Yeah, I came to it from wanting to be a painter. And, without a grounding in comics at all, I had to learn to speak the language of comics through doing it. For me, hard work or consistent work was the way I got better. I was very lucky that I had the underground comix movement there. In the late '60s and early '70s, just about anything you did was printed. And there's no better way to learn how to be a better cartoonist than to see your work printed.

SACCO: When did you start feeling that your thoughts were going directly onto the paper without blocking? Was that a sudden realization?

GRIFFITH: No, it happened in spurts. It began to happen around the time of *Arcade* in '74 and '75. And then six months would go by and I'd feel just as creaky, and then something else would happen and I would feel better. It's something that builds. I think it has a lot to do with not censoring yourself and having confidence in yourself. I think inspiration comes to you through your uncritical right

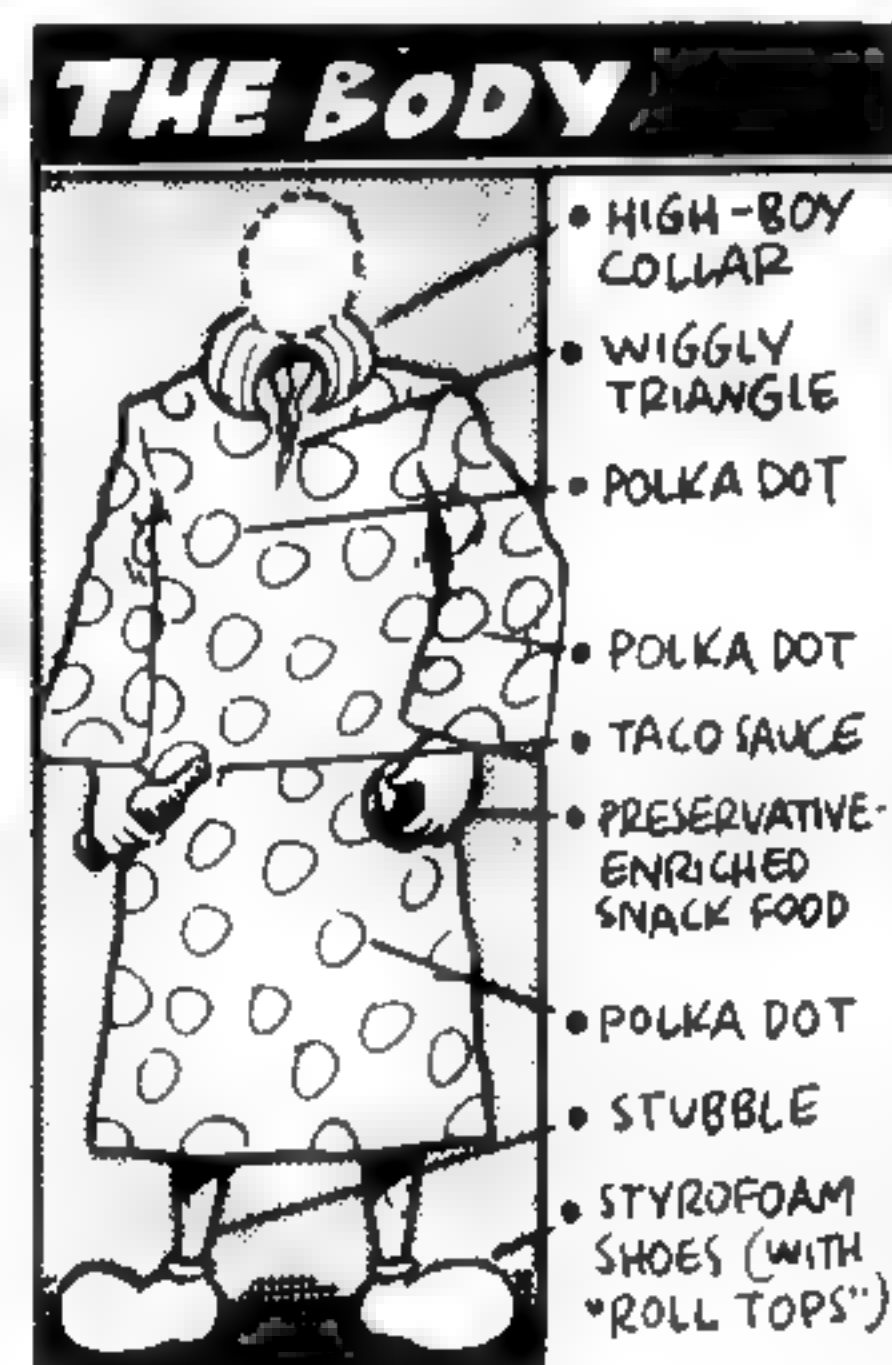
brain. It hits you, and then immediately, a millisecond later, your left brain is analyzing it: "No, that's not so good. Keep this part. Throw that part away. Make this part a little less strange." If you can stop your left brain from doing that, your inspirations will be pure. That's the beginning of having thoughts go directly from the inspiration point to the paper, in my case anyway. It doesn't mean that all the knowledge of the language of comics I've picked up doesn't come into play. You can't just spill out your brains on paper. You'll just do rambling nonsense. And that's another thing people very often mistake in my work. They think Zippy is spouting non-sequiturs

that make no sense. That's not true at all. The non-sequiturs are actually very carefully orchestrated.

SACCO: Do you spend a lot of time thinking about those?

GRIFFITH: Sometimes I get a Zippy line that will just come into my head. And a strip will be built around that line. Other times I'm doing a more structured strip, and I need Zippy to say something to juxtapose his perspective on this very logical perspective, something that fits in perfectly, like yin and yang. And that can happen in two seconds, and it can take three hours. It's kind of like writing poetry. It's rhythm and pace and the

"How To Draw Zippy." From the *Zippy, Nation of Pinheads* collection.



visual image that the words conjure up. All these things have to click for the so-called non-sequitur to make its own kind of sense. **SACCO:** It seems that to Zippy no one piece of information is more important than any other. Where do you get your information? Do you read or watch TV?

GRIFFITH: I do both. I watch my dose. I don't think I watch the average. I think I watch about four hours a day.

SACCO: Do you watch TV to come up with ideas?

GRIFFITH: No. You know, the usual after-supper relaxing and checking out what's on. I have my little VCR, and I watch a lot of movies. That's my main interest in TV—movies. But I certainly do a lot of checking out. I'll be flipping the dial and come to a show on Latvian culture. I'll see what it's about. I got this from my father. He was like a walking encyclopedia. I like to gather seemingly useless bits of information. That's my hobby. And since I have an extreme need for useless bits of information in my work (laughter), it just comes in handy.

SACCO: It's amazing how wide-ranging that information is.

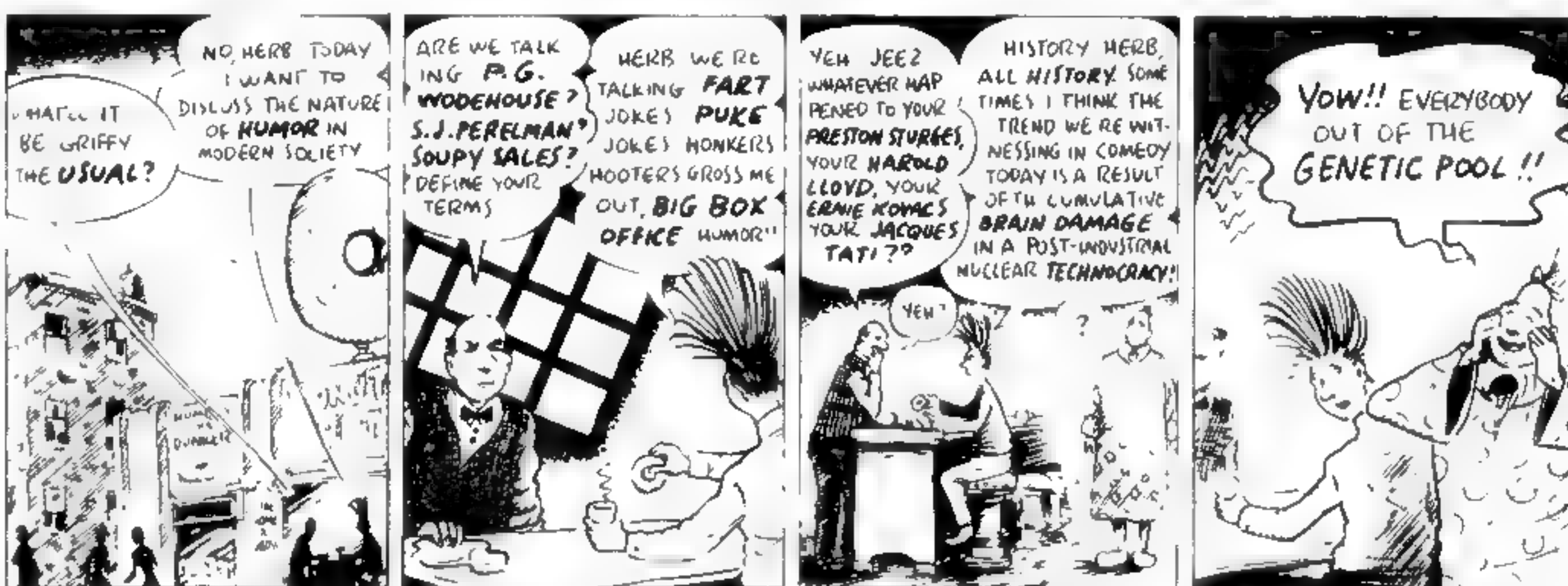
GRIFFITH: It's all bits. It's not like I'm an expert on anything. I'm just super-sensitive to the stuff, I guess. I think everyone else is, too, but maybe I'm wrong. Maybe I'm a mutant race. Maybe I'm picking up on things in a kind of neurotic way. Maybe I'm tuned in. Sometimes I'll be looking down the street as I'm walking, and I'll be reading every single word I can see. I'm cursed with 20/20 vision. Right up to the horizon, I can read a billboard. I'm doomed to pick up every bit of information that I can possibly be exposed to.

SACCO: It's difficult to filter out everything but what is necessary.

GRIFFITH: To Zippy, everything is necessary, and he doesn't have to filter it out.

SACCO: He has your perfect eyesight, in a way.

GRIFFITH: But none of my anxiety. He's my way of keeping sane. Someone asked Picasso why he produced such a huge amount of work, and he said, "If I didn't, it would block up in me like bad plumbing, and I'd be miserable." He was saying it was a reaction to all



Griffy gets a little serious. From the Zippy, Pointed Behavior collection.

1987 Bill Griffith

the ideas coming into his head to spit them back out again in the form of art. That's the way Zippy perceives things, and that's the way I work.

SACCO: Let's change gears and talk about the movie deal. You and your wife, Diane Noomin, who is also a cartoonist—

GRIFFITH: She does *DiDi Glitz*. I know it's slightly sexist to say, but women cartoonists have an ability to pull things out of their personal lives and just lay them on the page that I envy. I mean, Aline [Crumb] and Diane are two examples. Even some of the worst stuff in women's comics has that ability that I can't help but salute.

SACCO: It's sort of disconcerting when you see how honest they can be. Anyway, what about this movie deal? Is it for sure?

GRIFFITH: We've just finished the contracts. What's happened with the movie, to give you the quickie details, is that about three years ago, I was approached by three different movie producers. One worked for a Hollywood studio, and two were independents. Two of them were just out of the question for me—one because he had absolutely no money, and the studio because they just wanted "the guy in the polka-dotted suit." They didn't want what Zippy was. The third guy, David Smith, was offering just what I wanted, which was creative control. He optioned Zippy, and he commissioned the

screenplay that I wrote with Diane, and paid me the usual rates. And he went out trying to look for the money to make the movie. And then one day last year—actually it was my idea—we sent the script to Michael Nesmith. I really liked Nesmith's movie *Repo Man*, and I met the director, Alex Cox, and he encouraged me to send Nesmith the script. So I did. At first Nesmith was kind of reluctant. He liked Zippy, but he didn't know if we had the right angle on the script yet. That's a process that takes a number of years. But he encouraged us, and, just about four or five months ago, he said, "Let's do it."

SACCO: You and your wife wrote the script?

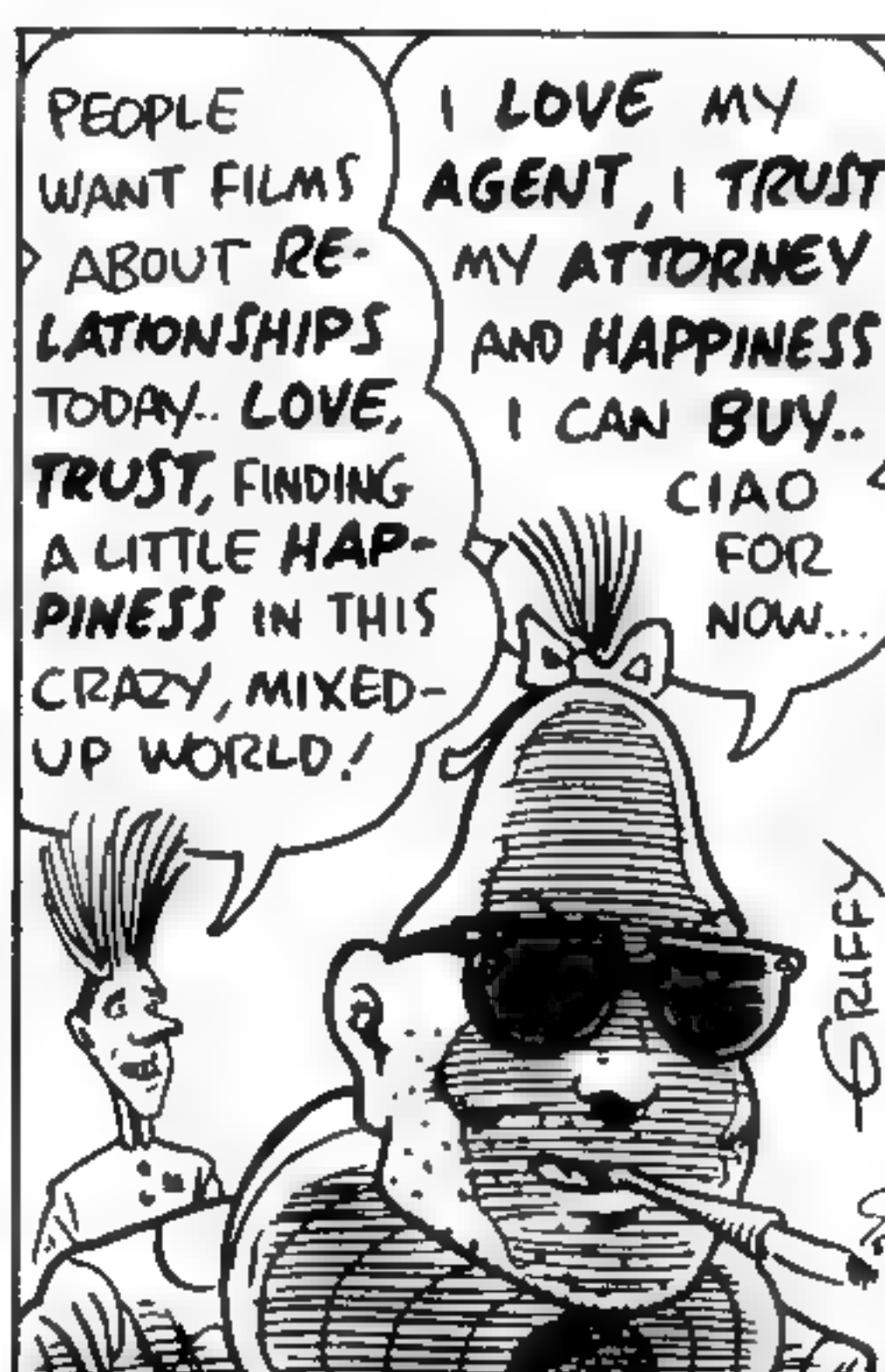
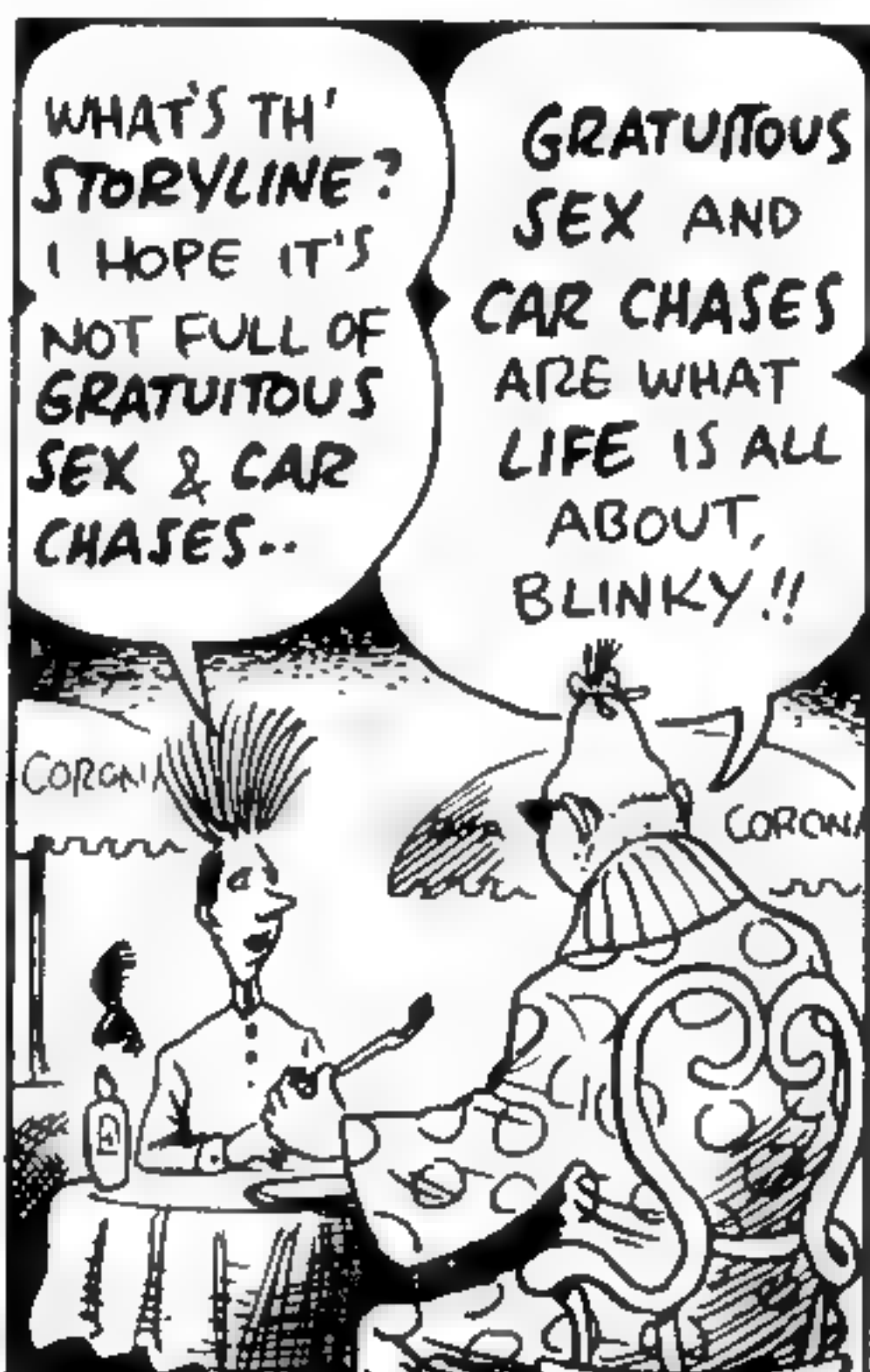
GRIFFITH: Yeah, we're the only writers that can ever be hired. That's why we're doing it with Pacific Arts, Nesmith's company. I couldn't have gotten that with anybody else. We've had our meetings with other studios over the past couple of years, and they are true to every cliché you've ever heard. They're interested in product. They talk about their needs and the needs of the marketplace. These phrases come out of their mouths with no shame whatsoever. My chances of working out a contract with any one of them that would have given me any kind of real creative control would have been nil. They all saw Zippy as a star vehicle: "Get Robin Williams, and do this with a \$12 million budget." So we had to go through that until we got to the point

A bit of commentary on the movie industry inspired by Griffith's own movie "wheeling and dealing."

ZIPPY

"GET ME THE COAST"

BILL GRIFFITH



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1987 Bill Griffith

where we knew what we really wanted. And luckily Michael Nesmith came through with an offer that really made sense to us. The budget is about \$4 million, so it will be a respectable low-budget movie.

SACCO: So it's really on the way?

GRIFFITH: It's just a matter of me and Diane finishing the rewrite while our producer is out looking for a cast and a director. And I have a good amount of approval over all that stuff. I'm co-producer and art director. If it makes it, I can take a lot of credit. And if it flops, they can blame me.

SACCO: When do you expect to have it filmed?

GRIFFITH: I'm hoping for a late '87 release. I'd like it to go between the summer and Christmas-time, because that's where an odd movie like Zippy belongs. Putting him up against the latest Steven Spielberg extravaganza is not a good idea. And at Christmas you have the Eddie Murphy movie of the year. I'd like to put Zippy out when college students go back to school.

SACCO: Can you give us an idea of the basic plot?

GRIFFITH: It's an adventure comedy. There's a real solid, reality-based, albeit exaggerated reality, story that involves characters who are created especially for the movie. Zippy lives in a boarding house in a kitsch American landscape, and through the other characters you get to know who Zippy is. That's a major hurdle, because you can't assume that everyone knows who Zippy is. There's conflict (laughter). Human interest. It has somewhat of a similar quality, plot-wise, to some of my earlier stories for *High Times* magazine, where I would put Zippy in a very dark world, a world where there's bad guys and good guys. People are trying to get things out of other people. And Zippy is the monkey wrench in the works. Zippy, through being Zippy, turns everything upsidedown. But we're minimizing the plot and maximizing it as a character movie, a movie about Zippy and the people around him and how they relate to each other.

SACCO: If it's successful, we can probably expect to see Zippy on the cover of *People* magazine. Do you ever think of those things?

GRIFFITH: All I can say is that Zippy is ready for major success. I'm not (laughter). And that's the great part about doing the movie. Once the actor for Zippy is hired, he can be my front man. He can do the interviews on *Letterman*. I can just watch it at home and tape it on my VCR and amuse myself later.

SACCO: Let's shift gears again and talk about what initially inspired Zippy. I've read that you saw the movie *Freaks*—

GRIFFITH: I think that's what planted the idea of doing a pinhead character.

SACCO: And you've actually met some pinheads?

GRIFFITH: Yes. Back in the mists of the 70s, "Pinhead" is a sideshow term, of course. The real name is microcephalic. I met one in about '71 or '72 when I was just starting Zippy. That was sort of an accidental meeting, where I was visiting a friend of mine in Connecticut. He was a cab driver, and he picked up this guy every day to take him to work. When he picked me up at the train station, he'd already picked up this guy. I quickly realized he was microcephalic, which is fairly obvious from their small domes. A microcephalic is very short and has a very small head. Anyway, he

Special Bonus Interview!

ZIPPY RAPS WITH GRIFFY

moderated by Bill Griffith

Griffy: Zippy, what's that you're reading? Are you ready for this interview?

Zippy: It's the *Eleganza* catalog for 1974. Claude says seven-inch platform shoes were the high point of Western civilization.

Griffy: Honk! Readers don't want to hear about platform shoes. They want to know what's with the stubble. Is it symbolic, or what?

Zippy: I had stubble 11 years before Don Johnson donned his first prom jacket. It symbolized my desire for fettuccine Alfredo.

Griffy: How old are you, Zippy?

Zippy: I was 35 in September. Then I was 14 in April. Then, on "Blame Someone Else Day" in Iceland, I was 23. Are we getting serious yet?

Griffy: What's your favorite rock group?

Zippy: Patti Labelle and the Bluebelles played at 78 RPM. Also, The Angry Samoans.



before they got into Jim Nabors.

Griffy: You've run for president in the past two national elections. How did you do?

Zippy: I won.

Griffy: What are your hobbies?

Zippy: Collecting defective tupperware and mispronouncing "reeboks."

Griffy: Do you have an IRA?

Zippy: I have an IRA, three KEOGHs, and a very dry martini. I get emotional whenever I think about the trade deficit or Belgium.

Griffy: Some people don't understand your sense of humor. Explain yourself.

Zippy: My sense of humor is located somewhere between downtown Constantinople and Sammy Davis Jr.'s Nehru jacket. Some people are unable to follow my train of thought. They lose track as I whiz by, covered with graffiti and taco sauce. My problem is, I don't understand Funky Winkerbean! But don't worry, the side effects should wear off in nine or ten years, whichever comes first.

Griffy: Do you watch much TV?

Zippy: Vanna White and I have done insane things with five consonants and one vowel. My wardrobe once had power brunch with her wardrobe.

Griffy: What is your biggest secret desire?

Griffith Observatory



Zippy: I want to know what "Dweeb," "Squid," and "Waldo" really mean.

Griffy: What do you worry about most?

Zippy: I get depressed when I think about Teddy Ruxpin's merchandising clout. That and the fact that the universe is imploding faster than you can say "Marvin Hamlisch."

Griffy: Marvin Hamlisch?

Zippy: Marvin Hamlisch, Marvin Hamlisch, Marvin Hamlisch.

Griffy: Is this the best of all possible worlds?

Zippy: It will be as soon as I can stockpile enough Dove bars. We're all put on this planet for one reason.

Griffy: (Pause) Yes? One reason? What is it?

Zippy: To give interviews.

Griffy: What's your favorite sense?

Zippy: I don't have one of my own.

Griffy: You have someone else's favorite sense?

Zippy: Yes. Beethoven's sixth.

Griffy: That was a punchline. I didn't expect such a normal reaction from you.

Zippy: When I'm under extreme stress, I become temporarily rational. The only cure is laundry.

Griffy: You want to do your laundry? Now?

Zippy: Don't watch. Laundry is not a pretty thing.

Griffy: Well, thanks for your time. It's been a tax-deductible experience. How's the laundry doing?

Zippy: It was just optioned for a mini-series on NBC.

Griffy: Any final words?

Zippy: If you can't say something nice, say something surrealistic.

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Mr. Toad, the embodiment of ego, in an introspective moment. From *Arcade* #7.

1987 Bill Griffith

sat in the back seat with me, and I looked at him, and he looked at me, and he said, "Are you still an alcoholic?" He was going from one thing to the next in rapid succession with a huge vocabulary, and I was so knocked out I couldn't even laugh. The humor was registering, but it was happening so quickly—the absurdity of everything he was saying, the strange interconnectedness of it all that didn't make any sense, was so intense that after it was over I was dizzy. And I wanted to see him again. I called up his house, but his father wouldn't let me talk to him. His father said I was making fun of him. It was really sad. I couldn't get through at all. I couldn't convince his father that I was interested in his son as a person, not as a specimen, but as an enlightened being. This did not compute with his father. But two or three years later I met a whole bunch of them, which was very frightening, in a very liberal institution here in the Bay Area.

SACCO: Did you visit the institution for that express purpose?

GRIFFITH: Yes, with the illusion I could interview them. I even brought a tape recorder. A friend of mine was a nurse in this place, and she told me I could go and that it was a very experimental place. She said that they don't separate the sexes. And I asked, "Why is that so liberal?" She said, "Well, microcephalics are very sexual." They just don't have that censoring thing. And they don't keep them apart. So they're always in the halls fucking. So she said I should be ready for that. But I wasn't prepared for the way they deal with outsiders, which is—they climb on you. They're very little and they're very

talkative. You've seen *Freaks*?

SACCO: Yes, I have.

GRIFFITH: Do you remember that scene at the beginning where Tod Browning, the director, is in a little idyllic country setting, and all the circus freaks are dancing around him? The pinheads are clinging to him very affectionately, and he's stroking their heads and looks very fatherly. Well, that's what they did to me, except it wasn't as idyllic. They ran for me and jumped all over me, basically wrestled me to the ground, and my tape recorder immediately was smashed. Not that they were being aggressive or hostile. They were being affectionate: "Oh, a new human! Let's explore his every crevice!" And not only were they physical, but they were talking

a mile a minute. And so I spent 15 minutes in a completely altered-conscious state in that place, without any ability to do something as logical as interview them or gain a perspective on their lives. I was just inundated by them. Actually, it was a big education for me.

SACCO: Did it scare you off from doing *Zippy*? Did it make you think twice about it?

GRIFFITH: It briefly dried me up. I had to digest it for a few weeks. Until then, except for that brief encounter with the other pinhead, I was sort of making up what a pinhead was. And what I did realize after a while was that I had to continue to make it up, because to deal with the way an actual pinhead is, even though it was an inspiration for me to see them, would be an assault on people. It

Mr. Toad exploits the masses. From *Arcade* #6.

© 1987 Bill Griffith



would make an interesting strip as a one-pager once in a while, but it's just too fractured. It was an overwhelming experience. **SACCO:** It sounds like it. Zippy actually started as a companion to Mr. Toad, right? That's when you walked into the Print Mint and—

GRIFFITH: I said, "Here's my comic." And they said, "Well, is it drawn to the right size?" And I said, "Gee, I hope so." And they said, "Well, this page isn't drawn to the right size." I said, "Okay, I'll fix it." Actually, I walked in with 28 pages, not realizing I had to have 32. So I went back to my hotel and did four pages that night. Which shows you how insane it was in those days. That was my introduction to comics. (Well, I had been doing stuff for the *East Village Other* and *Screw* in New York.) But I came out [to San Francisco] because this is where the comic books were happening.

SACCO: Tell us something about the Mr. Toad character.

GRIFFITH: Well, I think he reflected my intermediary period between adolescence and adulthood. I had a lot of anger, I think. I wasn't so angry that I didn't see humor in anger, but the basic point of view of Mr. Toad towards

the world was "Get out of my way," which is the attitude a lot of underground cartoonists had at that time. It's a partial explanation for some of Crumb's characters and a lot of S. Clay Wilson's. You still see it around today. Peter Bagge has an element of it—more of it when he started out. But there's a certain charm in Mr. Toad. The Mr. Toad character came out of the children's book *The Wind in the Willows*, and his personality in that book has a relation to the Mr. Toad that I did, which is ego triumphing over everything around him. It's an archetype. You see your most hostile, most aggressive instincts in that character. But after doing it for a few years, I grew out of it. I felt the real need to have some character that would soften that, that would be his sidekick, his opposite. That's where Zippy came from. Zippy was my desire to do a character with no ego whatsoever, who didn't even have the concept of what an ego was. It just coincided with the comic book *Real Pulp* #1 in 1970. Robert Brand was editing that and he wanted me to do a *Young Lust*-type story, but with really weird characters. So I was thinking, "What's the weirdest character I can do?" I was talking to another underground cartoonist, Jim

Osborne, and he had a collection of freak photos. I was looking through them and I saw these pinheads, and it clicked with my memory of the film *Freaks*. The story I did was a weird love triangle about two pinheads and a normal person called "I Fell for a Pinhead But He Made a Fool Out of Me." And that's where Zippy came from. At that point I called him Danny, and he looked very much like a real microcephalic. He was short and had a smaller head, but he spoke somewhat like Zippy. And six months later, when I started to feel the need to give Mr. Toad an egoless sidekick, it came to me that I could use this pinhead character. Within about two or three years, around 1972 or 1973, Zippy had totally taken over from Mr. Toad. But I still use Mr. Toad today. It's like letting an animal out of a cage. It's kind of scary. You have to do it once in a while to scare yourself.

SACCO: So you feel you went through a personal change when Zippy started to take over?

GRIFFITH: I think so. I think I got a little more secure in who I was, and a little less afraid of comics. Justin Green and I were both in the same kind of position in the beginning. We were so aware that we were struggling so hard to be cartoonists. I mean, we enjoyed

Mr. Toad employs his antithesis, Zippy, for some product testing. From *Zippy*, Special 2-in-1 Issue.

© 1987 Bill Griffith



IS ZIP A PETROLEUM BY-PRODUCT?

OH, YEH, AND SEE HE GETS HIS FAVORITE DINNER-- 3 SIRLOIN STEAKS AND A CONTAINER OF COOL WHIP!!



The first ever appearance of Zippy—here known as Danny. From *Real Pulp Comics* #1.

it and we liked being printed and having an audience, but we were super aware of how much we had to learn and how hard it was. And as it got a little easier, into the early '70s, I felt less anxiety about it all. So maybe Mr. Toad's personality in me started to fade a little. But I still hadn't really developed who Zippy was. That took a few years to happen. Cartoonists who have continuing characters obviously are expressing their own persona or their many personae. They tend to develop a relationship with their characters that is obviously a dialogue with themselves. Obviously, I'm satisfying some need in myself to continue talking through Zippy.

SACCO: Let's talk about your other projects—*Young Lust*, *Arcade*, and Griffith Observatory.

GRIFFITH: I was lucky because I did *Young Lust* early in my struggling career, and it was a real big hit. The first issue of *Young Lust* came out in October 1970, and it's been through several dozen printings. I started getting a monthly check right away. And *Tales of Toad*, of course, was nothing near that. I

thought of *Young Lust* as just a one-shot parody of girls' romance comics when I started it with Jay Kinney. When it became a big seller, we decided to do more and get other artists. Issue #2 was still fairly much a parody, but less so stylistically. And by #3, it became a social satire on male-female or sexual relationships. *Young Lust* showed me I could make a living at this racket.

SACCO: When did *Young Lust* start to fade out of your life?

GRIFFITH: In terms of my needs as an artist, it faded within a few years, although when we did *Young Lust* #4 in color, in '74, that was a big boost. So I guess it was after that, actually, when *Arcade* picked up.

SACCO: That was a collaboration with Art Spiegelman.

GRIFFITH: Yeah. We saw a real need for underground comics to have some kind of life raft. We thought we'd provide, first, a place for underground cartoonists to do their work, because it was getting harder to get published, and, second, a place to jump out of the underground audience to a wider audi-

ence, which only minimally happened. Print Mint never had enough of a budget to push *Arcade* the way *Weirdo* is pushed by Last Gasp.

SACCO: *Arcade* was a very strong magazine. **GRIFFITH:** Well, we were demanding what Art demands of people he puts into *RAW*, that everybody do his best work. But the reaction in the marketplace was basically slight interest and then disinterest. *Arcade* didn't fit. It was a bastard form. It wasn't a comic book; it wasn't a magazine; it didn't have advertising; it didn't have coated stock—all the things you're supposed to have to break into the newsstand distribution world. We were asking to be put next to *National Lampoon* and the Warren publications, *Creepy* and *Eerie*, and we briefly got there, but not for long. One distributor that took us briefly didn't sell the numbers they wanted, so that was the end of that. And then *Comix Book* came along from Marvel, edited by Denis Kitchen, which tried—in a crass sort of way, I thought—to do what we were trying to do with more integrity. It got wide distribution because it was put through the Marvel system, but they didn't make it either. And distributors were looking at *Arcade* as an imitation of *Comix Book*, even though we'd already been around for over a year.

SACCO: Were you very disappointed with what happened to *Arcade*?

GRIFFITH: Yes. We took it pretty hard at the time. Looking back, I see it was all very logical that it happened that way. We were trying to buck a system that was so rigid and still is. We were trying to gain some middle ground between undergrounds and the mainstream distribution system, and it didn't exist. We thought we could make it exist, but not with one magazine you can't. It was artistically a success and financially a failure. But that's okay.

SACCO: Did you worry at all that the underground comix scene had really finished? Did you feel that the audience had dried up, too? And that Zippy wouldn't—

GRIFFITH: Yeah. It was a frightening time. I mean, *Arcade* started out of a need to reestablish an audience because a lot of the audience for early undergrounds had drifted away. When we didn't make it commercially, I retreated back to Zippy, which was probably the healthiest thing I could have done at the time. *Arcade* was a group effort. We were all trying to pull together, but Art, Diane, and I were largely the ones that were pulling. It was a tremendous drain. In college the first week of freshman year was called hell week. This was like hell year. The amount of work we had to put into it never stopped. The fact that it wasn't commercially successful just kind of made me want to hole up in my studio for a while. But I had no choice. I do what I do. What else can I do but keep being a cartoonist? Out of a sort of compulsiveness, as well as feeling that there was no other thing I was suited to, I just kept doing it. I still had *Young Lust* and a few other ways of making money, so I wasn't totally broke. And luckily the Rip Off syndicate came along a year after *Arcade* died, so I was able to have some steady place to put stuff, and I always had access to the publishers out here. My way of making ends meet with comics was always to produce a lot of work. Aside from *Young Lust*, if I couldn't do something that was going to be a big hit, at least I could do a lot of things so I could

Griffith's *Young Lust* #6 contained this gem about...well, you know—*young lust*.

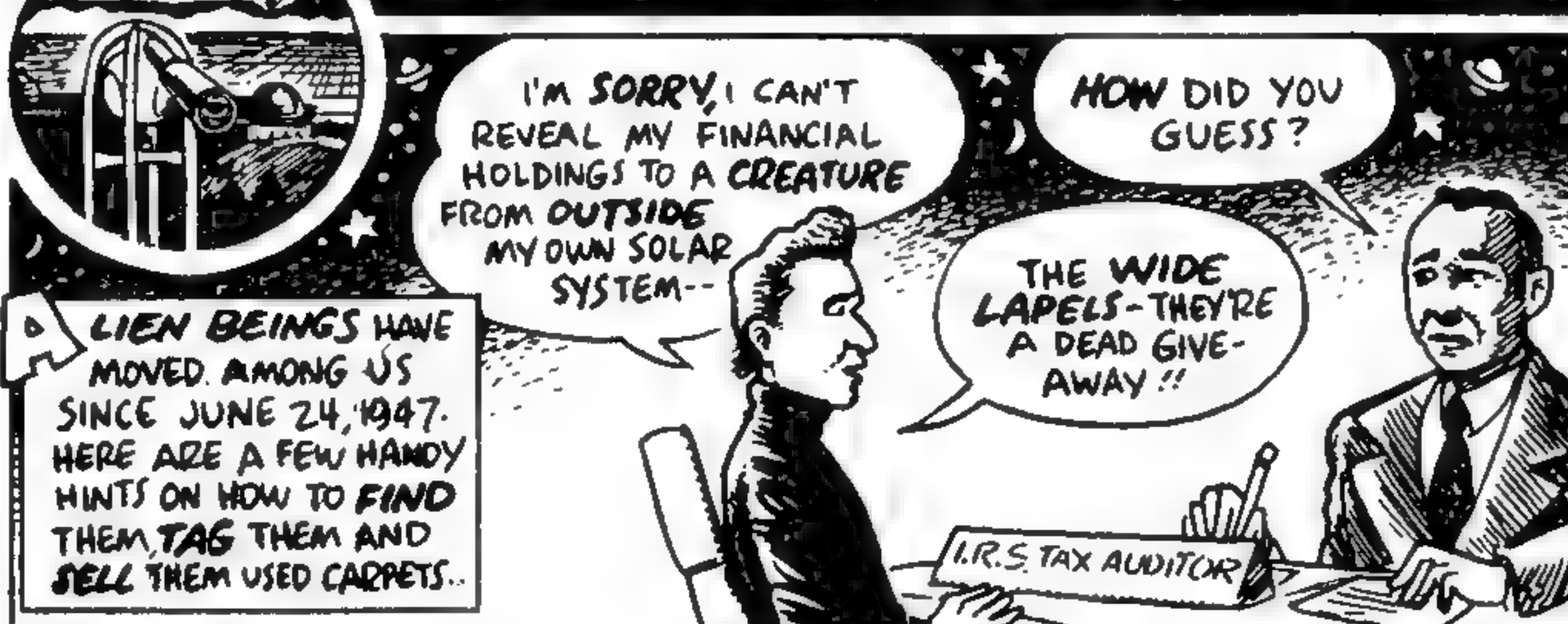


Griffith
Observatory

VERBAL PING-PONG

Griffith
Observatory

SPOTTING ALIEN BEINGS



keep money coming in as well as keep myself going. So the idea of quitting or stopping never occurred to me. It seemed that all I had to do was retreat into my own work more after Arcade.

SACCO: And it was about this time you launched Griffith Observatory?

GRIFFITH: Well, I started doing that in '76 through the Rip Off Press syndicate, which is also where I started syndicating Zippy.

SACCO: You were doing two syndicated pieces at once?

GRIFFITH: Yeah, I was alternating Zippy with Griffith Observatory. That kept up for four years, and I collected the Griffith Observatories and put them in a book. The Rip Off syndicate died in 1980, and I asked for the list of papers taking Zippy so I could keep doing it.

SACCO: And you dropped Griffith Observatory at that point?

GRIFFITH: I dropped the Observatory because Zippy was the one they wanted. I've always intended to do the Observatory again someday, but so far, in its pure form, it hasn't happened. When people ask me what happened to that, I say, "It's still going on because I've incorporated it into Zippy." And I use the Griffy character quite a bit in Zippy, with his penchant for obsessive viewing and observation of everything around him.

SACCO: When I started picking up undergrounds in the late '70s, the Griffith Observatory collection was my favorite because it sums up the mid-'70s so well.

GRIFFITH: It was a great time to caricature things because everything was so exagger-

ated. Now everything is fairly conservative, but in the '70s everybody was flipping out. Everybody was walking around with a clown suit on, just asking to be lampooned and caricatured. It was a great mine for satirists. **SACCO:** In one of your Observatory panels, you predicted that nostalgia for the late '60s and early '70s would sweep the country, and I think that's starting to happen.

GRIFFITH: '70s nostalgia? I dread the moment, but it's going to happen (laughter). I think Prince has already started it. He's wearing platform shoes.

SACCO: (Laughter.) I think that's because he has to. Anyway, when did you start to feel that things were beginning to work out for you?

GRIFFITH: I started sensing Zippy starting to build around '76 or '77. I realized I had a cult following, which was better than no following. An artist needs some encouragement. And little by little it just picked up, until Zippy took over both right and left brain (laughter).

SACCO: It must be gratifying after all this time, and the struggle, to feel that a large segment of people have come around.

GRIFFITH: Sure. I still feel that there's a lot of struggle and hard work going on, but I'm luckier to have had it happen to me in this slow way, as opposed to overnight success. When overnight success happens, a person tends to burn out rather rapidly. Of course, a lot of overnight successes have ten years of work behind their overnight success. I think the slow haul, the way it's happened to me, has kept the work from pandering to an audience. To me the worst thing a cartoonist can do—or any artist—is to consider the audience while he's working. And if I ever sit down and think that, then there's no reason to do it.

LEFT: Griffith Observatory makes a reappearance in the Are We Having Fun Yet? book. BELOW: From the Griffith Observatory comic.

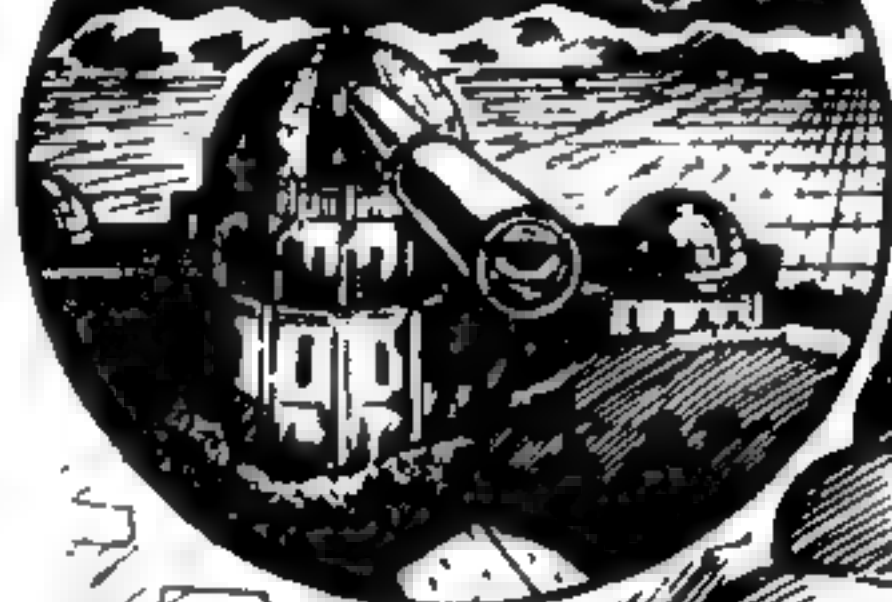


Even working for King Features—that thought is in the back of my head, because I know that all of a sudden I'm [appearing in] Omaha. But it can't, and it doesn't, have any effect on what I do. It just can't. I've been doing it too long the way I do it. I didn't start out saying, "Hmmm, what can I do to really appeal to the mainstream? I know! A character with polka dots and a tapered head and a five o'clock shadow! And make him say non-sequiturs! Yeah, that's just what America wants!" That isn't how it happened. That isn't how it's going to develop. Zippy is my mission in life.

SACCO: Will you continue to work with your Zippy character throughout your career?

GRIFFITH: Right now that's how I think. I have had some people say I have done everything I can, that I'm repeating myself.

Griffith Observatory



THE POPULAR DOWN-FILLED SKI-JACKET OVERWHELMS IT'S WEARER WITH THE "PNEUMATIC" LOOK... THE SLIPPERY, NYLON MATERIAL ADDS ANOTHER REPULSIVE QUALITY TO THIS GARMENT.

CLOTHES THAT WEAR PEOPLE



1987 Bill Griffith

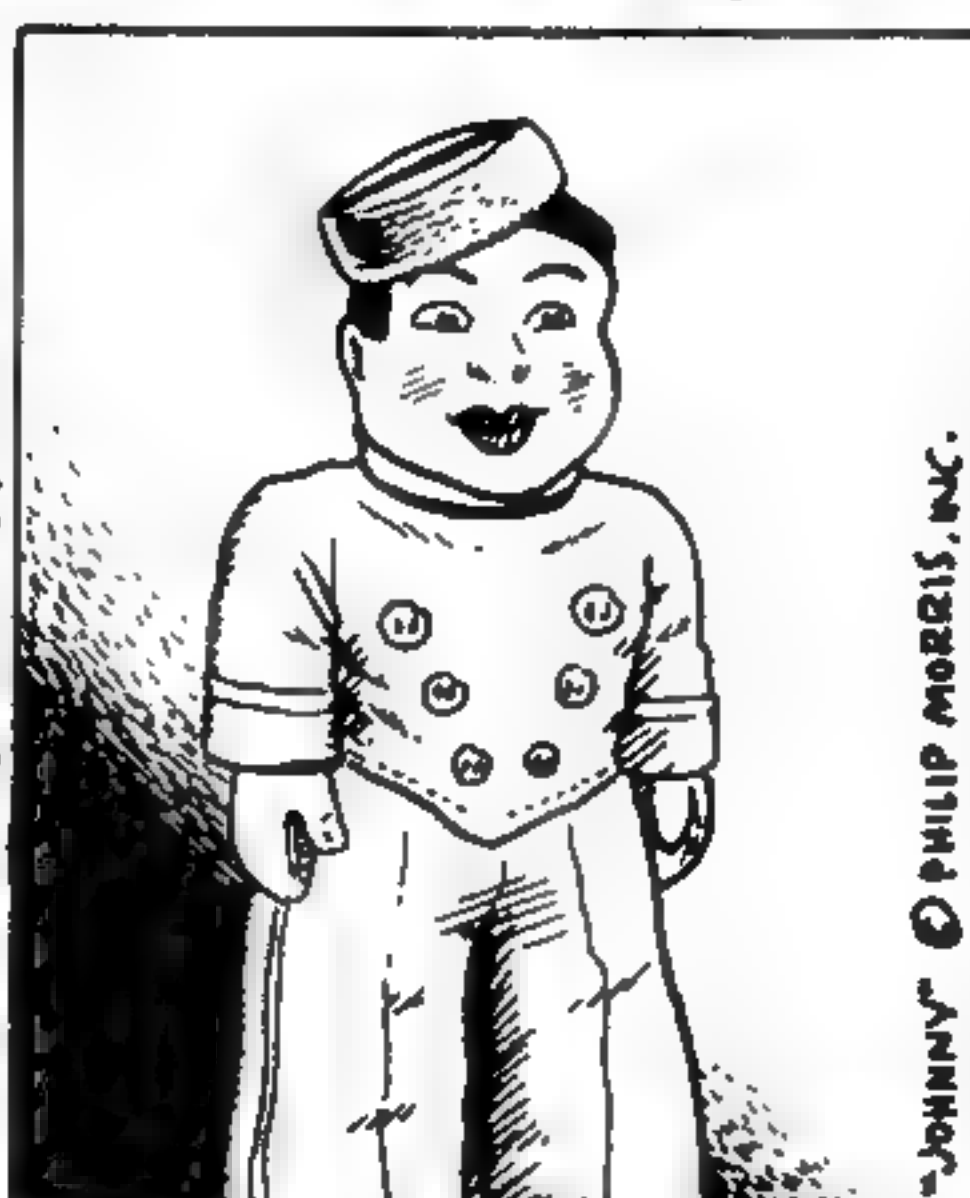
NOW, YOU MAY SAY, "T'WAS EVER THUS" OR "SUCH IS THE WAY OF CUTENESS"—BUT YOU'RE MISTAKEN... CUTENESS, LIKE THE TADPOLE, EVOLVES EVER ONWARD. AS EACH DECADE SLIPS BY, CUTENESS GETS CUTER... SOMETIME IN 1997, WE MAY ALL BE SQUEEZABLY SOFT...



"DOWI MAC" © AMERICAN BEAUTY MAGAZINE CO.

➔ The CUTENESS AS WE KNOW IT WAS JUST GETTING ITS START IN THE 1930S... TURN O' THE CENTURY GRAPHIC STYLES STILL PREDDOMINATED--

The TENSIONS OF WORLD WAR II WERE ASSUAGED WITH A COMFORTING, VAGUELY SEXUAL KIND OF COY CUTENESS-- ➔



"JOHNNY" © PHILIP MORRIS, INC.



"BLATZ MAN" © BLATZ BEER OF MILWAUKEE

➔ The THE FEISTY 'FIFTIES GAVE US COCKY CUTENESS AND MARK THE CULMINATION OF THE CARICATURE FORM-- A CUTENESS WATERSHED.

The THE DECADENT PERIOD BEGINS WITH THE POST-NUCLEAR, "TWIST-O-RAMA" STYLE SO POPULAR WITH LARGE CORPORATIONS-- ➔



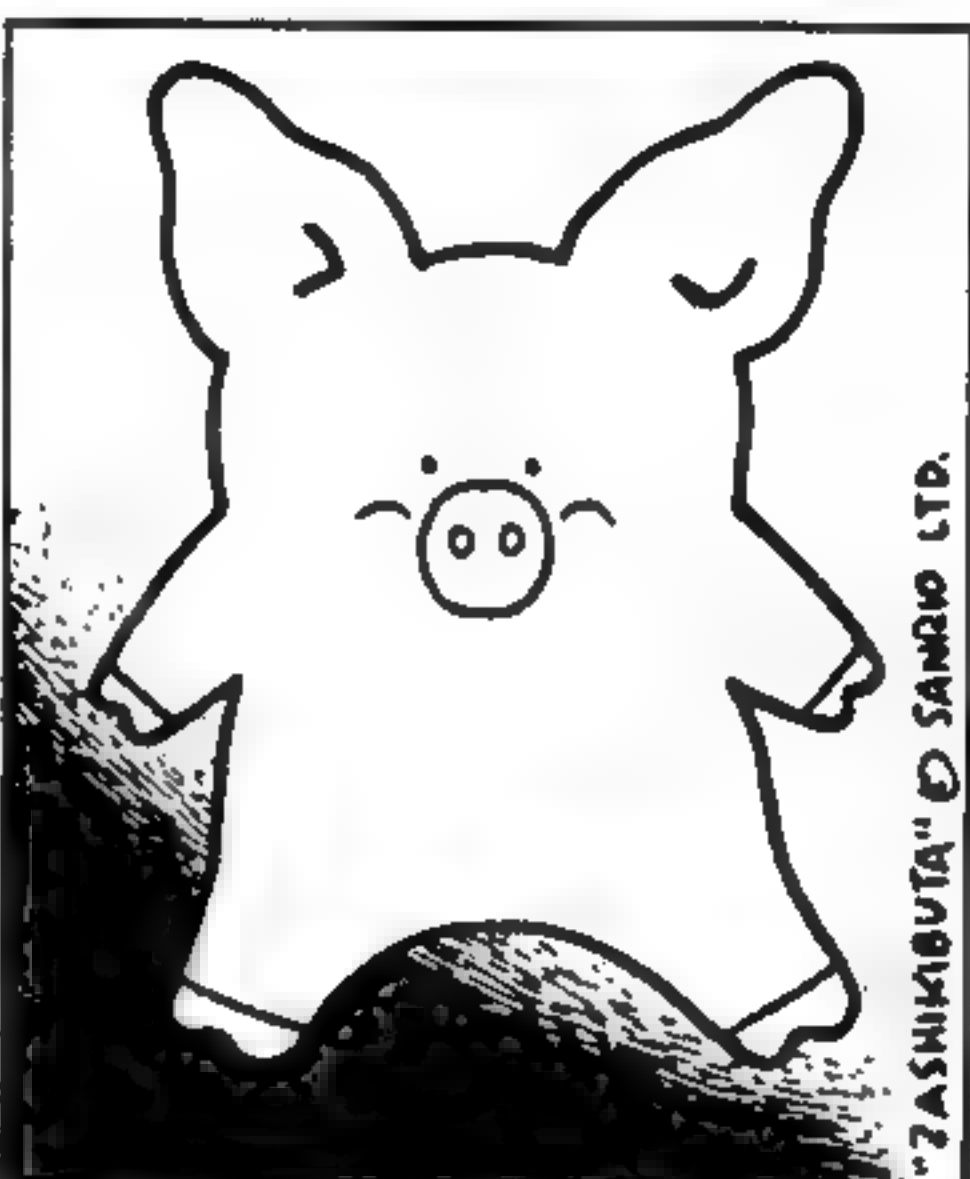
"SONY BOY" © SONY CORPORATION



"LIL' SOFTEE" © ZEE TOILET TISSUE

➔ The "PSYCHO-CUTENESS" MADE ITS DEBUT IN THE 'SEVENTIES, PERHAPS AS A DELAYED RESPONSE TO THE MANSON SLAYINGS--

The ALL STYLE WITH-OUT SUBSTANCE, THE 'EIGHTIES AT LAST GAVE CUTENESS RESPECTABILITY... THIS PIG WILL SOON RULE OUR COUNTRY!! ➔



"ZASHIKIBUTA" © SANDO LTD.

I think that might have been true occasionally. When you're doing something long enough, that is a risk. But to me Zippy is so flexible that if I'm repeating myself, I would be repeating myself if I was doing some other character, too. It would be a reflection of my own state of mind. As long as I'm thinking and reacting and interpreting things around me, Zippy will be my vehicle for me to express that stuff. If you look at the strip, especially these days, the other characters have become more important, too. Zippy is a part of a universe. Any strip tends to develop a cast of characters. That's what I've done. So Claude Funston, and Shelf-life, and Mr. Toad, and Griffy, and Vizeen, and Dingy, and all these other characters are all pieces of me. And they can express different points of view. Zippy's isn't the only point of view, although he does have many points of view. Yes, I see myself doing it for years. I see myself in the tradition of Chester Gould or somebody who continues a character for the rest of his life. I don't foresee it not being that way, although I suppose it could change. I could look back on this and see it as a 20-year period that stopped. It's possible. But not in the foreseeable future.

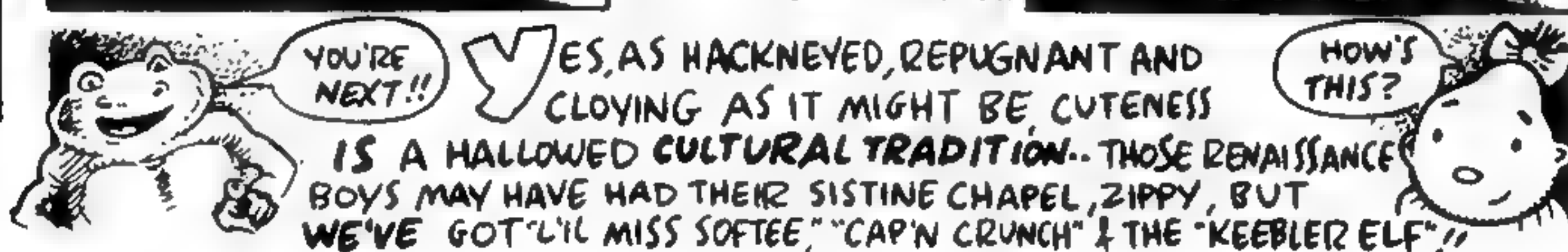
SACCO: Well, I wish you all the luck in the world.

GRIFFITH: Well, as long as my hand doesn't fall off, I'll be okay.

ABOVE: A dead-on observation about the mid-'70s. From the Griffith Observatory comic. BELOW: More from the same collection. LEFT: From Are We Having Fun Yet?



© 1987 Bill Griffith



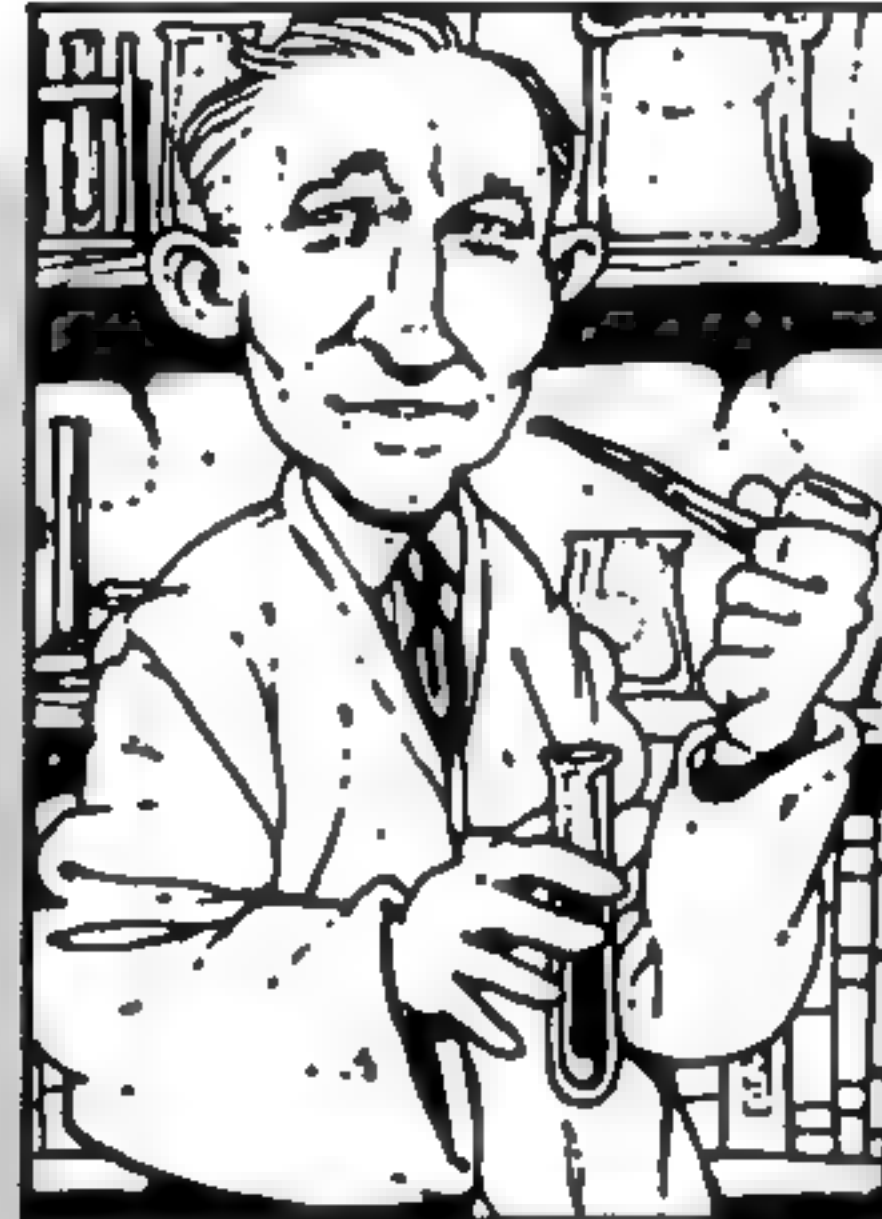
The Best Work By The Best Cartoonists In The World...



GILBERT HERNANDEZ



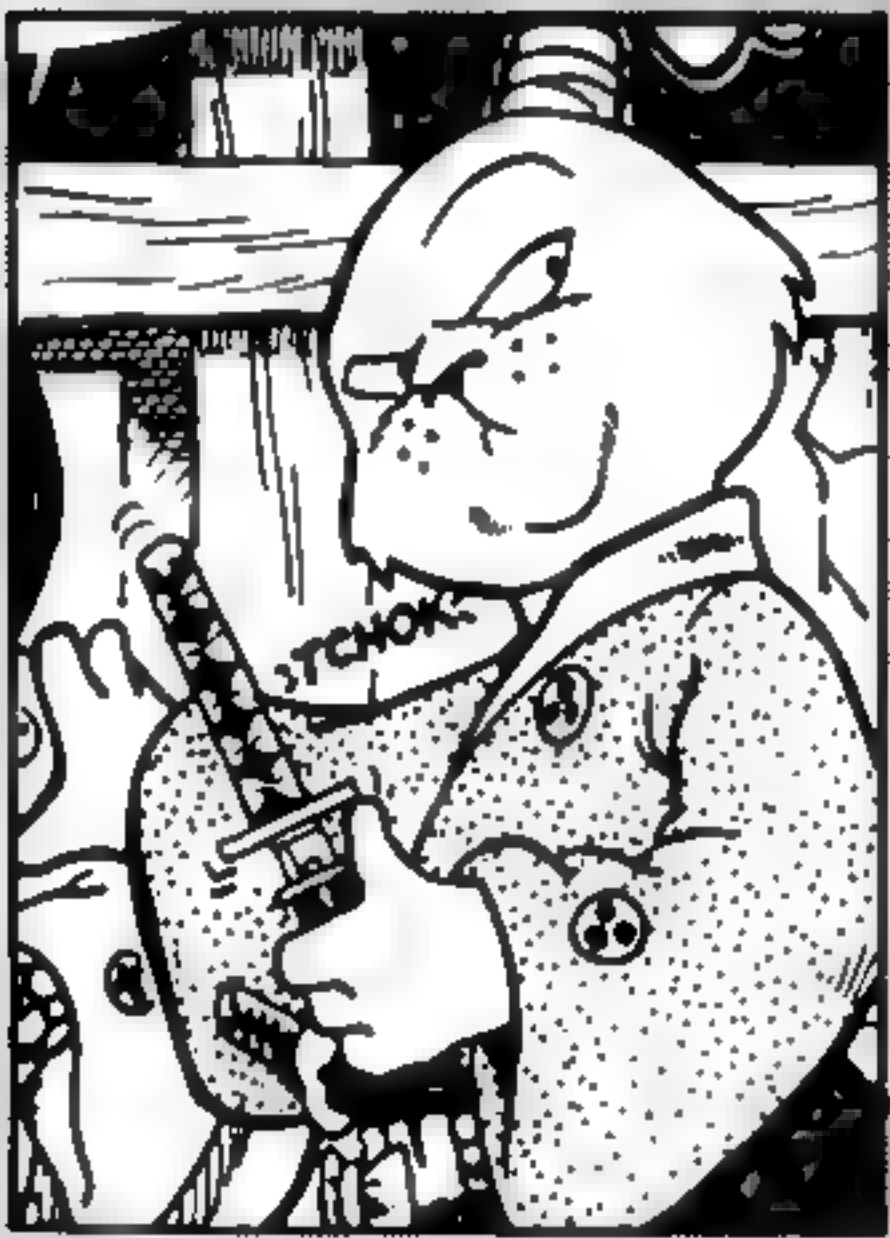
JAIME HERNANDEZ



RICK GEARY



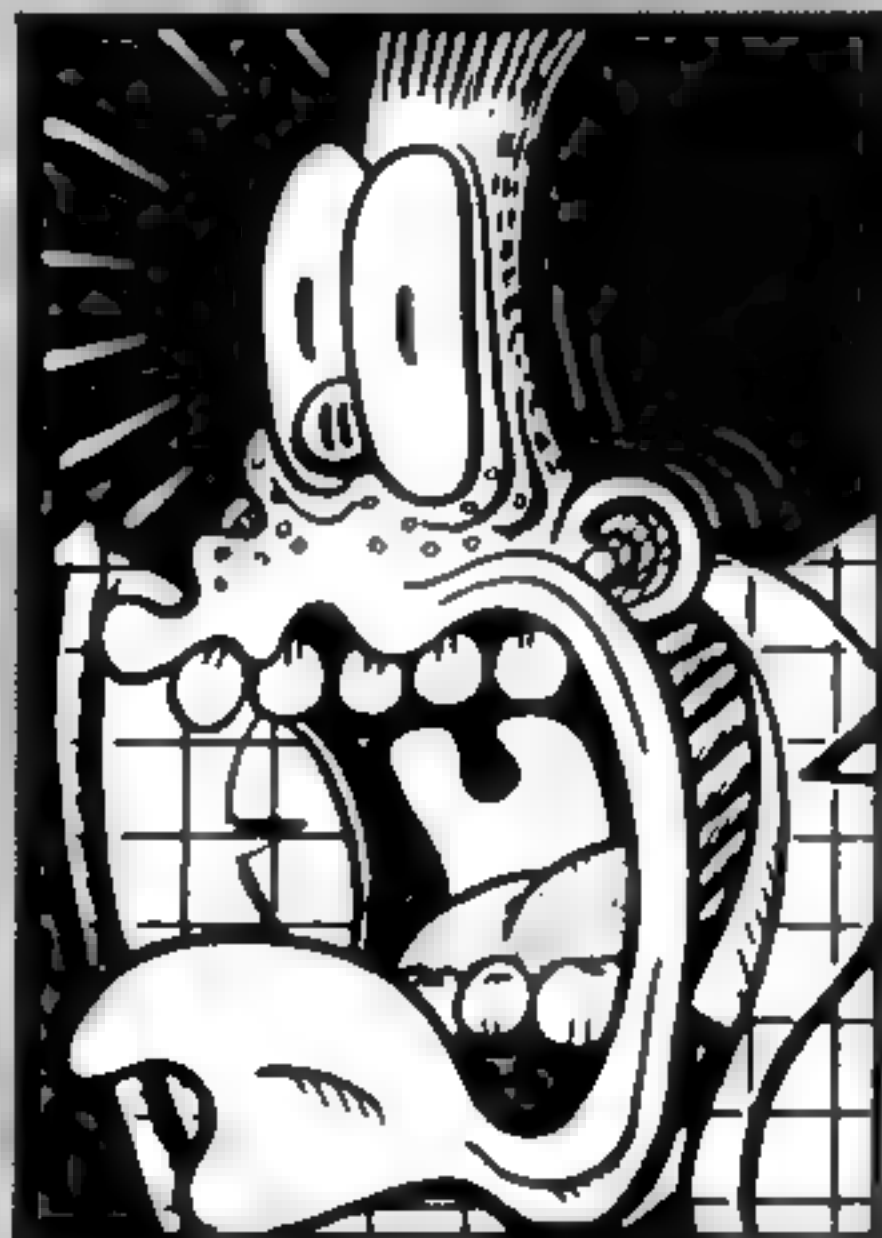
FRIEDMAN BROTHERS



STAN SAKAI



E.C. SEGAR



PETER BAGGE



WM. MESSNER-LOEBS



STEVE DITKO



HAL FOSTER



MUNOZ & SAMPAYO



ROBERT CRUMB

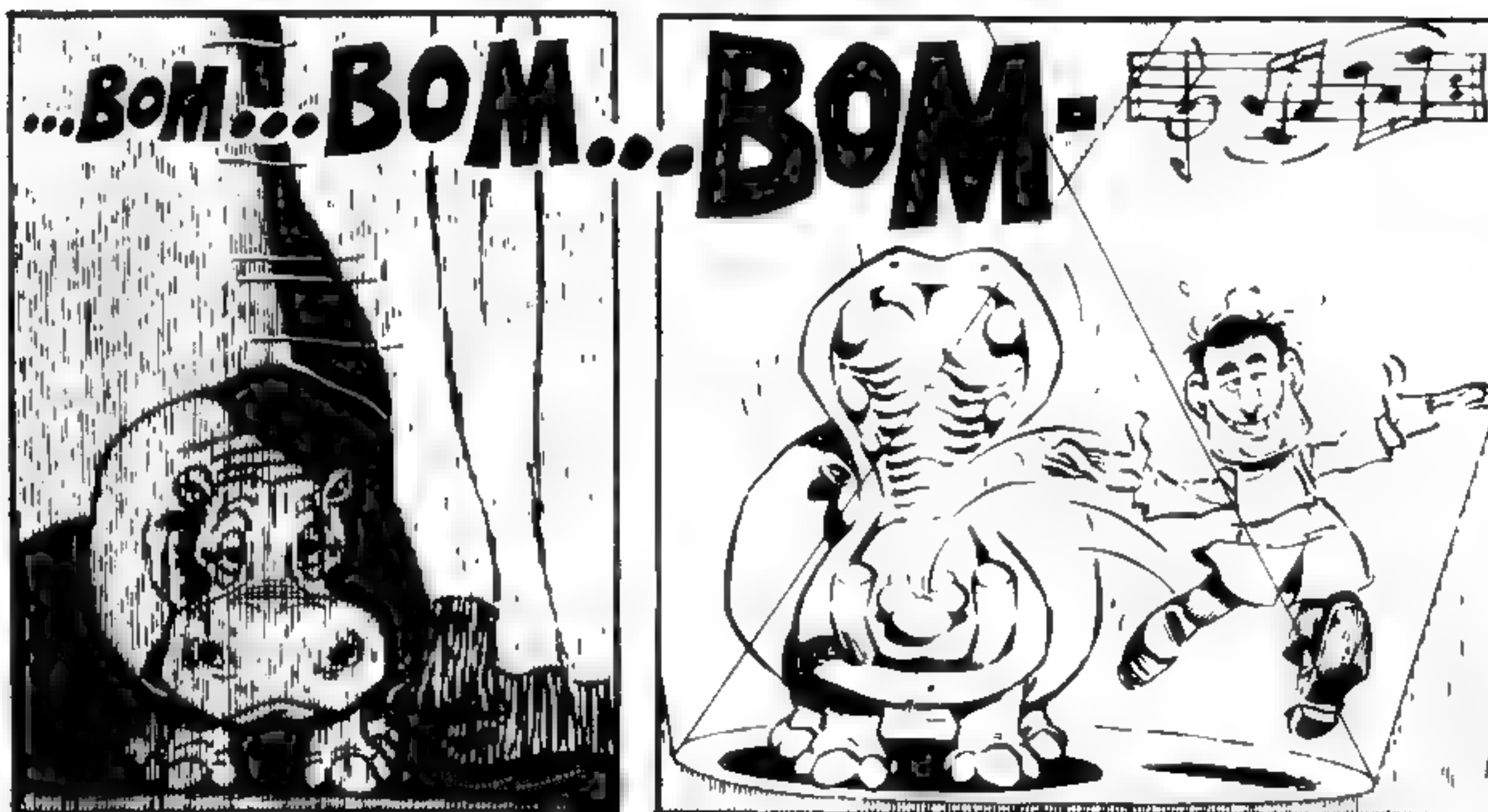
From The Best Comics Publisher In The U.S.

At Fantagraphics Books, Comics Isn't A Commodity.
It's An Art.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS

THE HOUSE LIGHTS DIM... THE DRUMS ROLL... THE CURTAIN PARTS... IT'S TIME FOR ANOTHER PERFORMANCE OF **HONK! ANIMAL THEATER!**

BOM-BOM-BOM-BOM-BOM-BOM-BOM-BOM-BOM...



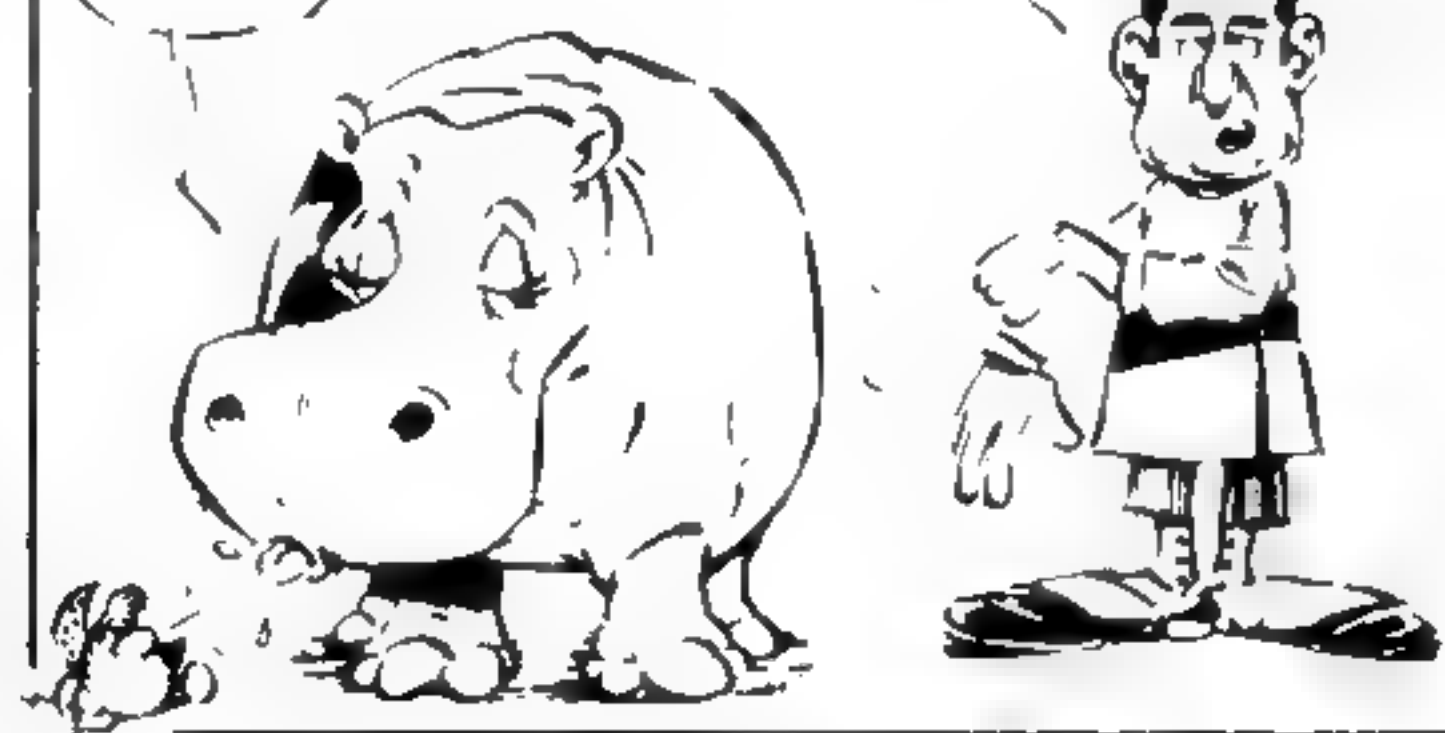
THE HIPPOPOTAMUS, TO CALL IT BY ITS PROPER NAME, IS A CHARMING ANIMAL, BY NATURE PLAYFUL AND IMPULSIVE, THAT LOVES TO FROLIC ON THE BANKS OF ITS NATIVE AFRICAN RIVERS

IT IS A PACHYDERM LIKE THE ELEPHANT, AND THE TWO ARE STARTLINGLY SIMILAR IN APPEARANCE, ESPECIALLY WHEN THE HIPPOPOTAMUS DRESSES UP LIKE AN ELEPHANT FOR HALLOWEEN.

HERE WE ARE ONCE AGAIN WITH ANOTHER OF OUR FASCINATING DOCUMENTARIES ABOUT THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

THESE AREN'T JUST ANY OLD DOCUMENTARIES YOU MIGHT CALL US "LIFESTYLES OF THE WILD AND FURRY." WE GO WHERE MARLON PERKINS FEARED TO TREAD!

PTOOEV



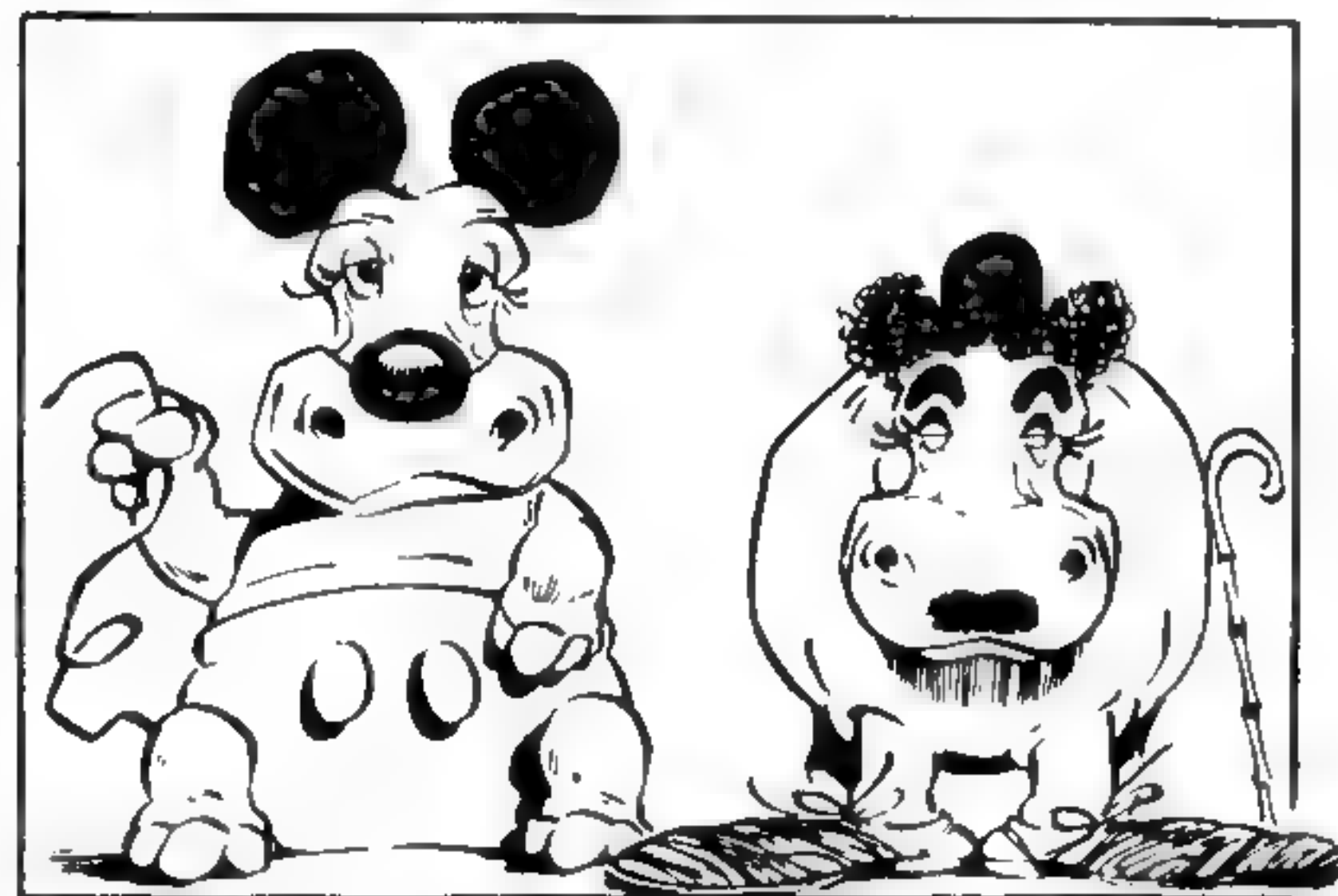
IT ALSO LOVES TO DISGUISE ITSELF AS A MOUSE OR A MOVIE STAR. HERE, IN MY VIEW, IT IS MAKING A MISTAKE BECAUSE IT DOESN'T FOOL ANYONE.



A VINE, SOME BRANCHES, SOME PALM LEAVES...



...AND THE RESEMBLANCE IS REMARKABLE.

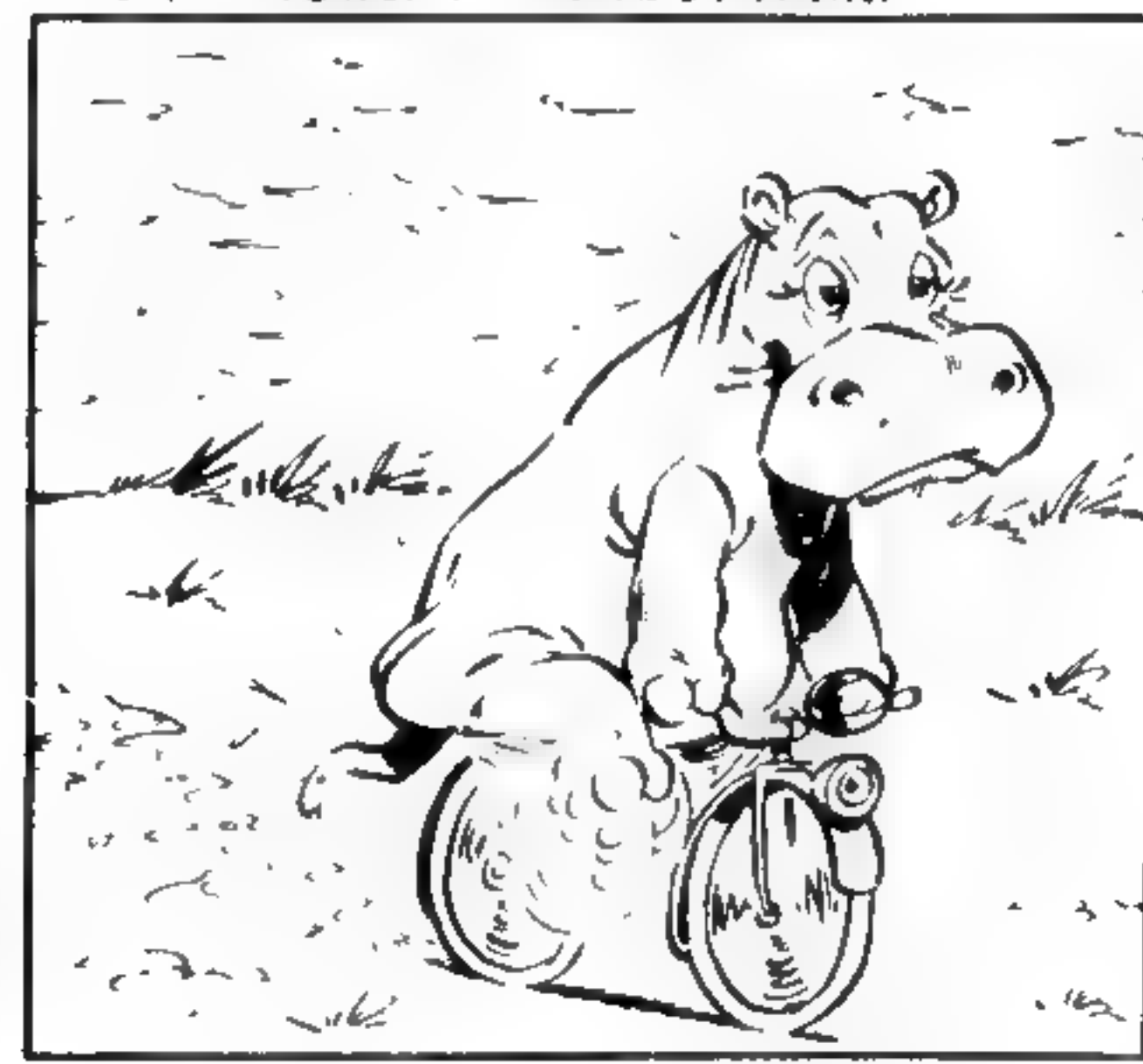
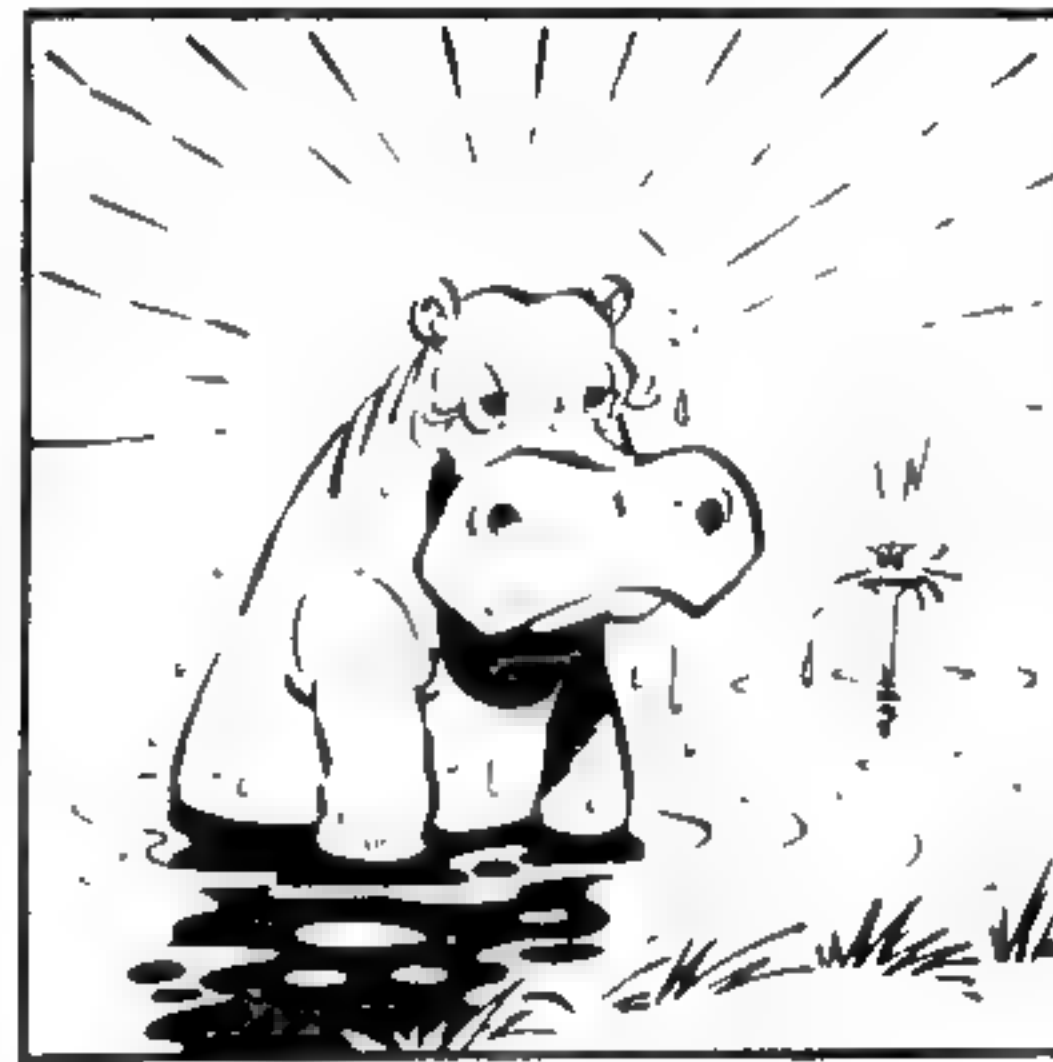


ABOVE ALL, THE HIPPOPOTAMUS IS AN AQUATIC ANIMAL. IT SPENDS MOST OF ITS TIME IN THE WATER, EMERGING ONLY WHEN ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY.

IT HARDLY EVER COMES ON SHORE EXCEPT TO GRAZE ON FIELDS OF FOUR-LEAF CLOVERS, ITS FAVORITE FOOD.

A FASCINATING SPECTACLE, THIS IMPOSING MASS SLOWLY RISING OUT OF THE WATERS LIKE SOME LEGENDARY GODDESS...

...GLISTENING WETLY LIKE DEW DROPS ON A FLOWER IN THE ROSY DAWN.

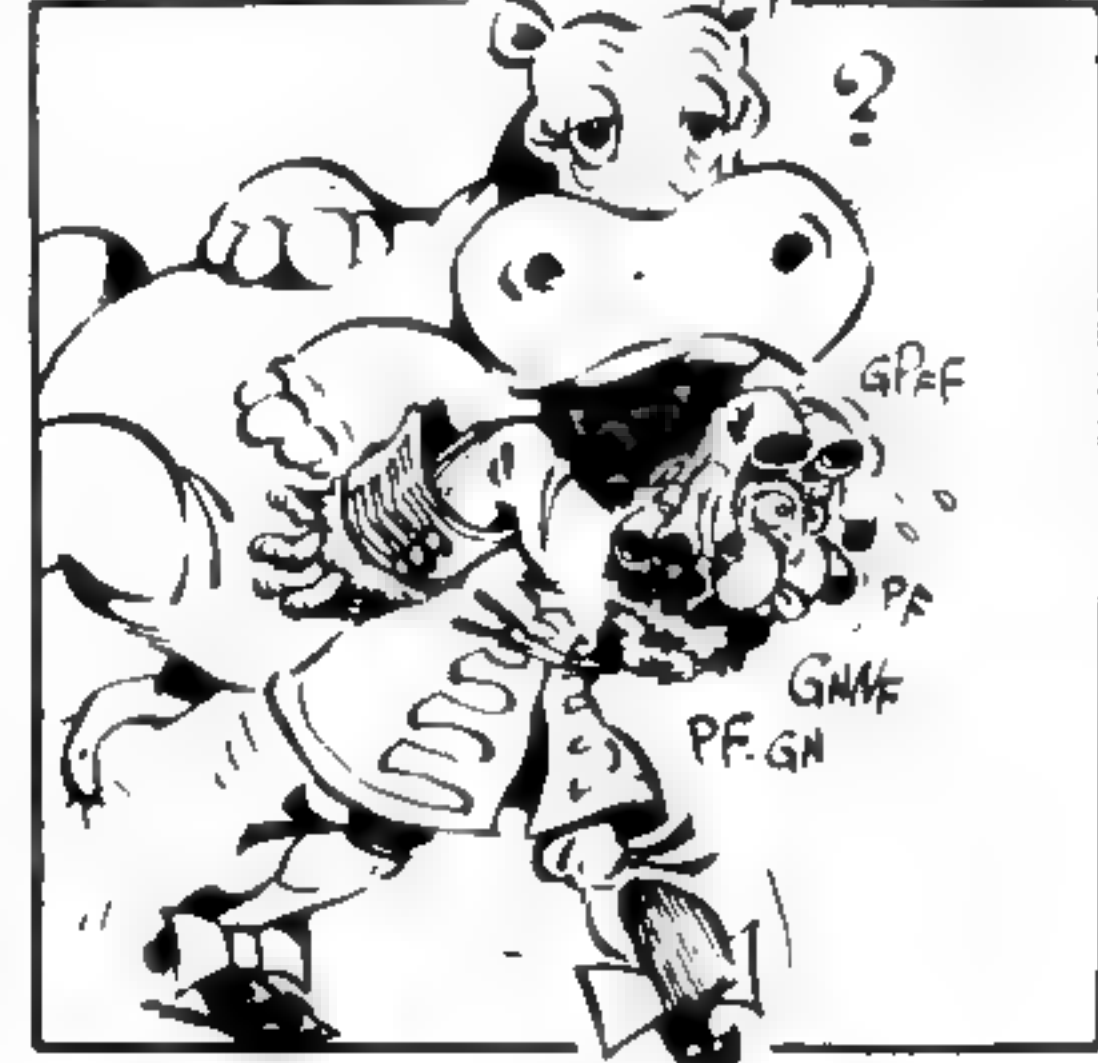
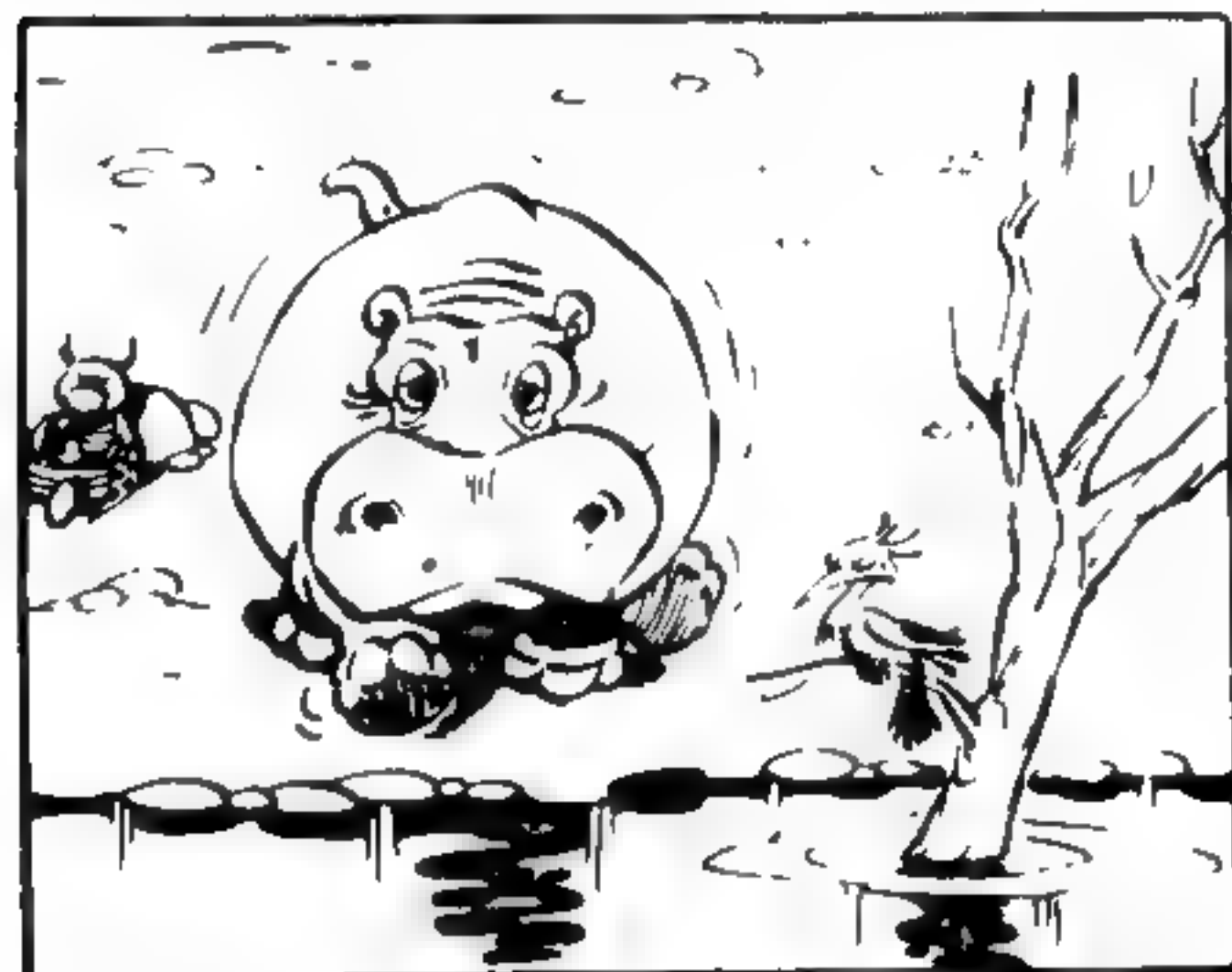


BUT THE OPPOSITE SPECTACLE IS NO LESS IMPRESSIVE. NO ONE WHO HAS EVER SEEN A HIPPOPOTAMUS ENTERING THE WATER IS LIKELY TO FORGET IT.

FOR AS AN OLD AFRICAN PROVERB HAS IT, "A HIPPOPOTAMUS PLACED IN A LIQUID DISPLACES A VOLUME OF THAT LIQUID EQUAL TO ITS OWN VOLUME."

THIS RISE IN THE RIVER'S WATER LEVEL EXPANDS IN EVER WIDENING CIRCLES UNTIL IT REACHES THE OCEAN, WHERE IT CAUSES THE TIDES. (PAY NO ATTENTION TO THE NON-SENSE YOU OCCASIONALLY HEAR THAT THE MOON IS SOMEHOW RESPONSIBLE.)

THIS IS THE PLACE FOR THE ANECDOTE FROM THE HISTORY OF SCIENCE, AN OBSCURE SCIENTIST NAMED THOMAS EDISON TOOK AN INTEREST IN THIS PHENOMENON

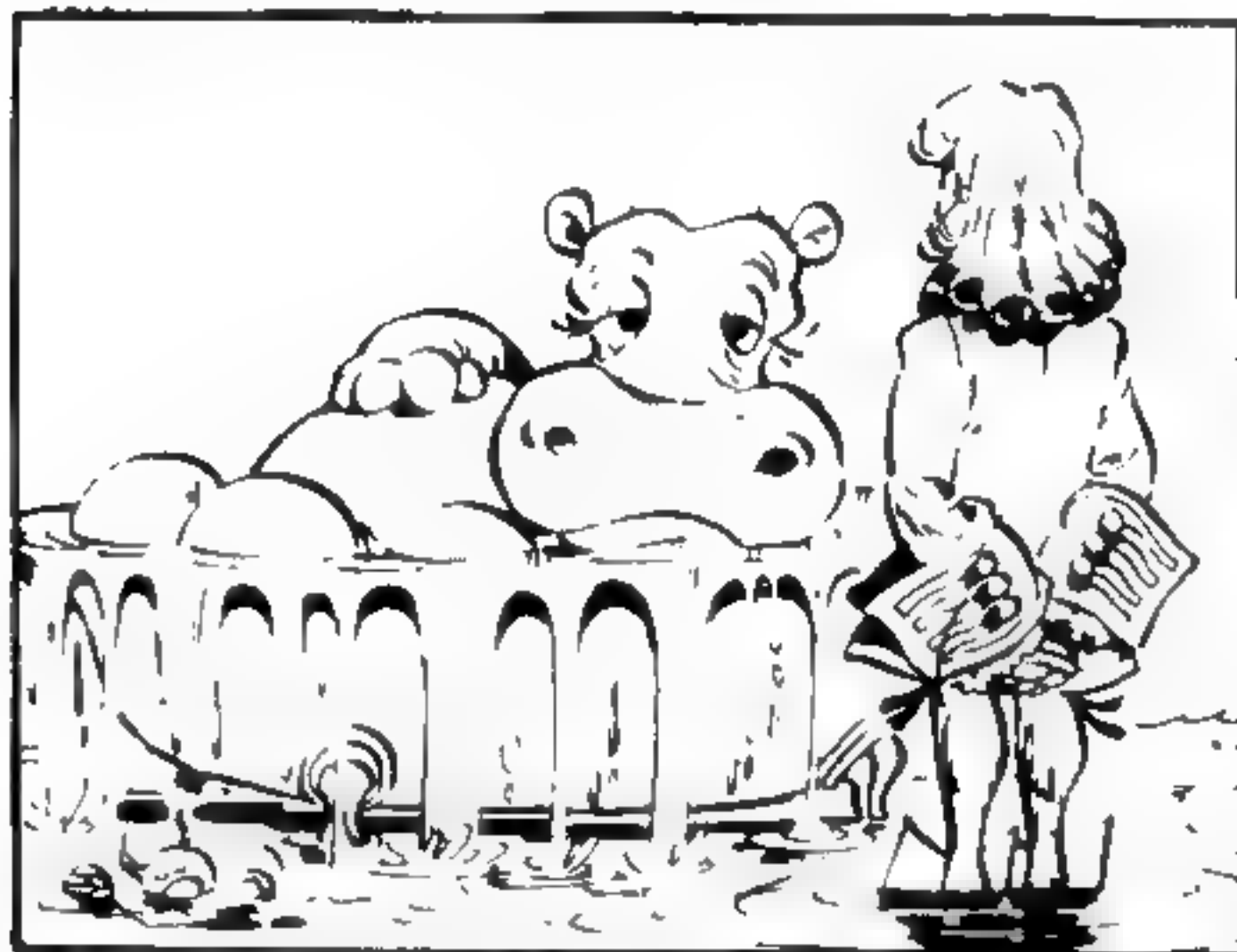


AT HOME, THE SCIENTIST PLACED THE HIPPOPOTAMUS IN HIS BATHTUB. IN SO DOING, HE NOTICED THAT THE PRESSURE OF THE STEAM LIFTED THE LID.

STRUCK BY THIS REVELATION, HE UTTERED A PHRASE THAT HAS SINCE BECOME IMMORTAL: "BUT IT DOES MOVE!"

AND THAT, BOYS & GIRLS, WAS THE ORIGIN OF THE FAMOUS THEORY OF RELATIVITY (OFTEN WRITTEN " $E=MC^2$ " FOR SHORT)

...ER... LET ME SEE... NO, I... ONE MOMENT, PLEASE. HMM, I SEEM TO HAVE GOT TEN MY NOTES A LITTLE MIXED... WELL, IN ANY CASE, DISREGARD WHAT I JUST SAID. THERE HAS BEEN A SLIGHT MISTAKE...



THE HIPPOPOTAMUS IS NOT AFRAID OF ANYTHING, NOT EVEN THE FEROCIOUS CROCODILE, WHICH HE DOES NOT HESITATE TO ATTACK WHEN IT ENCROACHES ON HIS TERRITORY.

THESE ARE BATTLES WITHOUT MERCY, OBEYING ONLY THE SAVAGE LAW OF THE JUNGLE!

BATTLES FROM WHICH THE HIPPOPOTAMUS GENERALLY EMERGES VICTORIOUS.

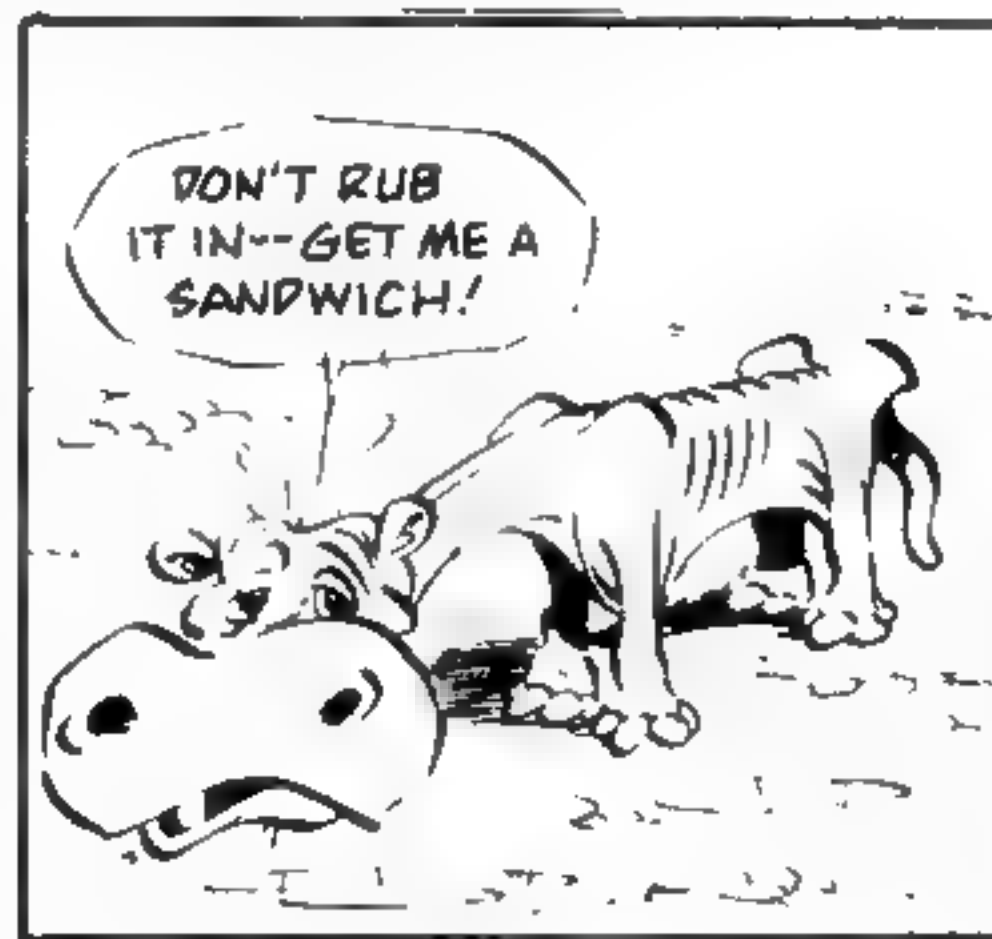


BUT IN SPITE OF EVERYTHING, THE HIPPOPOTAMUS DOES HAVE A FEW ENEMIES

DROUGHT, FOR EXAMPLE.

BECAUSE DROUGHT MEANS LACK OF VEGETATION, AND LACK OF VEGETATION MEANS LACK OF NOURISHMENT, AND LACK OF NOURISHMENT MEANS SLOW STARVATION. SUCH IS THE SAD END FOR ONE OF NATURE'S NOBLEST CREATIONS.

ANOTHER ENEMY IS MAN. MANY SPORTSMEN CONSIDER A HIPPOPOTAMUS-SKIN RUG A SPLENDID TROPHY. (HOWEVER, IT MUST BE CONCEDED THAT FOR SIMPLE COMFORT, A BEAR SKIN IS PROBABLY SUPERIOR.)



BUT THE GREATEST DANGER THE HIPPOPOTAMUS FACES IS THE SCORPION.

IT ISN'T SO MUCH BECAUSE OF THE VENOM, HOWEVER...

BUT WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM A TIRE REPAIR KIT AND A NEW COAT OF PAINT... WELL, NOW YOU KNOW WHERE THEY GET THE INFLATABLE BEACH TOYS WE HAVE SO MUCH FUN WITH ON OUR SUMMER VACATIONS. SEE YOU NEXT TIME!

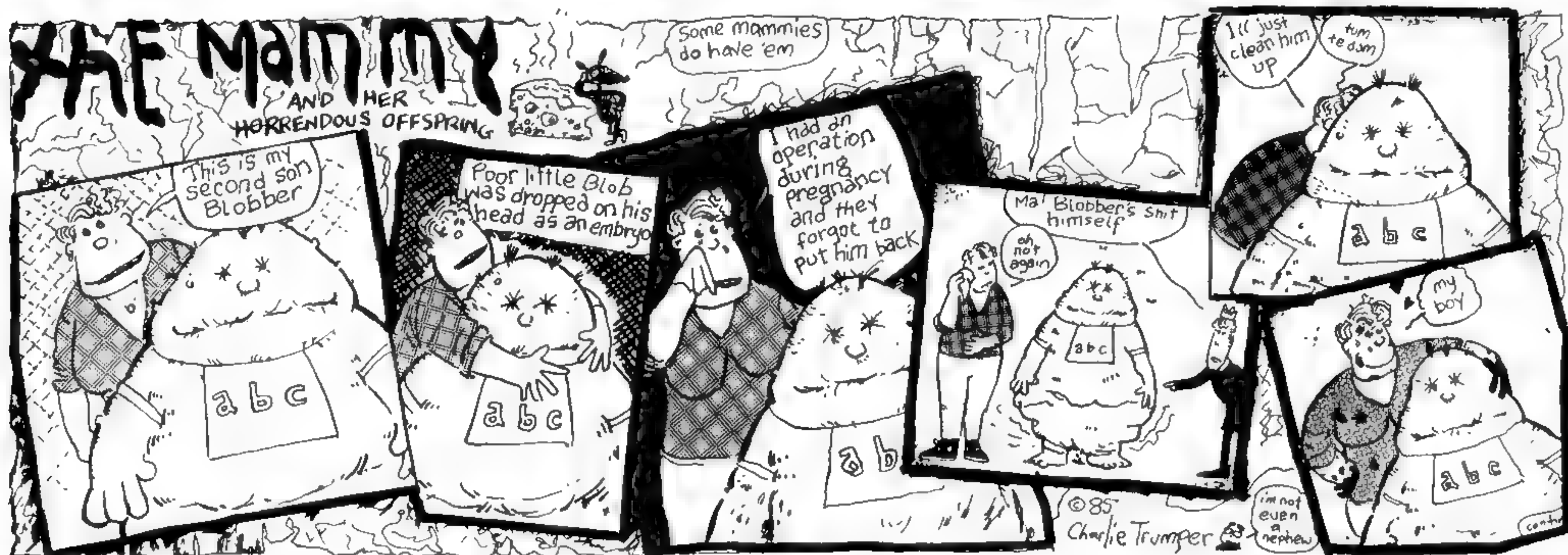


enter the MAMMY!

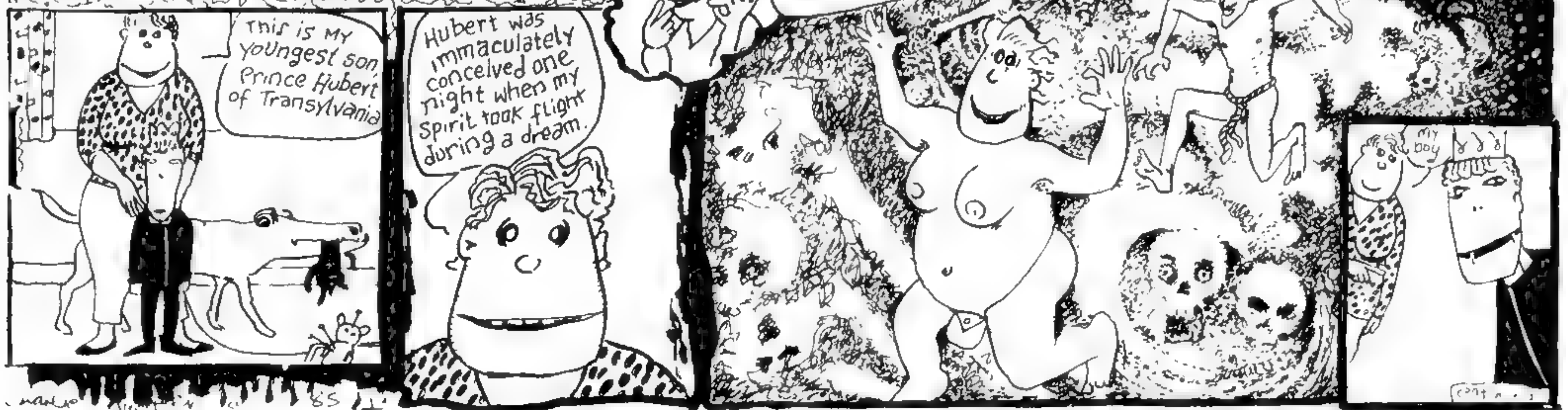


Hello to Mammies everywhere! Here is Charlie Trumper's tribute to Motherhood!!
 What do you do after you've destroyed the world? Well, the story of the MAMMY is what followed Rodney's cataclysmic deed running straight across a tabloid page in SOUNDS, a British rock newspaper, every week - (for Rodney, see HONKS 1 and 2) - The legendary Charlie Trumper, as you know, was Phil Elliott and Eddie Campbell, who developed a keen rapport during a lot of small press cartoonery in the early '80s and got a knack for doing each other's work, so that Eddie had written and drawn six of these before Phil came in as artist, with Eddie still writing, lettering and doing the marginal gags and Eddie came back in on inking for a batch of four while Phil pencilled from bed, where he had sprained his back. How the injury came about remains to this day unexplained.

The honourable Professor Beam B.O.L.L.O., B.A.p., G.R.U.



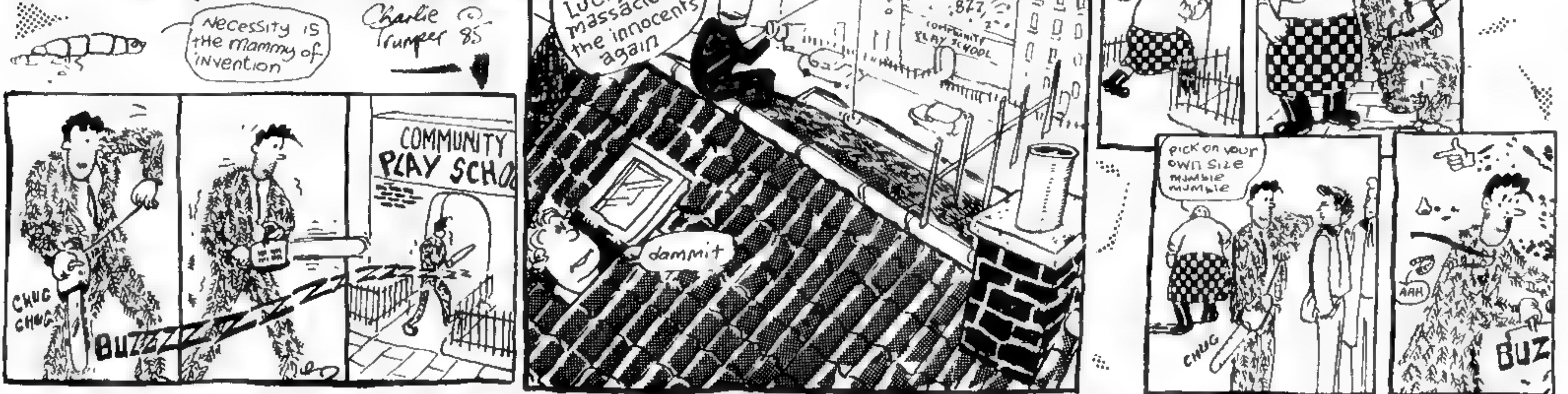
MORE HOMELY TALES OF THE MAMMY



THE MAMMY AND HER BOYS PART 5 Lucifer sees a shrink



THE MAMMY and her psychotic brood



THE MAMMY Maternal Solitude



THE MAMMY

Morning sickness



THE MAMMY

Birth



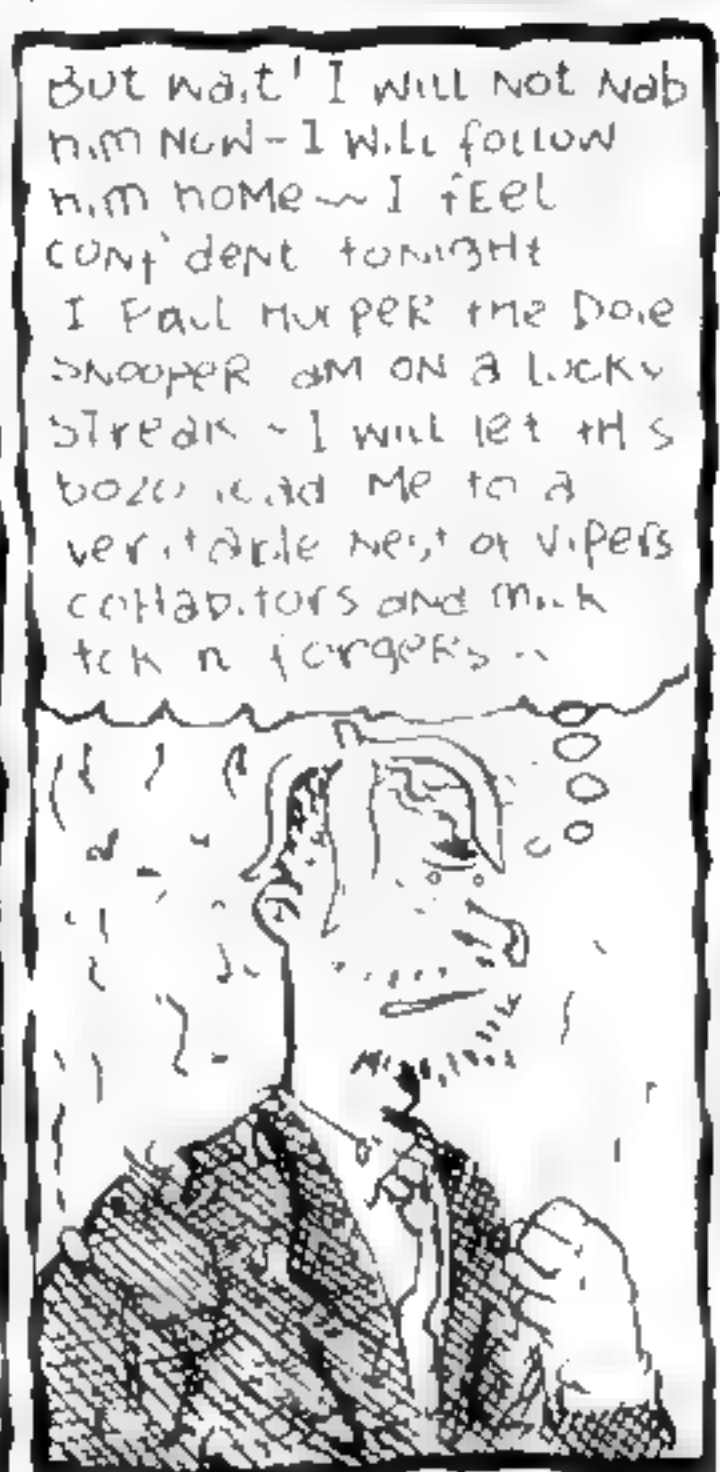
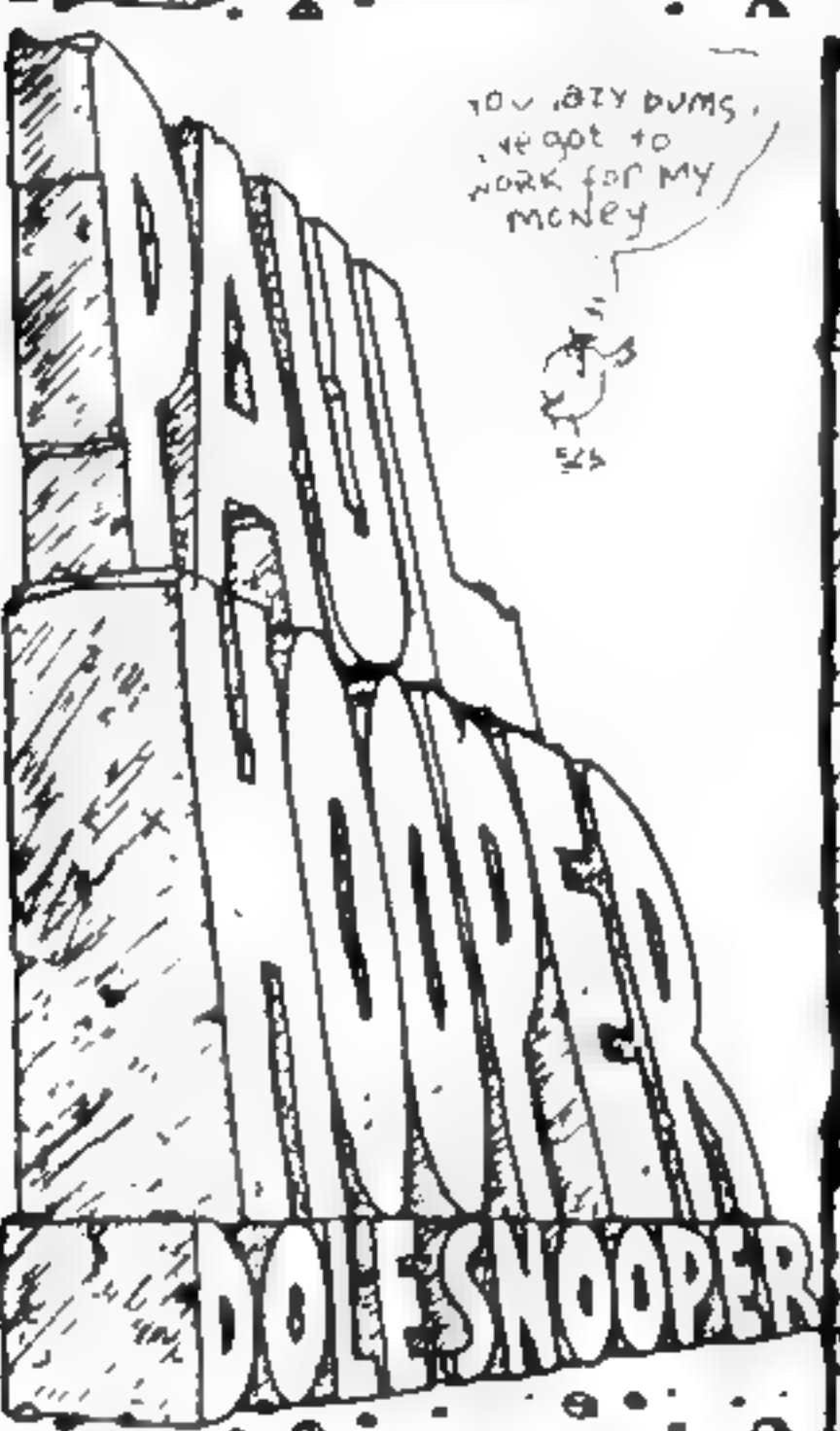
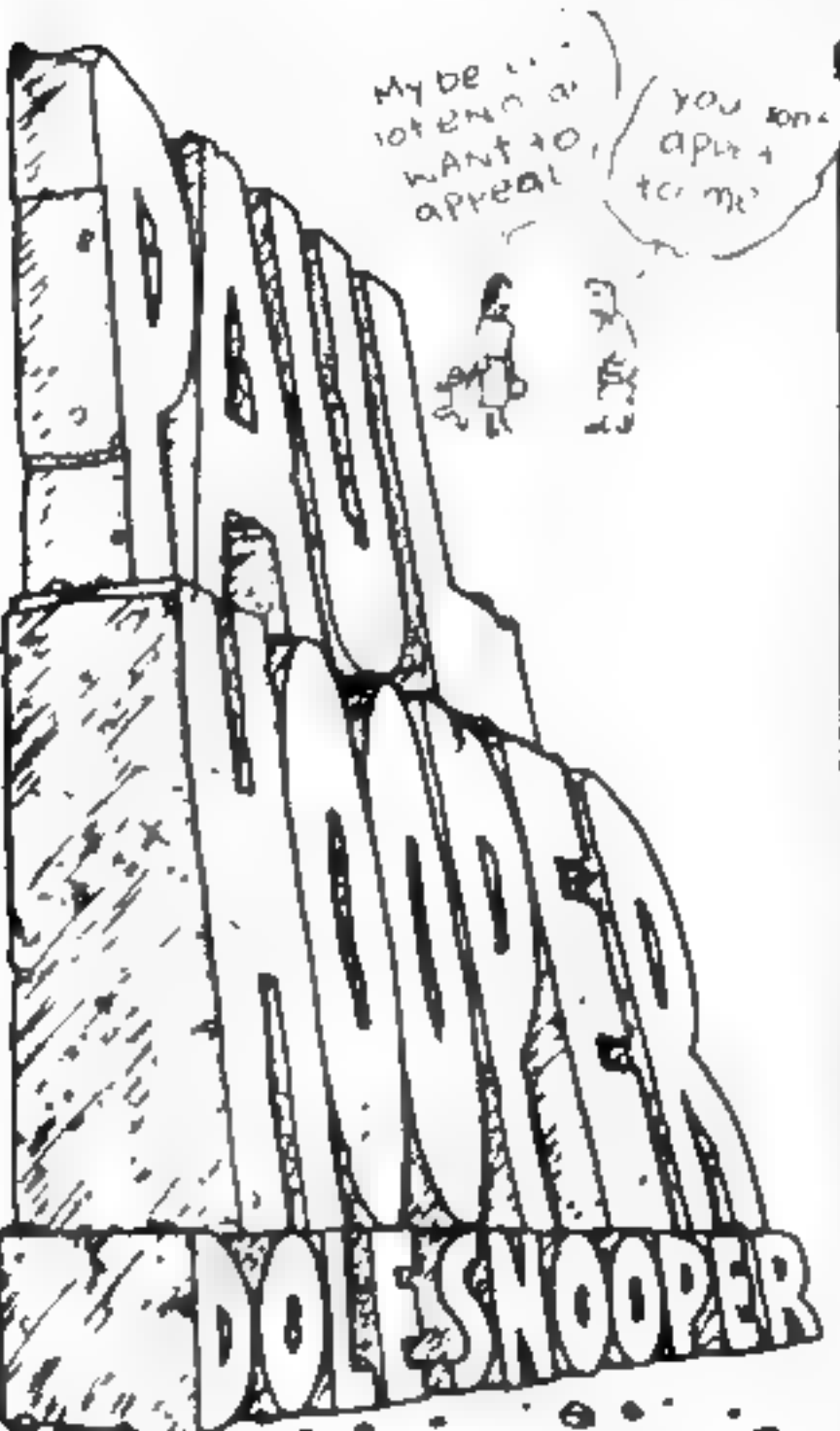
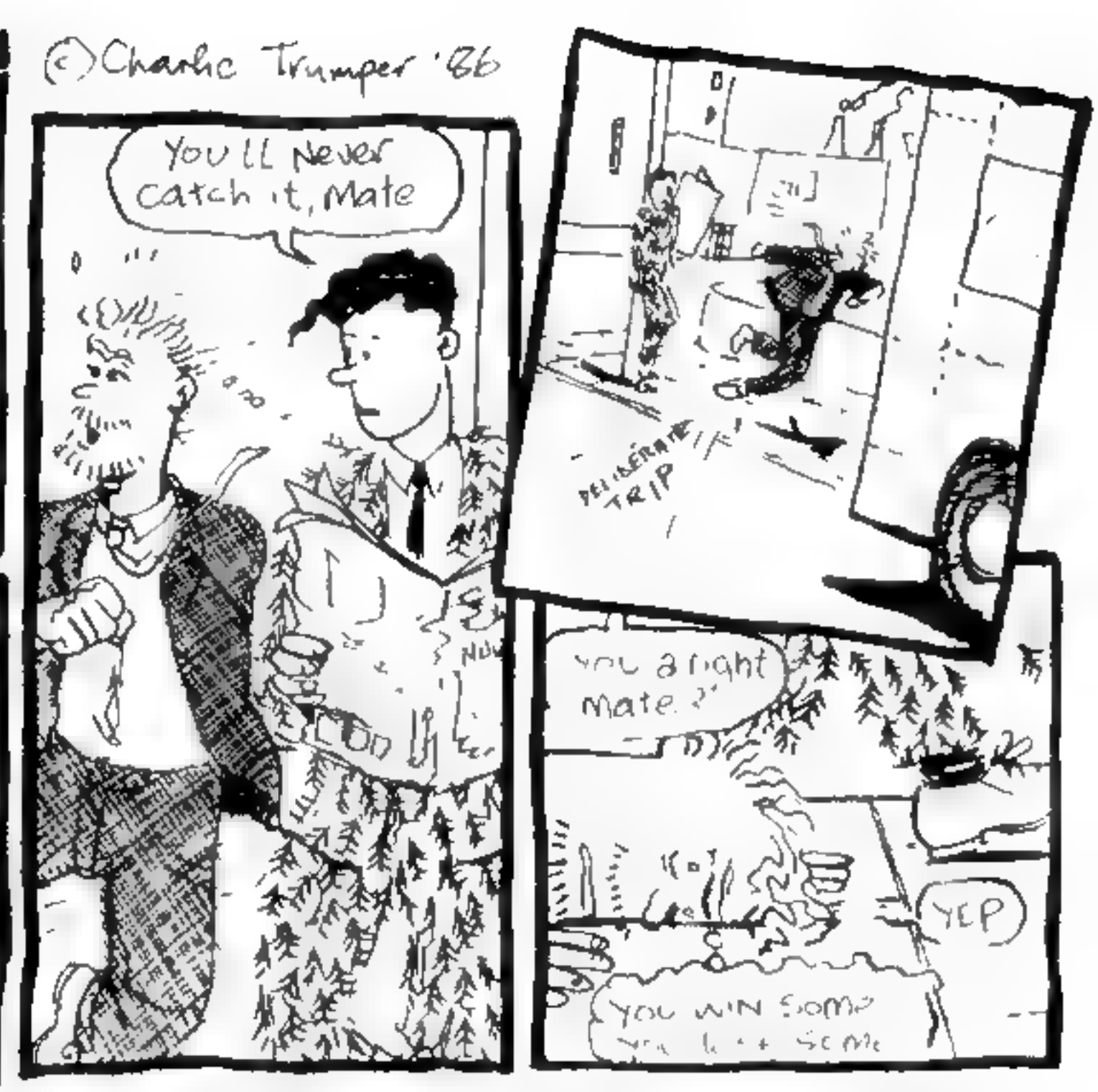
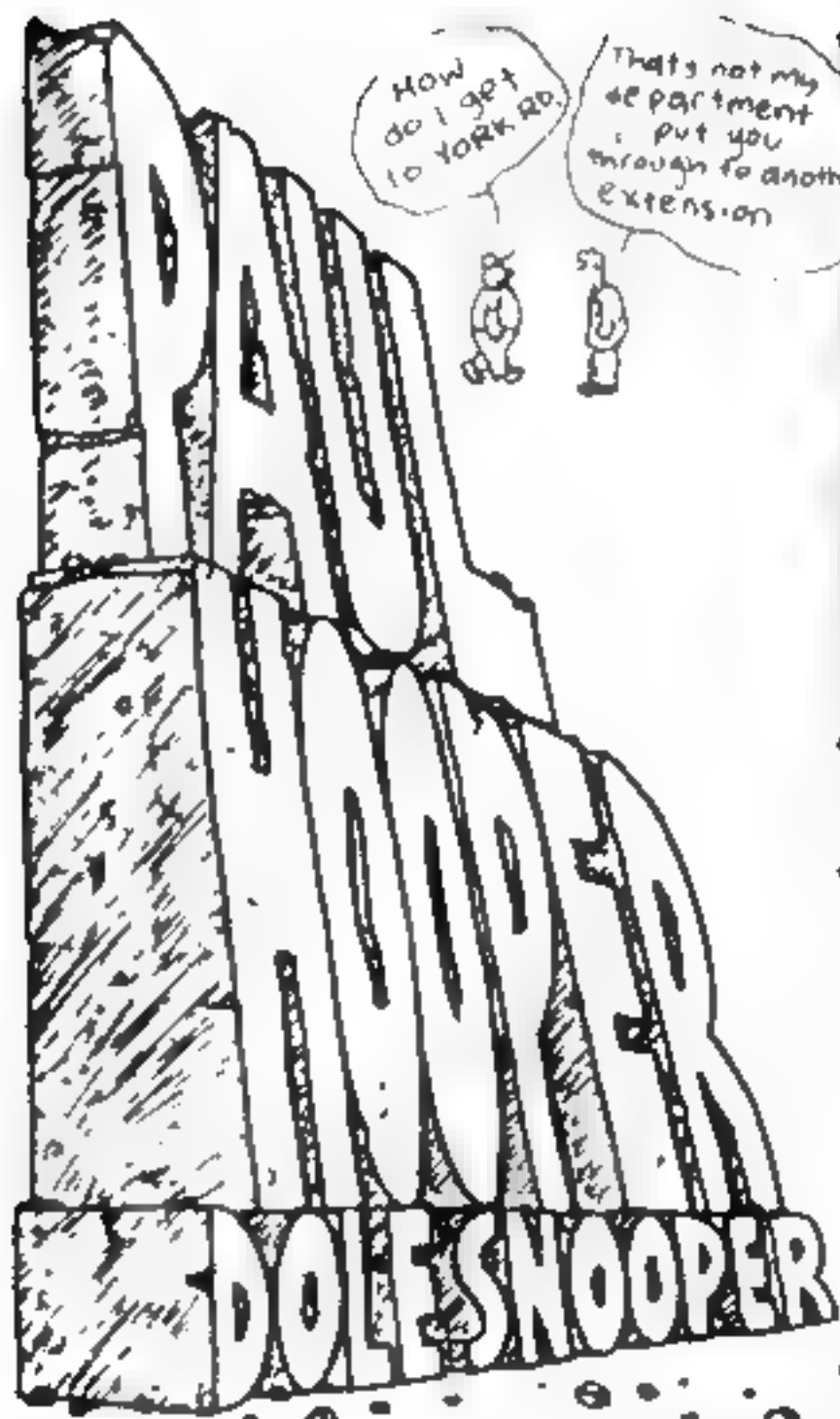
the MAMMY



THE MAMMY



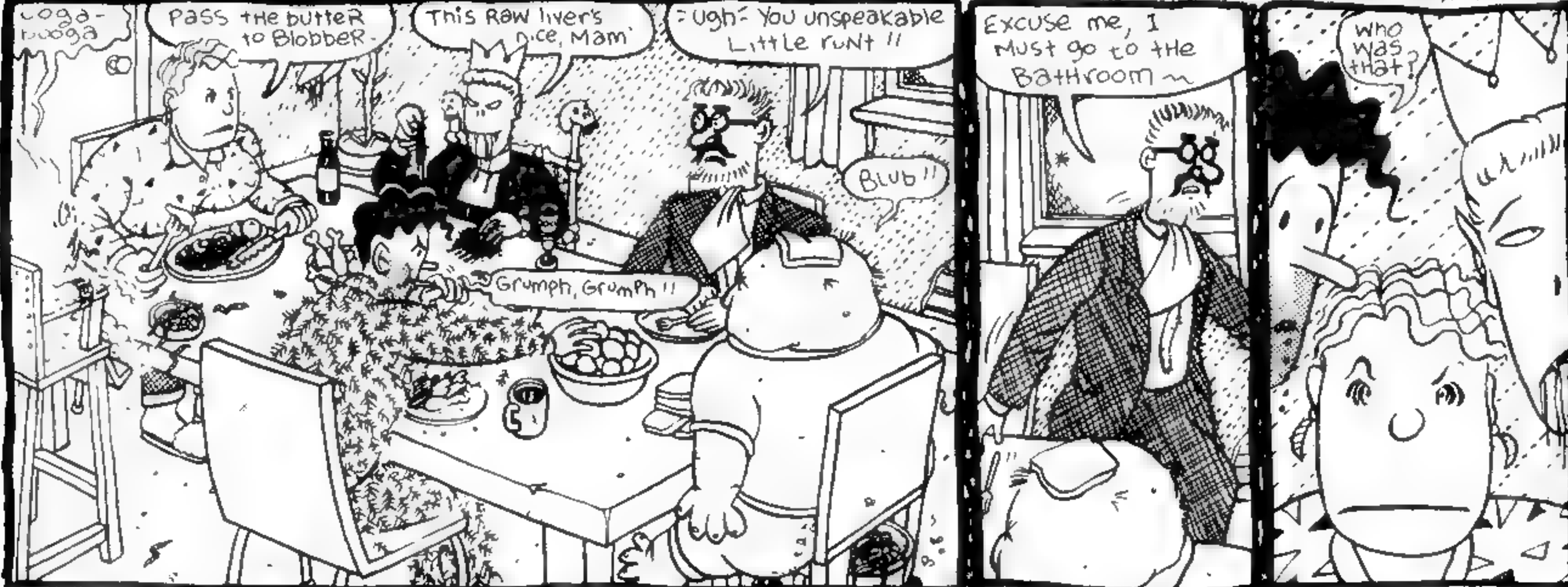




the 's back..



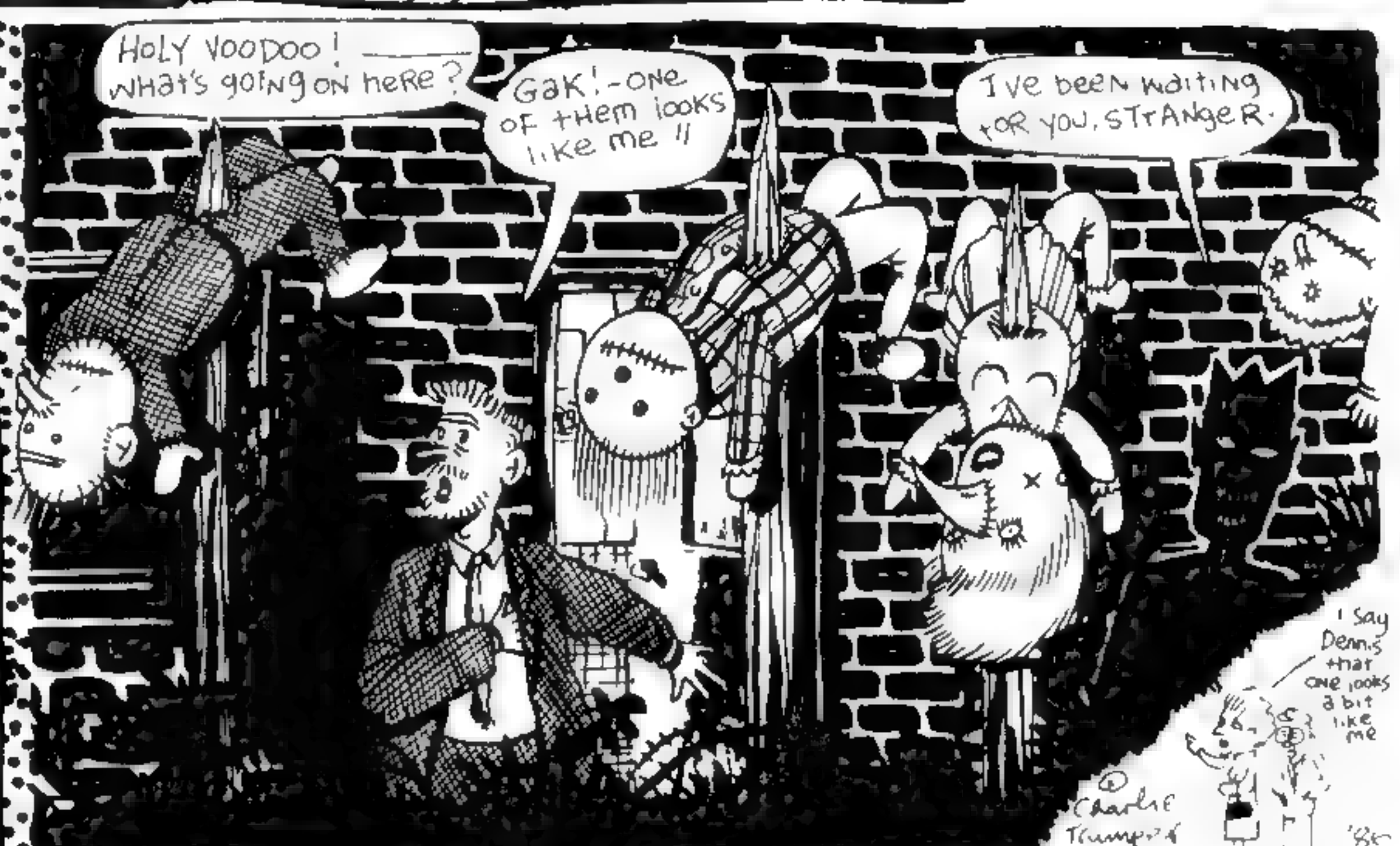
the MAMMY - those homely Sunday Dinners



PUBLIC NOTICE

AT DINNER TONIGHT LOOK AROUND YOUR TABLE — THEM DOLE SNOOPERS ARE VERY SNEAKY!!

THE MAMMY and other Suburban HORRORS



funny Goings-on at the MAMMY'S House..



in the MAMMY'S House!!

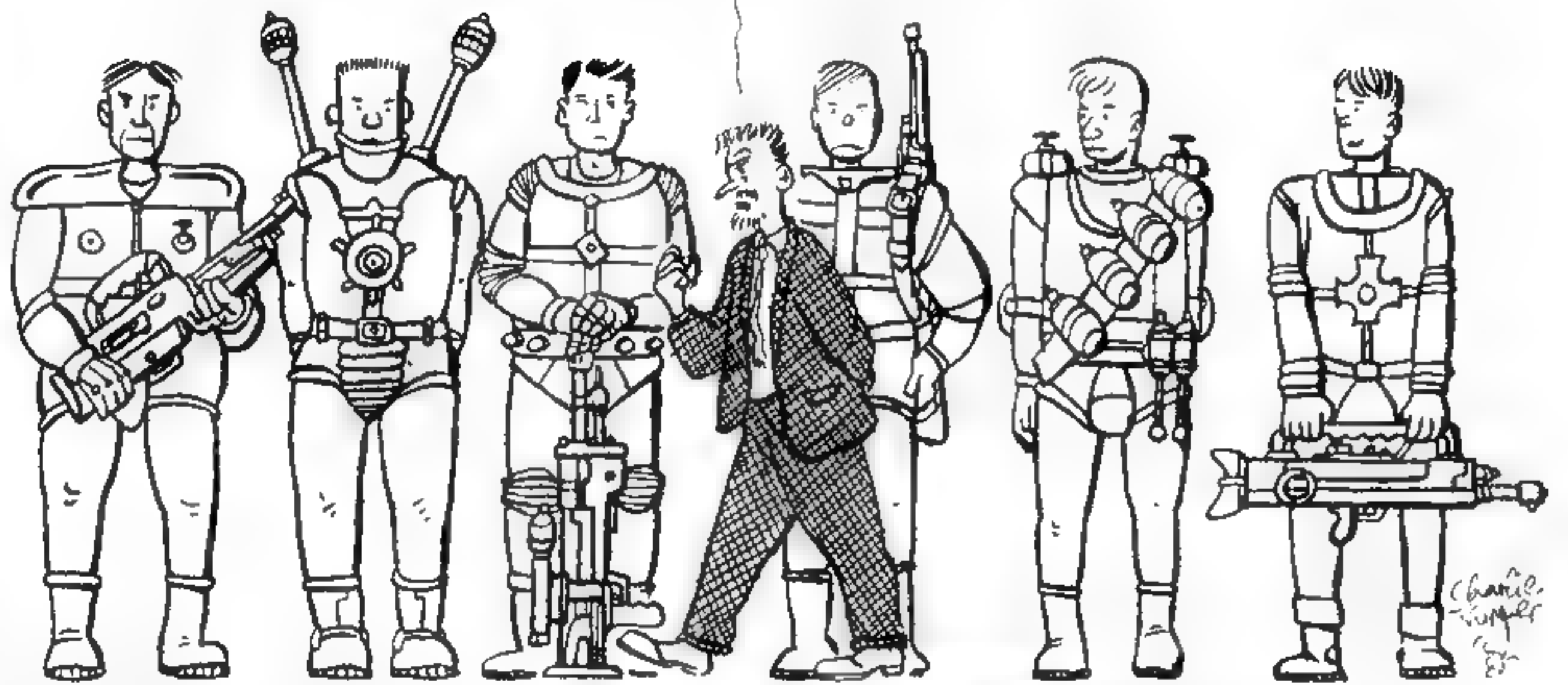
featuring Paul Hooper the Dole Snooper & Mammy's 'orrible offspring - Hubert...



THE MAMMY

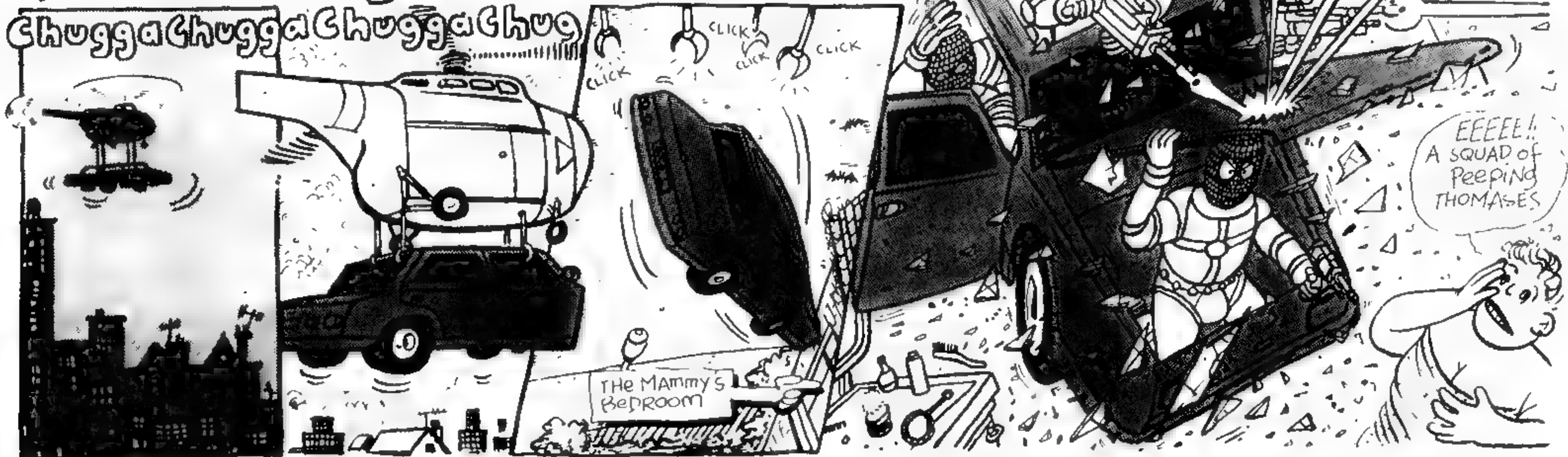


MEANWHILE...



they're coming after THE MAMMY!

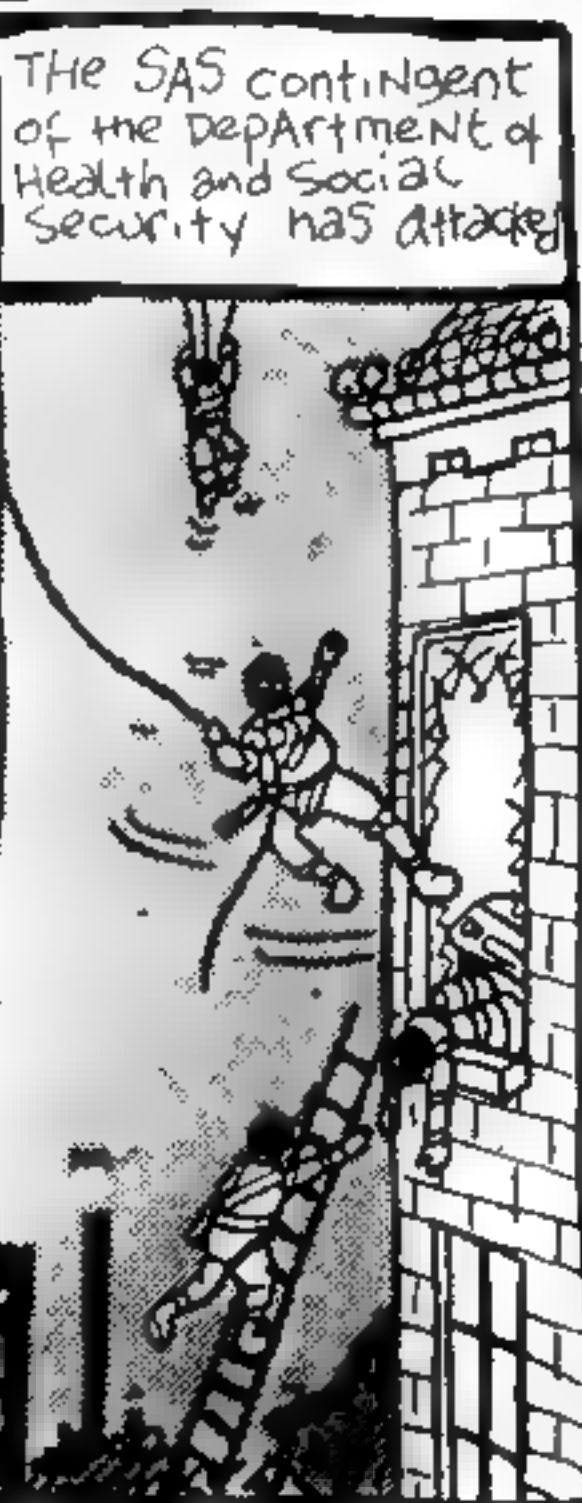
ChuggaChuggaChuggaChug



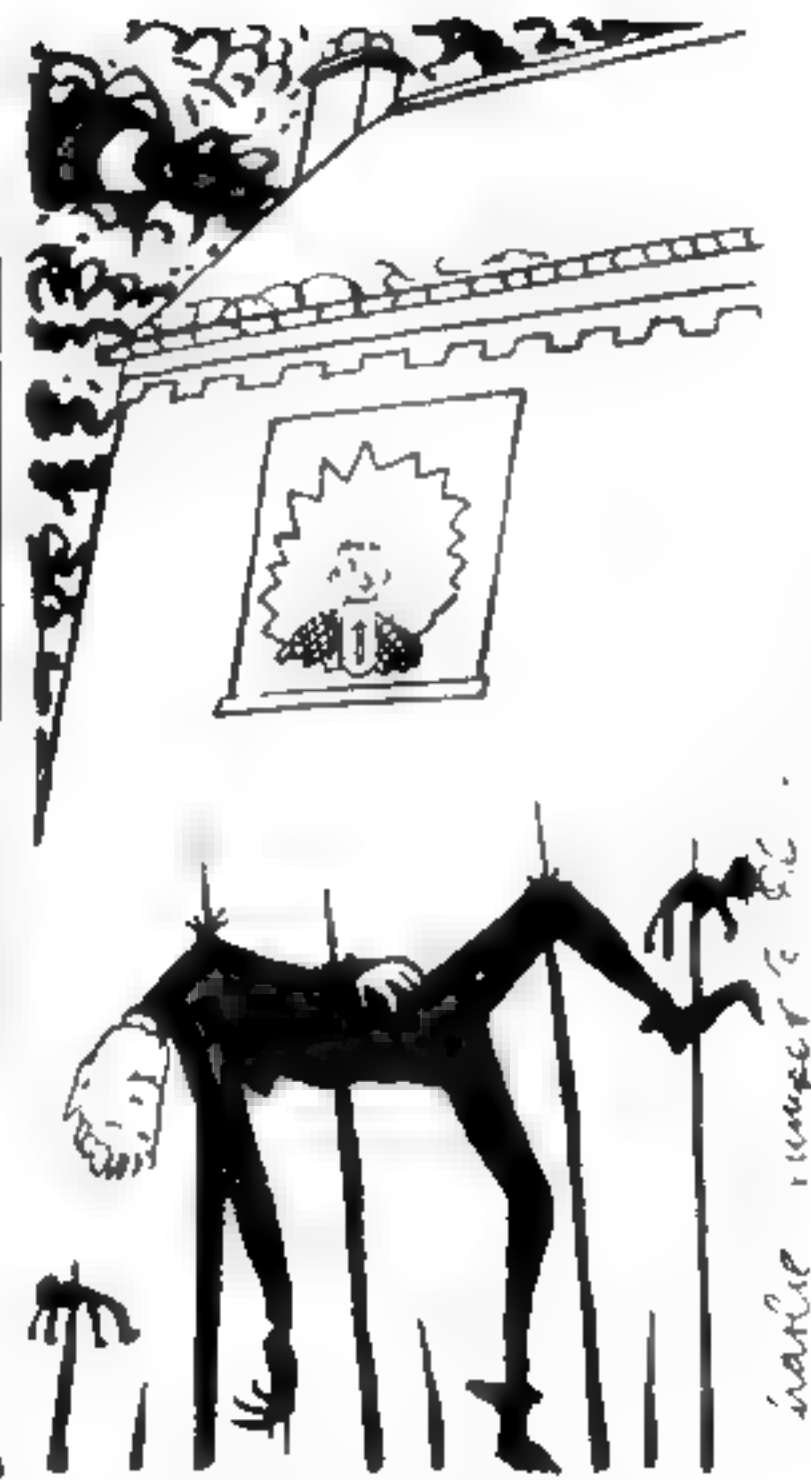
THE MAMMY



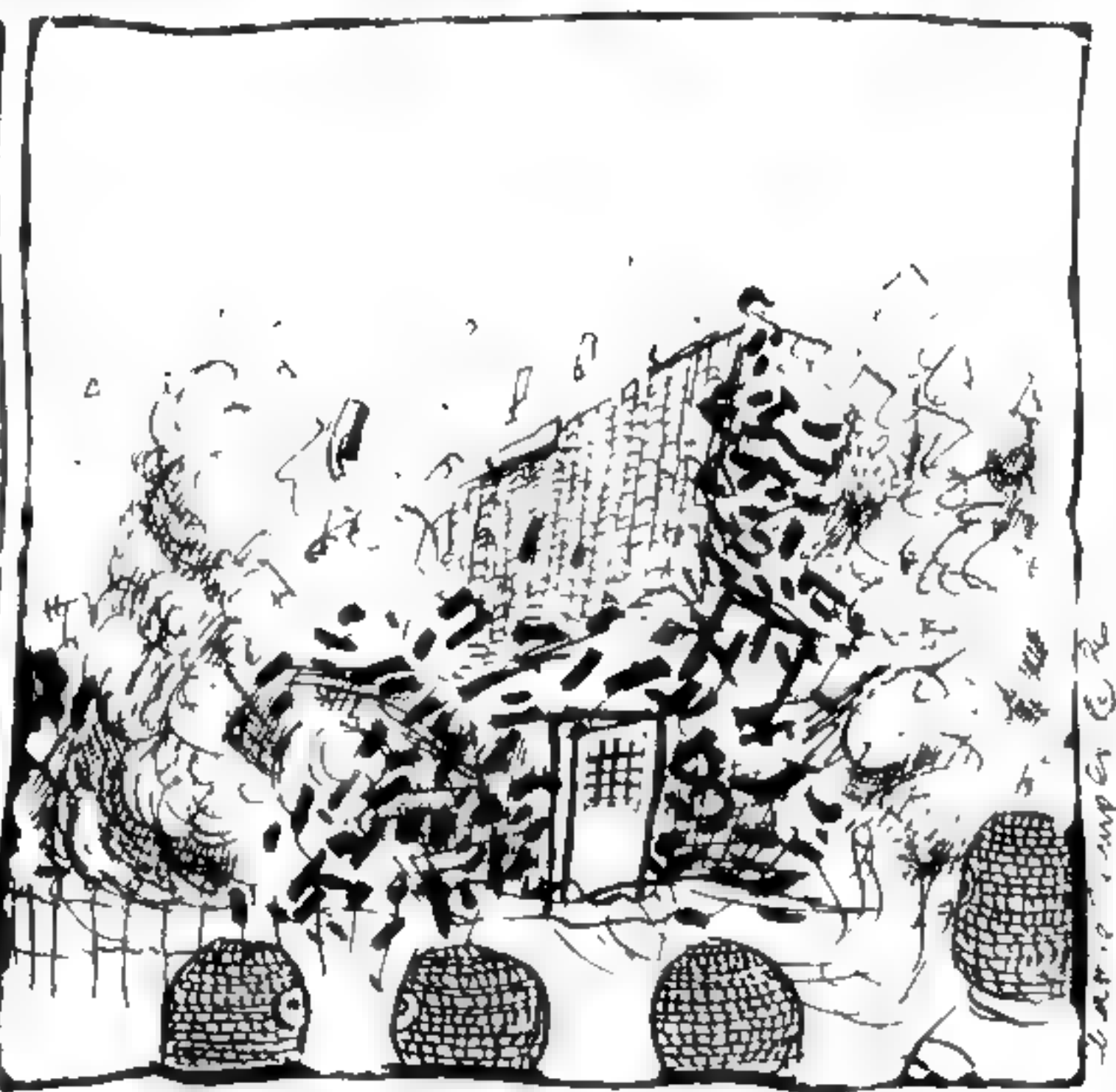
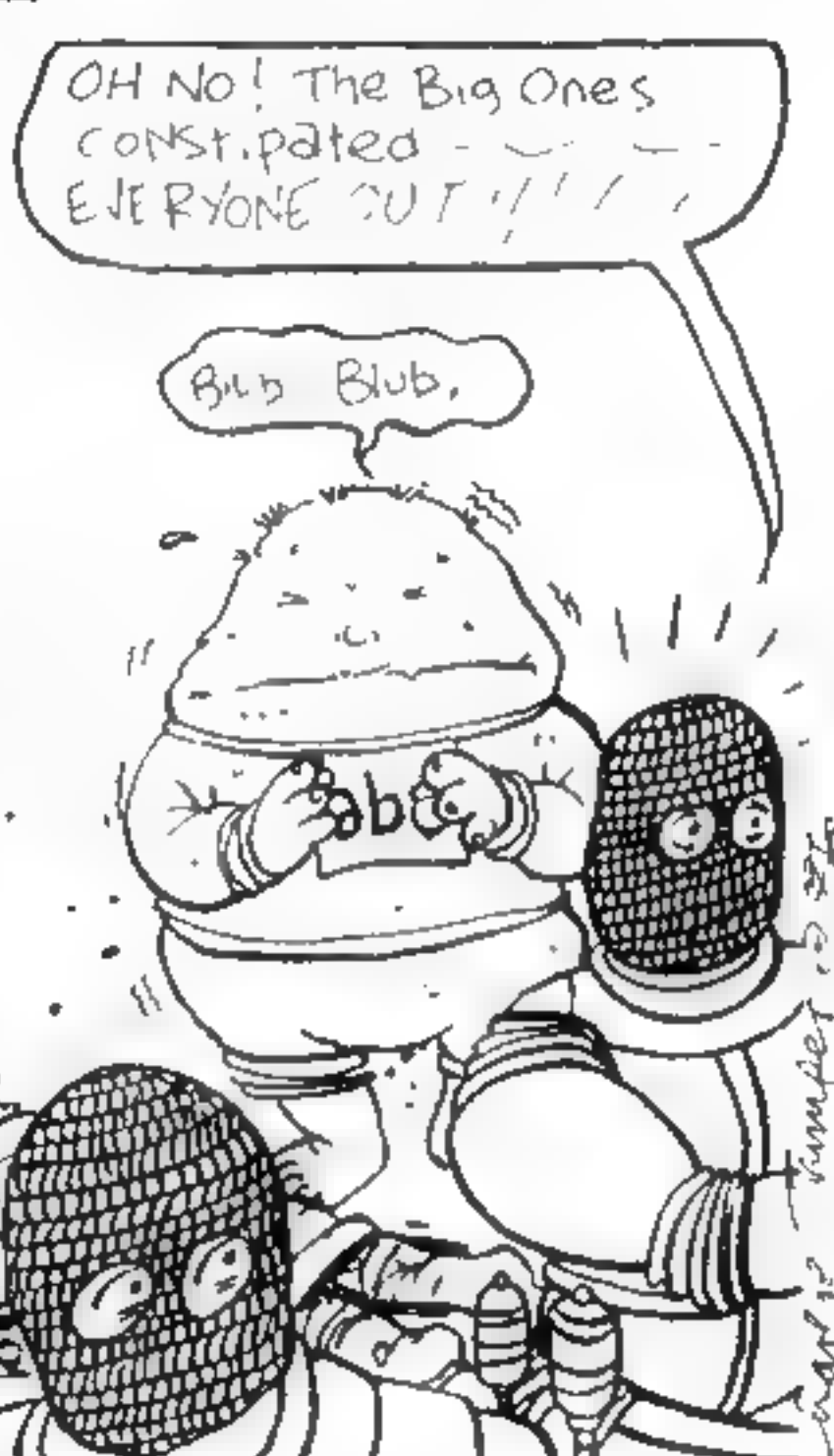
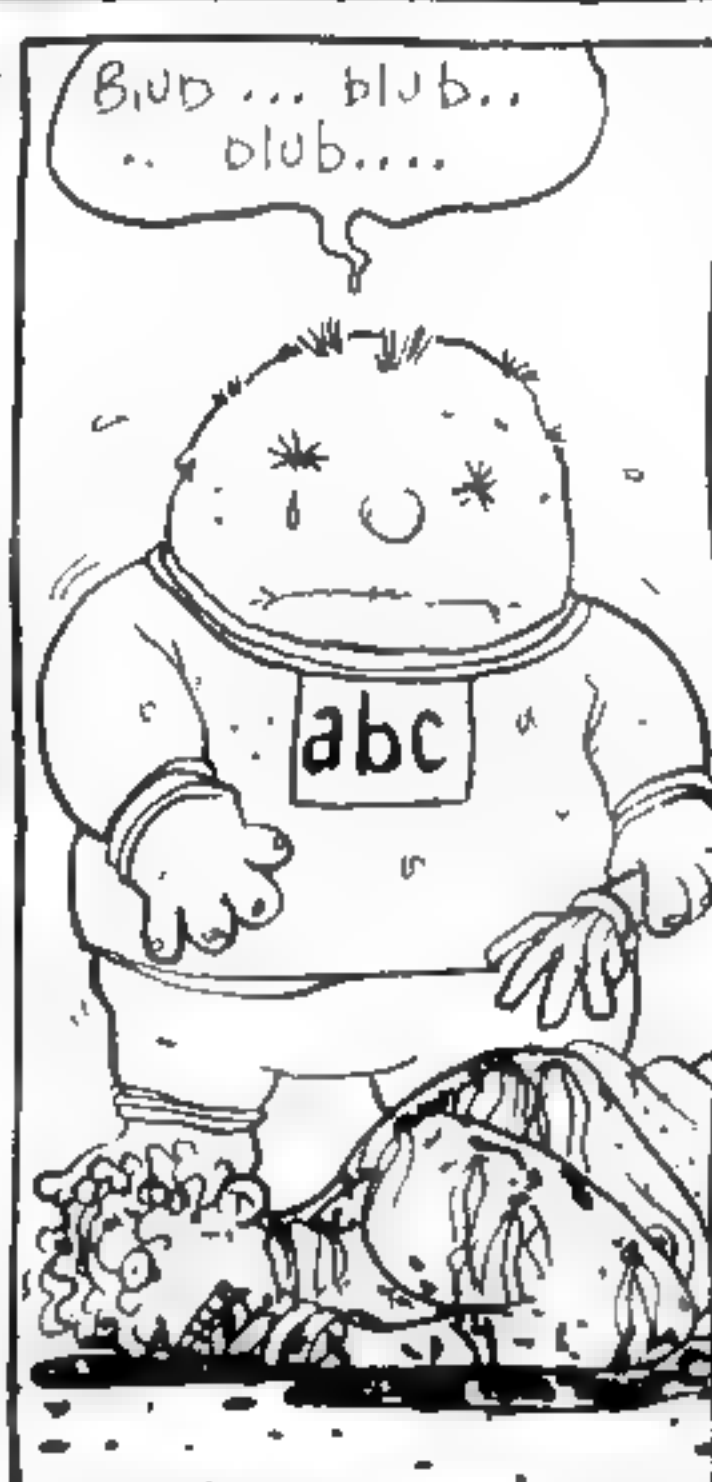
The Mammy's Budd are in a tight spot!



THE MAMMY and her Awful Offspring



THE MAMMY'S LAST STAND



The MAMMY'S Dead..



WOW! AN EGG!
LOOKIT! LOOKIT!



OH, BUT JUST HOW
SHALL I COOK IT?



LET'S SEE... HMM.
FRIED IS NICE. SO
IS BOILED.



COME ON MIND...
THINK! I WON'T
BE FOILED!



POACHED PERHAPS,
OR ONE MADE WITH
CHEESE.



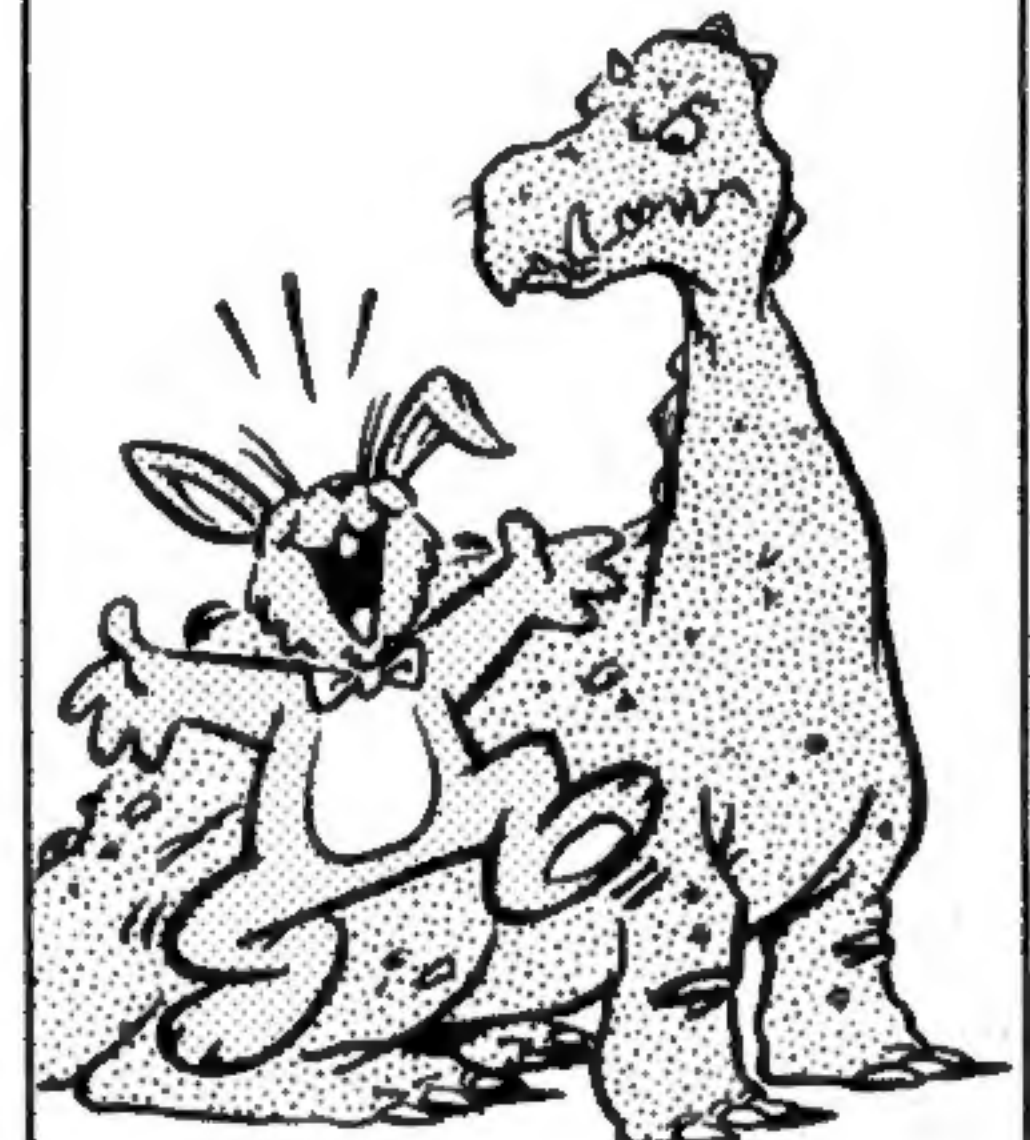
SOMETHING GREAT
AND CREATED WITH
EASE.



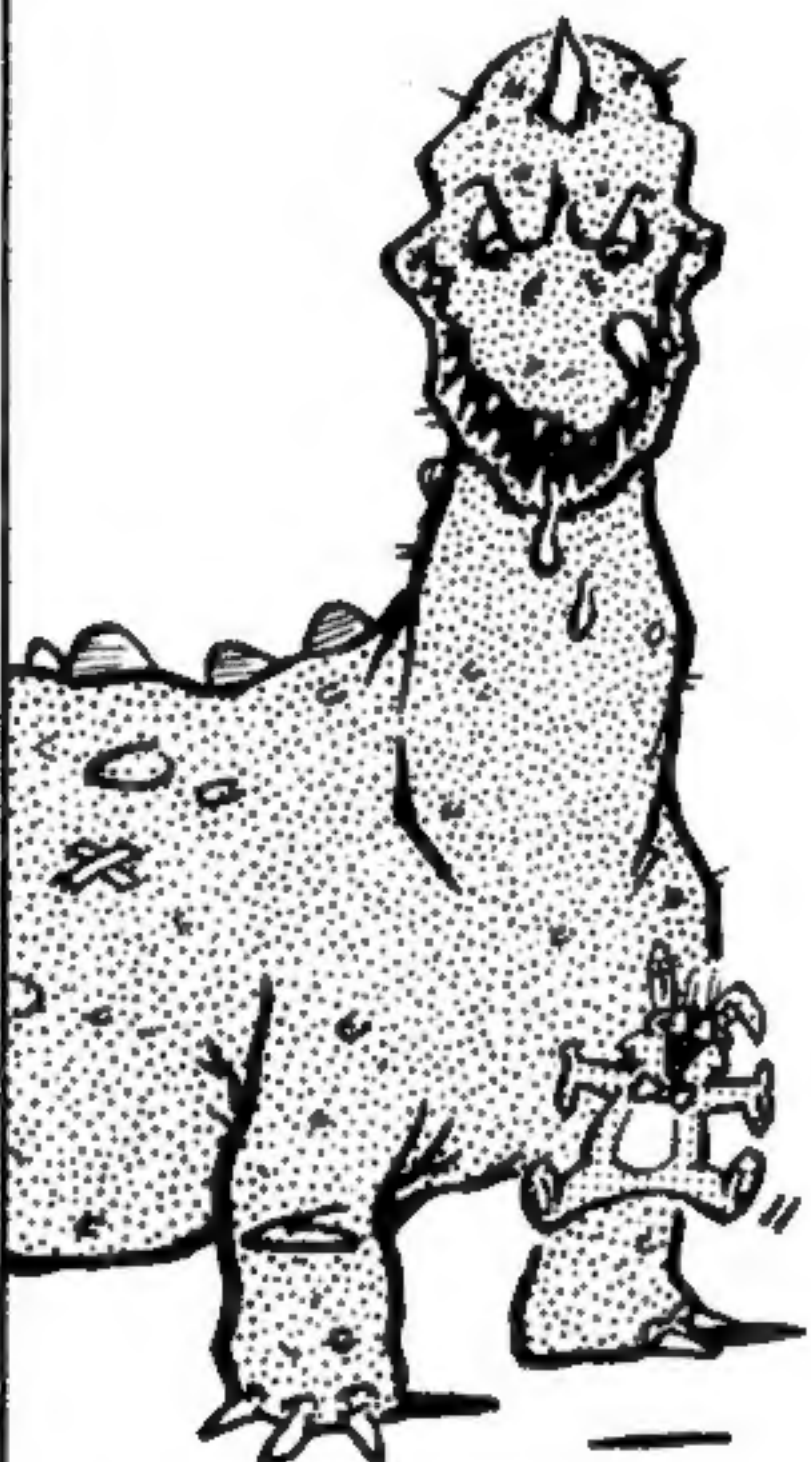
YUMMY! YUMMY!
IT JUST HAS TO
BE GREAT!..



SO I CAN TELL ALL
ABOUT WHAT I ATE!



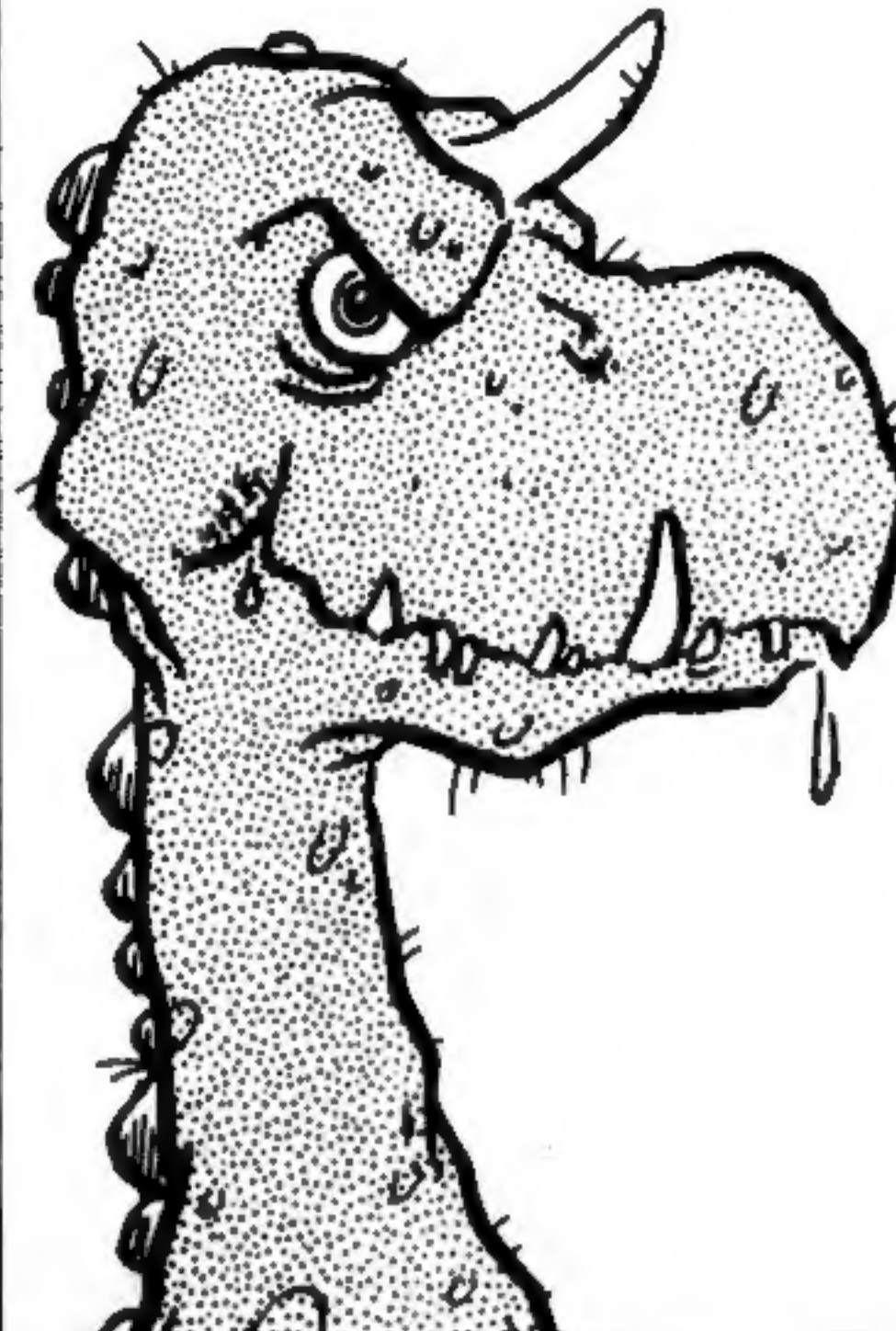
I THINK I KNOW! I
THINK I'VE GOT IT!



MY SPECIAL DISH
WILL BE...
... OH SHIT.



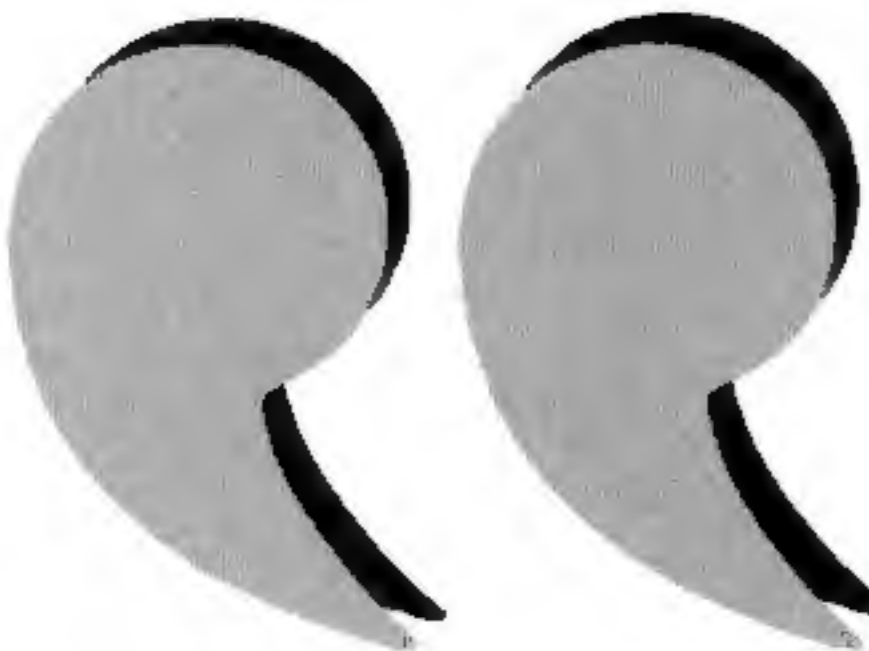
GULP, CHEW, TEAR,
EAT AND REND.



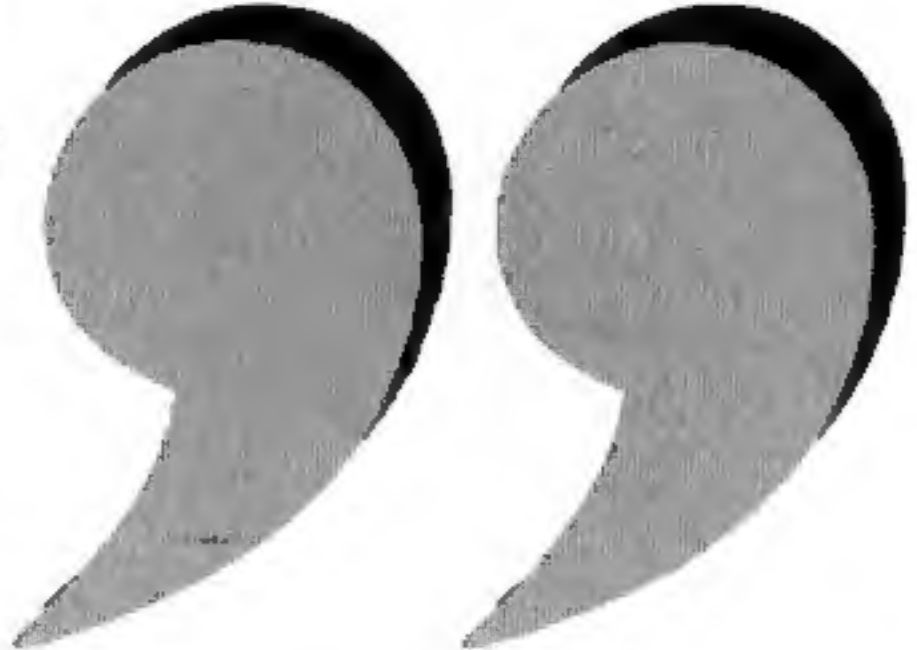
THAT IS ALL. THAT
IS THE END.



JIM SHOOTER UNDER OATH:



***[The Comics Journal]* is probably the most widely read and influential publication we have as an industry. I think that almost all the professionals that I am aware of read it... Even those that don't [read it] can't help but hear about it... The day after *The Comics Journal* comes out there is a lot of talk around the office about what was said and by whom... *[The Comics Journal]* is widely read, widely discussed, and it has the ear of the industry.**



— Jim Shooter in deposition, Dec. 13, 1984 —

Truer words were never spoken, at least by Jim Shooter. It just goes to show that even our bitterest enemies must admit the preeminent status of *The Comics Journal*, if only under threat of perjury. They admit it because they know that in the *Journal* they won't be reading their own press releases. The *Journal* goes to the source, seeking out all parties in a dispute. In the recent censorship controversy, where others were simply printing opinions and standing back, the *Journal* interviewed distributors, retailers, television reporters, prosecution and defense attorneys, first amendment experts, and creators in order to bring you the full story.

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PREVIEWS:

Journal #115 is our "Special Trial Issue," in which we're publishing excerpts from the testimony given at the infamous Michael Fleisher-*Journal* trial, including all Jim Shooter's testimony against the *Journal*. Future issues include interviews with Alan Moore and Dave Gibbons on *The Watchmen*; French fantasist Moebius; Dave Stevens; Mickey Mouse cartoonist Floyd Gottfredson; Harvey Kurtzman; Jack Davis; Sergio Aragones; Jean-Claude Mezieres, the illustrator of the popular French series, *Valerian*; and pioneer cartoonist Robert Crumb.

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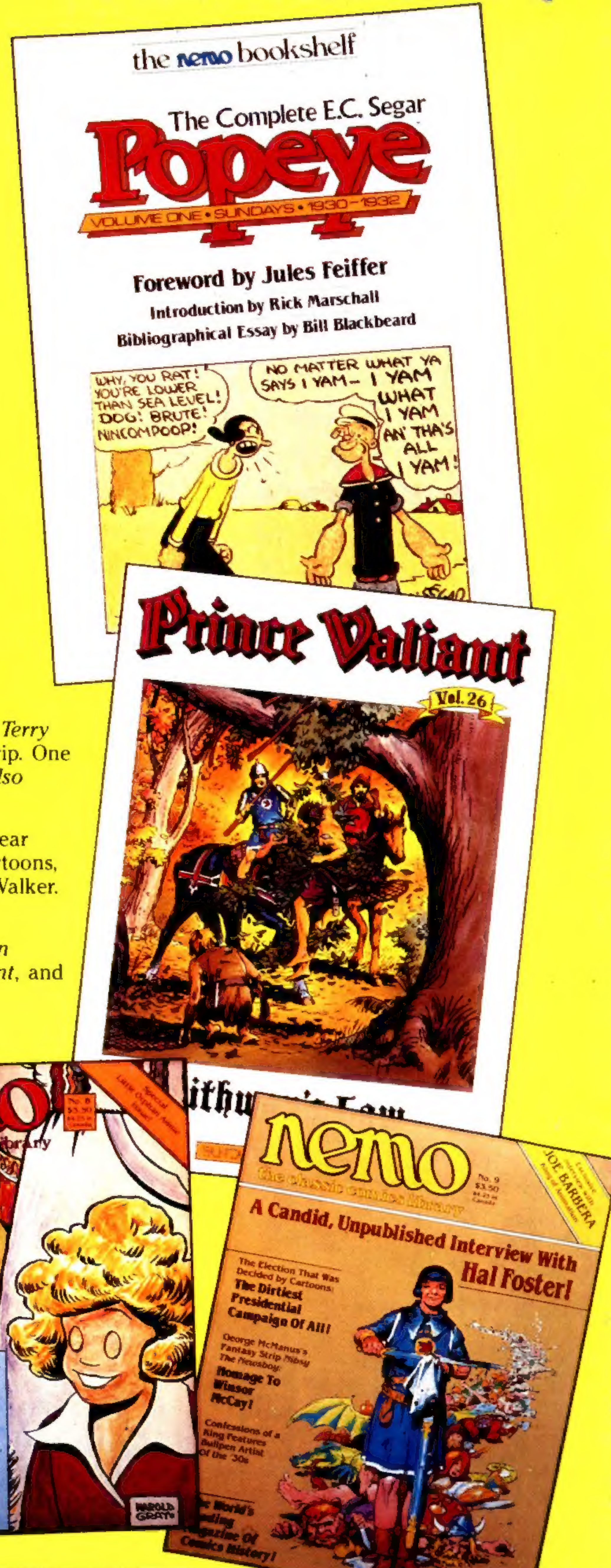
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